

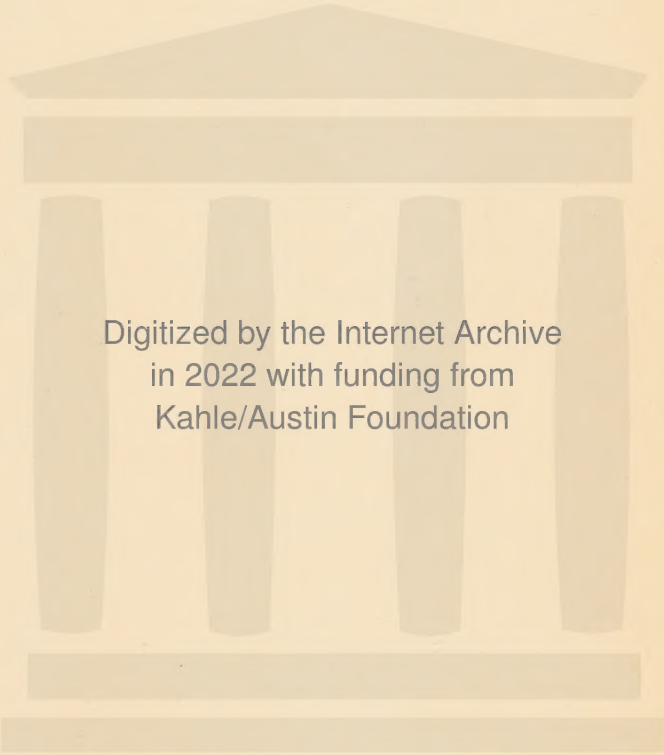
In Borneo Jungles

WILLIAM O. KROHN

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IN BORNEO JUNGLES



A Dyak Headhunter.

IN BORNEO JUNGLES

Among the Dyak Headhunters

BY WILLIAM O. KROHN

PH.D. [YALE] M.D. [NORTHWESTERN]



ILLUSTRATED



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TO

THE CIRCUMNAVIGATORS CLUB OF NEW YORK,

that company of gallant gentlemen who know the joy of success, having worthily achieved because of breadth of mind, depth of chest, clearness of vision, dignity of purpose and force of character, and are therefore distinguished as

“Tall men, sun-crowned,
Who live above the fog,
In public duty and private thinking—”

this little story of exploration is gratefully dedicated, in profound appreciation of the cordial welcome and the hearty handclasp of fellowship extended a weary traveler on his home-coming.

LUCK TO YOU!

179867

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IN BORNEO JUNGLES

IN BORNEO JUNGLES

I

ON THE WAY TO BORNEO

1. DEPARTURE—HONOLULU—ON SHIPBOARD

STANDING at my office window and wearily gazing down on the milling throngs far below, pushing their way athwart that street intersection known far and wide as “one of the busiest corners in the world,” there flashed across my mind the thought—“What a jungle of human beings!”

This simile seemed admittedly apt, for the atmosphere of the city was still surcharged with a moral miasma as a result of a murder trial that had for weeks held the attention of every portion of the globe served by the print of the press—a murder so revolting in many of its morbid details that even the most sensational newspapers must needs forbear.

In more than twenty years of being repeatedly called upon, on behalf of the commonwealth, to render an alienist’s opinion in criminal cases where insanity, feigned

or real, was the question at issue, I had never encountered testimony that even remotely approached that of this trial in its sordidness and depravity. "Savages could do no worse," was a thought repeatedly in my mind during those six weeks of courtroom attendance. It would be a refreshing change to mingle for a while with real savages with an established reputation for savagery, mused I, again looking down on my corner.

Well, why not?

And thus it was that I, with the irritability of exhaustion, deserted my post, deliberately turning my back on the daily grind, and started for the Borneo jungle.

Rested and rejuvenated, as I now look back it seems that I merely exchanged jungles, forsaking the jungle of civilization, as exemplified by medico-legal work in the courts, for the jungle of the savage headhunters of Borneo—and a most delightful change it was, while it lasted.

But why to Borneo? Two reasons: Years ago, while a medical student, one of the beloved professors would suggest as treatment for each and every patient shown in his clinic as a case of nervous exhaustion, "Copious libations of ferruginous preparations and a trip to Tripoli." Since modern physiological chemistry has demonstrated that metallic iron can not be assimilated by the digestive tract, I could readily see that there was no virtue in copious libations of ferruginous preparations, and to me the Tripoli of the old professor of medicine was a generic, rather than a specific, term, meaning

a place entirely different from that in which one was accustomed to live, move and have one's being. Scanning the world map it was soon determined that the jungle of Borneo was as *different* as any locality on this mundane sphere.

In the second place, the recollection of the old-time circus day of boyhood was a potent factor in selecting a destination. I use the term circus *day* advisedly, for the coming and going of the old-time circus, with all that occurred in between, occupied the greater portion of twenty-four hours. From two or three o'clock in the morning we boys, in bare feet, were perched at points of vantage alongside the railroad track, craning our necks and straining our eyes for the first glimpse of the headlight of the circus train as it rounded Park's curve, loaded with its precious freight of jungle animals and spangled performers. As the sun began to streak the eastern sky how we watched the unloading!

And what Ohio boy of those days would not readily forego his breakfast to see the big tent (advertised as the world's largest canvas) put in place over the performers' ring and the circle of animal cages, and perhaps successfully negotiate for a job, such as carrying water for the elephant, in order to "get in free" at the performance. Then, the parade, with its band wagon, equestriennes, animal cages, clown and steam piano, was followed devotedly over its entire route. Next, the monster afternoon performance, from the "grand entry" to the "concert" at its close, followed by a lingering and

loitering visit to the side-show with its Living Skeleton, Bearded Lady, India Rubber Man, Sword Swallower and the like.

But to my boyish fancy the freak of freaks in all circuses was the Wild Man from Borneo. And so, after the night performance and the loading of the cars amid the smudge and fumes of oil and cotton-waste torches, and the sulphuric swearing of the bosses, as the circus train pulled away its car wheels rhythmically clicked—"The Wild Man of Borneo, the Wild Man of Borneo." It seems to me, whether consciously or unconsciously, this "circus complex" of childhood operated in these full-orbed days of life in making this choice of the Borneo jungle.

A commission from the Field Museum of Natural History to collect ethnological specimens for that institution, a much appreciated honor, gave definiteness of purpose to my trip into the jungle, and was a continual source of zeal and zest in overcoming obstacles as they presented themselves.

Sailing from San Francisco into the teeth of a coast wind across the bars of the Golden Gate, a wind that chilled to the marrow and loaded with mist to the saturation point, betokening rough weather outside, it was a joy to reach Honolulu, the gem of the Pacific, in less than a week. Honolulu, with its warmth of welcome, its golden sunshine, its environs of green valleys and alpine hills, can not possibly disappoint the most expectant traveler. A game of golf provided by the charming,

enterprising newspaper publisher, Hayward, put one in fine fettle. The Country Club, with its golf course, is of marvelous beauty, situated as it is in a ravine between the mountains. A superb road leads beyond the Country Club to the precipice known as the Pali, at the head of Nuuanu Valley, a gap in the mountain range and about seven miles from Honolulu. Looking over the cliff one beholds a view fully as beautiful as that over Moccasin Bend from Lookout Mountain in Tennessee, but on a much grander scale; something like peering over the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

Months later I was reminded of the grandeur of this view from the Pali when, from the summit of Mount Tabor in Palestine, I gazed on the plains of Esdraelon below, with snow-capped Mount Hermon, reddish-brown Mount Carmel, and the bare mountains of Samaria at various points of the compass in the distance.

From the Pali one can see the ocean one thousand two hundred feet below. The wind here is terrific. Our native chauffeur lost his spick and span new straw hat while pointing out the wreckage of a motor-car that had been blown over the cliff and landed in treetops several hundred feet below. Then a drive to Diamond Head to gain another wonderful view of this city of one hundred thousand.

I never saw so many children to the square inch as I saw scampering in the streets, parks and school playgrounds of Honolulu. Not tenement children with old faces, but clean, sprightly, healthy little children they

were, with countenances shining like the morning sun. These children, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Portuguese, Hawaiian and white, are all such lively, interesting, coltish little busybodies that it would take all of a Yankee child's steam to keep moving in their class, weight for age.

No one can, in words, correctly picture the flowers of Hawaii—a riot in flame and color. I am told there are here over thirteen hundred varieties of hibiscus. These flowering, tree-like bushes skirted the roads everywhere as I wended my way through the plantations in the country around Honolulu. The rice-fields, coconut groves, pineapple, sugar and banana plantations were of immense interest to a neophyte like myself.

Since the sojourn in and about Honolulu I am sure that we do not have pineapples in Chicago or New York. The barrister who was with me thus far on my trip negotiated the sale of a pineapple from a plantation Chinaman. This was such a pineapple as caused the gods first to make use of the word nectar. It weighed eight pounds and was perfectly ripe. The Chinaman sliced it after peeling it and taking all of the “eyes” out with a machette-looking knife. The slices were seven inches in diameter, one inch thick, and full of sweet, honey-like juice that dripped and dripped and dripped, as you rotated the slice to bite away the circumference. The three slices I ate constituted my lunch for the day, and an ample and most refreshing repast it was, far outclassing the elaborate meals aboard ship, the

extravagant cuisine of which the steward might justifiably boast.

The papaya, which is a cross between an Indiana pawpaw and a Rocky Ford melon, is another Pacific fruit well worth while, but even while eating the papaya with polished silver in the dining-room of the excellently appointed hotel, with its snow-white napery and perfect service, I could not forget the luscious pineapple eaten at the roadside a few hours before.

It was too soon after leaving Chicago to lose entirely the stride that had become habitual with years of daily grind, so while in Honolulu I looked in at a murder trial which, to my mind, was conducted with much more impressive dignity than that displayed by the criminal courts in the States. From the same force of habit, I visited the insane asylum here, but, with one exception, it was the only institution of this character that I visited during this seven-months' trip around the world. At the beginning, it is difficult to teach an old psychiatric dog new tricks.

Hawaii does not seem very far from the rest of the United States. While seated in the hotel lounge after dinner, the live-wire secretary of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce introduced himself and it seemed quite natural that conversation soon disclosed that he was born and schooled amid the same hills of Ohio that served as my boyhood home, and knew by name—as I did—railroad engineers and passenger conductors that had evoked a childhood hero worship in the hearts of

both of us. We were again boys back in the old Buckeye State and for one evening both miles and years were annihilated.

No matter what one's point of view, whether that of an idling spectator or of an active participant, Waikiki Beach, with its sea bathing and surf riding, is unique. No other watering-place approaches its continuous carnival of sports.

The Royal Honolulu Band, playing at the pier on the arrival and departure of steamers, or in the Esplanade, is a most delightful civic institution that lends color and warmth to Honolulu's wholesome hospitality. The acquaintances of to-day in Honolulu seem like friends of years as they accompany the tourist to his ship and place the *lais*, or wreath of flowers about his neck, voicing many "alohas" as the vessel slips noiselessly from its moorings. As the final aloha, which has such a God-speed ring in it that it is much more than a good-by, is wafted over the intervening waters of the bay, one can not help feeling that no other port in the world so welcomes the coming and so speeds the parting guest as does Honolulu.

Four days after leaving Honolulu found our good sturdy ship riding a gale that lasted several days. With a sixty-one-mile-an-hour north wind blowing steadily hour after hour, and leaving no doubt that it but recently left its headquarters in the Arctic circle, the passengers were not long in concluding that with the warmth of hospitality left behind in Honolulu we also left our warmth

of weather. Natty, starchy officers quickly exchanged their "whites" for fur-liners, oilskins and sou'westers. Lady passengers donned heavy furs, redolent with the odor of mothballs, and huddled about the steam radiators in the various lounging rooms of the ship. The holds were battened down, the decks were awash with mountainous waves, and the clouds of *spume de mer* froze as they struck.

The majesty of the mighty Pacific is awful in its impressiveness. I never before so appreciated Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean* as I did in this voyage across the Pacific, which was anything but peaceful.

"Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

When about half-way across the Pacific on our route to Japan, we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, which somewhat disturbed the calendar. On the night of December third it was revealed that there would be no to-morrow—no December fourth in my young life—but instead the next day would be "day after to-morrow" or December fifth. This elision of a day was not so serious to me as it was to one of the ship's officers whose birthday is December fourth. No birthday for him this year, but he fondly expressed the hope

that some time, at this season, he would cross the one hundred and eightieth meridian while sailing east instead of west, and thus have two December fourths—two birthdays—in the same year. From this day on our time was reckoned as east of Greenwich instead of west of Greenwich as heretofore.

It was a novel experience to see countless flocks of flying fish scattering in all directions as our vessel plowed its way across the Pacific. These interesting creatures would leave the water about two jumps ahead of the prow of the boat and fly to either side of the ship's path, much as busy sparrows on the highways scatter at the near approach of an automobile. Some of these fish, whose bodies in the sunlight shine like burnished silver, are accomplished flyers, remaining in the air for a distance of more than one hundred and fifty yards, and are capable of volplaning either with or against the wind. Idle deck-hands were eagerly alert to pounce upon any luckless little fellow that, through miscalculation or other mishap, landed on our forward deck, for a flying fish, properly broiled, is regarded as a choice addition to a sailor's menu.

Like all ocean-going passenger ships, ours was afflicted with an entertainment committee. By whom and how such committees are appointed seems a mystery. The usual entertainment committee is busy getting up entertainments for people who do not wish to be entertained. There is no pleasure in being torn from a book, with its gripping story, to become a contestant in

a fat man's race on deck, or to be aroused from an afternoon nap to win the potato race. But after twelve days out of sight of land, on the way from Honolulu to Kobe, all the passengers entered into the rollicking spirit of the masquerade ball. It may be that the one hundred passengers, from continual association, were tired of seeing one another as they actually were and gladly accepted the opportunity of a change of face and figure, as afforded by a masquerade which is supposed to crown the series of efforts of the entertainment committee.

But with masquerades, as with most everything else in life, the promise is easier than the performance. A few days before this gala night it was easy to say yes to a bevy of charming young ladies when they asked me to wear at the masquerade the costume they would provide. But it was a different story later when, on the evening of the festivity, I was directed to go to the ship's barber shop and was there left alone with a costume in which to attire myself. And what an outfit it was—that of a hula dancer! Not one of those light and airy grass skirts sold in the Honolulu shops, but a made-to-order skirt. I was informed that it took two sailors three days to ravel enough rope into wavy hempen shreds to constitute a skirt sufficiently ample to go around my “equator.” There was no choice. This costume had to be donned or I had to jump overboard, in which case there would be no trip into the Borneo jungle. Thanks be, the skirt was much longer than those worn by flappers on our city promenades. Worn over a black bathing suit,

a wreath of flowers crowning my gray hair and another floral wreath about my neck, and an unblushing mask over my face, the effect was pleasing—even if more picturesque than beautiful. It must have been pleasing to the judges for they awarded me—or rather my costume—the first prize for originality. They evidently forgot to mention the grace with which the costume was worn. Weeks later, when I left the ship at Singapore, I saw this improvised hula skirt fastened about one of the ship's funnels, not unlike the broom at the masthead of the Dutch Admiral von Tromp's frigate, as he essayed to sweep the seas in the dim and misty past.

2. JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE

As our ship neared Japan all the passengers were on deck, alert for first glimpses of the Flowery Kingdom. But Japan, in the first week of December, is very different from Japan in cherry-blossom time. Snow and slush greeted us at Kobe. A more complete transformation from the tropical sights left behind at Honolulu less than two weeks ago can scarcely be imagined. The only flowers I saw in the Flowery Kingdom were the embroidered flowers on temptingly displayed kimonos in the shops.

The Japanese houses of paper and bamboo are illy prepared for cold weather. Outside of the warm and cozy Oriental Hotel, other buildings in Kobe, such as the stores, houses and restaurants, were about as warm as an

unheated detached garage on the North Dakota prairies on the coldest February night with the wind blowing a gale from the northwest. The shop doors were kept open despite the cold, for the flimsy character of the building material could not keep the cold out nor keep the heat in. The only heating plant I discovered in any of the shops consisted of a small brass kettle half filled with sand, on which were three or four tiny glowing embers of charcoal, not unlike the pale glow of a cachectic or anemic firefly. Observation soon revealed that this outfit was neither for the purpose of heating the building nor the bodies of its occupants. Its only function, as far as I could discern, was to warm the hands of the suave and affable merchant so that he might keep his fingers nimble for the purpose of writing out one's bill of purchases with neatness and despatch.

Shopping in Japan is really a joyous orgy. The articles are so attractive that they sell themselves. The Japanese surely and successfully weave a strong appeal to purchase into every article they make. It is an easy matter for a man to shop in Kobe, for his transactions are carried on with artists rather than with mere salesmen, and at each purchase the customer feels a sort of spiritual uplift. So the he-shopper in Japan has none of the hang-dog look we see on the face of the male purchaser in the States as he essays, with a sample in one hand and a memorandum in the other, to carry out the behest of some feminine member of his household. On the contrary, he feels, if I can judge from my experience

at Kobe, like a man with a holy mission into the realms of art.

The chief means of transportation in Kobe is the rickshaw—a comfortable two-wheeled sulky with rubber tires, and drawn by a man at a dog-trot. It is difficult to become accustomed to being drawn around by human beings, but at that it is my experience that the rickshaw affords the safest, least noisy, most comfortable and cleanly method of getting about in Oriental cities. The endurance of these long-distance-running rickshaw coolies is marvelous.

Man power is certainly cheap in Japan. It seems that here it requires four or five people to do the work of one. There is at least one waiter, sometimes two, to each tiny table in the restaurants. Besides the motor-man and conductor, there are two or three other uniformed employees to each trolley car. What their duties are, deponent sayeth not. Every job in Japan is overmanned. The streets and railway stations literally swarm with people. The population is a seething mass. One can never be alone in Japan.

The women of Japan make a beautiful picture. Always smiling, attired in bright colors, and with hair neatly dressed, they remind one of dwarf blue and gold iris flowers in a bright sunshiny garden. In one of the teahouses the Japanese girl attending my table, looking intently at me for a moment, probably noticed my high forehead and the unsmoothed thatch of gray hair over my ears, then ran gaily away, chattering to herself.

Returning a few moments later with a United States one-dollar certificate in her hand, she pointed to the portrait thereon and then at me and said, "You, Washington George?"

Since the earthquake, Kobe is a busy harbor, as so much shipping has been diverted from Yokohama. From our boat deck, as we were nearing Kobe, I counted without the aid of my binoculars one hundred and ninety-six sailing vessels. While the tonnage would not compare with the ports of Liverpool, New York or Glasgow, the number of vessels is almost incomprehensible.

3. CHINA AND THE CHINESE

Sailing from Kobe to Hong Kong, through the Inland Sea, revealed scenery like that of the most picturesque part of the Hudson River, lasting however for twenty-four hours, and much busier, with the countless craft riding on its bosom.

An instance of the curiosity of the eternal feminine was evidenced on the trip from Kobe to Shanghai. Wishing to ascertain the nature of the purchases made by the various passengers during their sojourn in Japan, and the prices paid for the same, a so-called "Style Show" was staged in the ship's music-room the first night out. Here, amid the comments of the onlookers, were displayed all the kimonos, mandarin coats, beads, shawls, lingerie and silks bought in Kobe and Kyoto. Some of these comments were audible, while others were

expressed in cat-like whispers, or by arching brows more vocal than words. I was gratified, even flattered, by the remarks of some of the older, level-headed ladies, evidently much traveled, who knew the Orient and knew values, as, after much persuasion, I exhibited my spoils.

Shanghai has been called the Paris of the Orient. Here one sees the extremes of wealth and poverty—poverty in the *n*th degree. I never was in a place where poverty was so abject and so in evidence—thrust upon your attention at every hand. It surely seemed a sin to spend a cent on one's self when, apparently, food is so needed to save life. Begging mothers, exhibiting the thin, dangling, flail-like, wasted arms of starving babies, as they begged for coppers! Cripples, minus legs or arms, or both, eaten away by disease, holding an old hat with their teeth, plaintively whining for coins! Russian refugees, men and women, selling their bodies for a precarious existence, having fled here to escape the Bolsheviks, and claiming to be grand dukes and grand duchesses of the old czarist régime!

It was interesting to loiter afoot through the old Chinese city, purchasing a few quaint Chinese toys, looking into an old Chinese temple or two, watching the fortune-tellers gull their victims, visiting the produce market and the public kitchens where people without a place or wherewithal to cook could buy cooked food with coppers they had begged or stolen. Pick-pockets everywhere, and as sly and adroit as the Heathen

Chinese card shark of Bret Harte's poem. Crowds thronged about the bird markets, where all kinds of gaily-colored songsters, shrieking magpies and linguistic parrots were for sale, not unlike the gatherings one sees about the monkey houses in Lincoln and Central Parks.

A Chinese school, out in the open in one corner of the market-place, evoked my amusement. The children "studied" their lessons aloud, the one vocalizing most loudly seeking to impress the teacher that he is studying the hardest.

A Chinese funeral, its scarlet hearse fringed and tasseled with tawdry gilt, preceded by rotund priests and attended alongside by hired wailers, slowly wormed its way through the teeming streets. Death seemed to have lost some of its terrors in a city with population so congested and mere existence so precarious that human life appeared cheap; at least to the involuntary on-looker there did not come the same sense of loss as would be experienced by him in a sparsely settled community.

A forty-five-mile drive into the country disclosed abundant evidence of more or less constant guerrilla warfare being waged of late.

One of the most interesting sights of Shanghai is its miles of water-front, with every known variety of craft. Little boat taxis darting hither and thither, as well as big barges laden with cotton, timber, coal, firewood, or iron; market boats weighed down with vegetables; all propelled by hand-power applied to a large crooked oar

at the stern used as a scull. Battle-ships of Great Britain, United States and France lying at anchor, with a flock of high-powered dories and hydroplanes alongside ready for instant use in these turbulent times of insurrection.

The main promenade of Shanghai is the Bund, a wide street along the water-front. It is the most modern as well as the most "foreign" part of Shanghai. For two miles it is flanked by enormous office and bank buildings, constructed of granite, concrete and steel, that would do credit to the financial district of any city. Here are domiciled the various corporations and institutions that have successfully exploited the resources of China for their own benefit and, in some instances, for anything but benefit for the Chinese. There is nothing Chinese about this Occidental portion of Shanghai. Were it not for the rickshaws, the paper umbrellas, the imported but lordly, black-bearded Sikh policemen (the tallest and most awe-inspiring traffic cops in the world) one might easily think himself in Amsterdam, lower New York City, San Francisco, or strolling along the Binnen Alster in Hamburg. The contrast between Mulberry Bend and old Mott Street on the one hand and the Wall Street district on the other, is not so great as the contrast between the Bund, with its bank and insurance buildings, and the squalor of the houses along any of the narrow, lane-like streets of the old native portion of Shanghai.

Nanking Road, the retail business street, as it leaves the Bund at right angles, is lined with department stores

not unlike the five-and-ten-cent stores in the United States except that the conglomerate mass of merchandise is in greater disorder, the aisles are narrower, and the so-called air one is compelled to breathe is more noxious. In most Oriental cities two features have thus far resisted all practical attack. Both have to do with sanitation. They are sewage disposal and ventilation.

However, it is readily apparent to the eye, and to at least one other organ of sense, that the Chinese are much cleaner, as to their bodies, than are the Japanese. The Chinaman bathes at least once a day. I can not help but think that the Chinese cleanliness of body has much to do with the cleanliness of their integrity. Clean hands and a pure heart, is the good old Biblical slogan. It is found the world over that the man with an habitually dirty body usually has a dirty conscience. Throughout the length and breadth of the Orient Chinese are employed in positions of trust by races other than their own. All that any Caucasian requires to secure unlimited credit in the East is to be vouched for by a Chinaman of recognized commercial standing.

Cards to the Yingling Country Club took us out along Nanking Road through and beyond the terribly congested native city to the open country. The Golf Club is in a race course. The obstacles and water holes for the steeple-chase races make quite good hazards for the golfer. Along one side of the grounds is a moat-like drainage ditch, wide and deep. Many a pulled drive sends the ball into the water. But why worry? Chinese

peasant women station themselves along this canal, and being equipped with crab nets at the end of long rake handles they quickly recover the golf ball for what, to us, is a moderate tip, the equivalent of a third of a cent in our money. These women constitute a useful, if not an ornamental, gallery on the Yingling golf course.

Many of the resident Britishers have racing stables quartered at this track. It was interesting to watch the workouts. The horses here differ greatly in form and action from their American thoroughbred cousins who contest such events as the Kentucky Derby. These Shanghai horses are more squatty and broad-chested, evidently good in heart and lungs; their gallop is shorter in stride, more mechanical and less graceful. It was certainly a treat to spend a half-day out-of-doors in the sunshine and wind, on foot, and that foot on the terra firma of the Yingling Golf Club.

One commodious vehicle of Shanghai was a novelty to me. Gazing at its upper works one is justified in calling it a trolley car. Below it is an omnibus, for there are no tracks. The trolley pole is swivel-jointed, seeming to bend in any and all directions, while the motor-man can swing and swerve the car from side to side, weaving in and out of traffic in overcrowded streets. Trolley-bus, easier to say than "trackless-trolley-car," would probably be a suitable name as a compromise.

We took on a capacity cargo at Shanghai and left on the docks many tons of freight. The shipping in and out of this port is as prodigious as it is various. We took on

all kinds of freight: hundreds of boxes of dried fish, thousands of bags of brown rice, carloads of cotton, and thirty tons of frozen chickens and Chinese pheasants consigned to New York. One interesting item was one hundred tons of frozen eggs for New York and Marseilles. The frozen-egg industry of China is no small affair. The eggs are broken open, the whites dropped into one big cubical can and the yolks into another. These cans are placed in an ice plant and frozen solid, then shipped all over the world. They are in great demand among the bakers and pastry-makers and the confectioners in France, which may account for much of the truly cosmopolitan flavor and traveled air of French pastry. Not only were valuable silks loaded here, but also fifteen thousand gallons of gasoline in cans were taken on for Manila—with some misgiving on the part of the more timid of our passengers. However, these cans of gasoline were placed in a special hold in the after part of the ship, so that in case of an explosion or fire the least damage would be done.

We took no water at Shanghai, as it is unfit for drinking purposes or for the washing of vegetables or other culinary use, as well as unsafe for bathing, on account of typhoid and cholera germs. Likewise, no vegetables were taken on here, as the soil reeks with typhoid, from the method of fertilizing the gardens. No white person can safely eat fruits, vegetables or berries raised in China in the Chinese way. They are temptingly beautiful to behold, but dangerously noxious to eat.

On leaving Shanghai, some of the more staid of us were told by some of the more blasé of our fellow passengers that we missed much by not seeing the "night life" of this Oriental city. As a matter of fact, to my mind no man deserves any great credit for being conventionally good while traveling in China. If he has one iota of human sentiment, his whole nature will rebel against spending money for any sort of riotous living amid such wretched poverty—not unlike the feeling many had during the war as to wasting food or leaving it uneaten on their plates at the dinner table.

The passenger quarters of our vessel were revamped during our sojourn in Shanghai. The Chinese carpenters, painters, machinists, plumbers and electricians are efficient workmen, but their wages are ridiculously low. The three days our ship lay in this port were busy ones. Besides loading and unloading cargo, five hundred skilled laborers were busy, in two shifts, night and day, doing such work as newly painting the vessel inside and out, laying new carpets, refitting the baths, changing the electric lighting, and building a new swimming tank. Instead of the ten, twelve or more dollars a day such workmen would receive as wage in Chicago, they were paid only sixty-five cents Mex.—about thirty-five cents in our money—for an eleven-hour day. The management of our line saved thousands of dollars by having repairs done at Shanghai; but does it seem quite fair to American labor to pursue this policy while operating under generous concessions from the United States Shipping Board?

Many people in the Chinese coast cities, such as Shanghai, have no homes in which to live, their Lares and Penates being set up in sampans—little rowboats, some of them not over ten feet long and four feet wide, with a tiny canvas shelter across the middle. They are propelled by the same sort of crooked oar at the stern as is used in the case of the barges already mentioned. Such boats domicile the entire family—father, mother, children, a pig, rabbits and ducks. In the case of the smaller children, little babies up to two years of age, a string is tied around the waist, the other end fastened to the boat. If the child accidentally falls overboard, as is often the case, the mother, brother or sister, gets him back into the boat by reaching into the water, catching hold of the string and pulling, and if the little fellow is still on the other end of the string he is thus saved from a watery grave.

Sampans are used as little ferries, or taxis, or for taking small bundles of firewood, baskets of vegetables or other produce to market, on the payment of a few coppers. Persons living on these boats are deridingly called sampan people. They have no employment other than water chores and water errands and are very poor, for there is never enough work for all, even when they are disposed to work, which is not always the case, as the cursed opium and treacherous drinks frequently disqualify them. These sampan people are said to have descended from the pirates of old, and many of them certainly look the part. Until a few years ago the land

people would not in any way associate with the sampaners. Many of them are even now reputed to be robbers and bandits. It is not a rare thing for one of the sampans to lie alongside the quay waiting for a "fare," such as a sailor on shore leave from one of the ships lying at anchor in deep water and wishing to be taxied back to his vessel. He hires a sampan to convey him there for ten coppers (about two cents of our money). If he has any money remaining, or is wearing good clothes, he may never reach his ship. Instead he is struck over the head with a bludgeon by the sampaner or his wife, his pockets rifled, and his body, after being stripped of clothing, is thrown over the boatside and is never recovered because of the big stone tied to it. Fully two hundred thousand Chinese live their entire lives and die in these sampans, without having set foot on land. Many of them are escaped prisoners or descendants of pirates, as already stated.

It was delightful to be aboard ship again, because so restful. Sightseeing soon becomes very wearisome. It was a wonderful experience to see Shanghai so thoroughly, but there was no feeling of regret on leaving it, with its dust, its wind, its heat, and the oppressive confusion of being continually amid such crowds of people.

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jurisdiction of its postmaster. It is a thoughtful provision to have on these vessels one of Uncle Sam's green letter boxes at hand for the reception of letters written by passengers to friends and relatives thousands of miles distant, at home in the States, with the assurance that this mail will be forwarded by the attending postal clerk with despatch and by the most direct route from every port, and at domestic rates, *i. e.*, a two-cent stamp on the ordinary letter.

We literally "blew in" to Hong Kong. The skies were bright, the temperature mild, but we were in a monsoon most of the route from Shanghai. Luckily the wind came from behind, increasing rather than retarding the boat's usual speed. The sea was very rough, but we surely traveled on "high" all the distance after leaving the channel of the Yangtse River, arriving at Hong Kong eighteen hours ahead of schedule.

Hong Kong has the most beautiful approach of any city I have ever seen. Its harbor is one of the loveliest in the world. Situated on an island, with imposing substantial business blocks and office buildings along the water-front, one is struck by the sight of the Peak, a mountain covered with beautiful homes all the way from the business streets to the summit. Trees line the residential streets, furnishing grateful shade, and gorgeous flowers are growing everywhere. Aside from the foot-path with its countless steps, and an excellent motor road, the top of the Peak is reached by a funicular railway, its two cars being operated by means of a steel cable

with a car attached to each end. Thus one car serves as a counterpoise weight for the other as they ascend and descend, one going up the incline as the other comes down. The view from the summit is incomparable, and the sunsets can not be described, with the constantly changing contrasts and wealth of color. The horizon far and wide, purple, green, yellow, orange and red, is multichromed in sunset's ecstasy.

An excellent automobile road, twenty-three miles long, affords a wonderful drive around the island on which Hong Kong is situated. Superbly engineered and well constructed, with ample width, it rolls up hill and down dale along beautiful Repulse Bay, passing a charming country club, a short distance beyond which is a marvelous hotel, and the eyes of the motorist are greeted with ever-changing scenery—the sapphire blue of the bay and the gray-green of the ocean peacefully relieving the ruggedness of the wooded mountains.

I know of no city that compares with Hong Kong for beauty of situation. There is nothing like the Peak when thousands of electric lights burst forth at night along the streets and in the homes up the entire mountainside from the lower city to the summit. The nearest approach is the view one has at night of Quebec, with its majestic Château Frontenac, from the St. Lawrence below. But Hong Kong is more brilliantly and more evenly lighted than is Quebec. From the bay one sees the whole mountain dotted with electric lights.

In Hong Kong we were introduced to a new mode of

transportation—the sedan chair—which is associated with one of my most embarrassing experiences. I am not alluding to the stage grunt of the two chair bearers as they lifted my bulk from the ground and placed on their shoulders the poles by means of which the chair is carried. I felt this was for effect, the objective being a substantial bonus tip in addition to the regular fare at the end of the ride. These chairs, from my point of view, are not constructed with sufficiently generous proportions as to width of seat. The destination having been reached and the chair placed on the ground, the two bearers gave the same sort of beseeching smile as that employed by a resort hotel waiter at the end of a meal. I attempted to rise. The chair stuck. The quickly-assembled onlookers were evidently amused, while I began to fear that I might be doomed to “wear” that chair indefinitely. Finally, two beneficent friends, such as one welcomes when changing an auto tire on a crowded boulevard, assisted the coolie bearers in successfully prying me loose from the chair’s vise-like grasp. It seemed good to lead a “detached” existence again.

Pidgin-English is no joke. It is the almost universal language of the Orient and is used by various natives in talking to one another and in their conversation with foreigners, be they German, Portuguese or French. It is a difficult speech to acquire, and a traveler is handicapped without it. Returning late one night from a Chinese dinner, one of those execrable functions every tourist tries once, I endeavored to direct my chauffeur

to drive me to the Hong Kong Hotel, a landmark from which I could easily find my way to the launch that was to take me back to the ship for the night, and asked him if he "savvied." He said he did. Knowing the hotel to be but a few blocks away I was astonished, after riding for nearly thirty minutes, to find myself in a sparsely settled portion of the city. Impatiently poking the chauffeur in the back I yelled at him, "Hong Kong Hotel." He immediately "honk-honked" his auto horn. I again said, "Hong Kong Hotel," with the same result—he "honk-honked" his horn. This was kept up indefinitely. The "honk-konk" of the auto horn was the only response I could get to my request for the Hong Kong Hotel. In desperation, I finally hailed the English sentry at the garrison, who, in forcible pidgin-English made known my wishes to the now astonished chauffeur, who turned the car around and drove me back six miles to the hotel, where I should have been within five minutes after engaging his taxi. This portion of the drive was not punctuated by any more "honk-honks" of the auto, for I kept silent, afraid even to whisper the name Hong Kong again. The only language the chauffeur and I understood in common was the language of the taximeter which was expressed in figures and bore silent but eloquent testimony to the extent of my unsolicited joy-ride.

4. CHRISTMAS IN MANILA

We sailed from Hong Kong for Manila on schedule

time, in spite of the storm signal displayed by the harbor master. Certainly the clear cloudless sky, the golden sunshine and peaceful waters of the bay, gave no inkling of the rough weather in store for us outside. Within two hours we were made aware that the weather man had prognosticated correctly. We were in the clutches of a raging typhoon that endured without any abatement for fifteen hours. We were engulfed in onrushing waves that seemed mountain high. The ship rolled and pitched, stood on end, at times taking a nose dive, now lifted bodily out of the ocean and a moment later compelled to burrow through a wall of water. Constantly our wireless was heard to hiss and sputter as our vessel and others sought to ascertain from one another a knowledge of position, for all the boats in the zone of the typhoon were evidently off course. But our ship rode the storm well, with but slight damage, such as the loss of a smoke-stack and some of the superstructure blown from the hurricane deck, accompanied by such clatter that many of the more timid passengers were frightened out of their wits, a few becoming hysterical. All through the night there was abundant basis for the time-worn expression of the old salt, "Shiver my timbers!" as our vessel trembled like a nervous steed. It was a grand and glorious feeling to be immune from seasickness, for it was good to enjoy the awful majesty of such a furious and enduring storm.

We reached Manila but twelve hours late. It was Christmas morning. Here I received an unexpected but

the most delightful Christmas gift that one can receive in a strange land—the welcome from a friend. Waiting at the pier, first saluting, then waving and hallooing, and dressed in his army uniform of spotless white, was Doctor Lovewell, a fellow major of the medical corps of the United States Army, an officer I had not seen for years. Our acquaintance had begun when we were engaged in fighting the 1905 epidemic of yellow fever. While at his post sixty miles away, he had chanced to notice my name in the published list of our ship's passengers as it appeared in the Manila papers, and drove in to meet me. His coming made my Christmas Day as bright as its glorious sunshine. A drive through the city with its many points of interest, as well as into the surrounding country, a sojourn at the Army and Navy Club, a lunch on the hotel veranda, a visit to Fort McKinley with its golf course and well appointed officers' club, served to make a perfect day for an otherwise lonely tropical tramp. But the climax came at eight o'clock that night when we sat down to a home-cooked Christmas dinner, with its big American turkey, patties of sweetbreads and mushrooms, American celery, head lettuce and cranberries, daintily served on an old Spanish mahogany table covered with doilies of piña-cloth. It is surely rare good fortune to be so nicely cared for on a holiday so far from home. This day, with its continual evidences of gracious kindness, revealed to me that the Christmas spirit girdles the earth and maketh the whole world kin.

The streets of old Manila remind one of Spain. It is, however, but a step to the modern portion of the city where one is made to think of the more beautiful portions of such cities as Savannah or Tampa. To appear like other residents of Manila on Christmas Day, it was necessary to dig out of the ship's baggage our Palm-Beach suits and American straw hats. The streets were bright and gay, the well-dressed women wearing the brilliant colors that one sees in the Mediterranean countries. Flowers bloom everywhere. Large poinsettia bushes, almost tree-like in size, with enormous scarlet blossoms, abound in the grounds of the well-kept homes. The roads are excellent, all having been constructed during the American régime. A delightful, leisurely way of seeing the city is to ride in the *caramatta*, a native, two-wheeled, rubber-tired carriage with driver's seat in front, very similar to the *calèche*, so characteristic of Quebec.

Of course, here in Manila one hears much of Philippine independence, but close at hand it has a very hollow sound to it. It is not the patriotic yearning one is led to believe from the organized propaganda let loose in Washington during sessions of our Congress. Old Spanish merchants who have been in business in Manila for forty years told me that, were the much vaunted Philippine independence a reality, they would be obliged to sell out, withdraw their capital and move away, for there would be no commercial stability possible. According to them, conditions would be worse than before the day that

Dewey sailed by Corregidor into Manila Bay. My own observations lead me to believe that some of the most vociferous native advocates of Philippine independence are not sincere. By many in the legislature the demand for independence is apparently employed merely as an "issue" in a political game for the purpose of obstructing the humane and beneficent administration of Governor Leonard Wood.

5. THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE WORLD

An hour out of Manila the delightful ocean breezes so modified the intense heat experienced ashore that it was too cool on deck for Palm Beach suits. We were now approaching the "cross-roads of the world"—Singapore, and were over eleven thousand miles from home. Nine thousand of those miles had been traveled at sea. After six weeks of it we had become genuinely attached to our floating home—the *President Monroe*. It was well ventilated, clean and staunch, its staterooms furnished with beds rather than berths, with an electric fan in each room and an individual shower and bath en suite. Best of all, it was manned by courteous, intelligent officers. It had proved to be a very comfortable means of travel. Being devoid of much of the glitter and glamour of the peacock ocean palaces of the Atlantic, it had been on this account all the more restful. It had surely been a delightful retreat each time we had sailed away from any port with its oppressing crowds, city noises, dust and

confusion. As one globe-trotter has said, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like a ship."

As we neared land with Singapore in sight everything was again hot and steamy. The long cigar between one's fingers wilted and toppled. For a moment my spirits drooped likewise, with a feeling of loneliness at thought of leaving the pleasant acquaintances of the ship and departing from the main traveled roads to proceed to the Borneo jungles via Java.

Singapore, in many respects, proved to be one of the most interesting cities I have visited. While its leaders in thought and action are very English—or rather British—most of the work is done by Malays, Chinese and Hindus. It is queer to see, in the offices, so many black clerks and stenographers. They are very intelligent and well educated. In the shipping offices they are veritable human encyclopedias of information for the leisurely white official presiding at the desk. Without these efficient Malay assistants, the white man's business burden in Singapore would be crushing.

While in the act of registering at the Raffles, that old historic hotel, I was interrupted by a friendly nudge, followed by the hearty handclasp of a friend I had not seen since the outbreak of the World War, a staff writer on one of the Chicago dailies. He had just arrived from Australia en route to Manila, stopping over to write up the Singapore Naval Base for his paper. The timely advent of this friend and the presence of a few of my shipmates who had stopped here that they might tranship

to Java or India, prevented what otherwise would have been a lonely New Year's Eve. Holidays always accentuate loneliness to one far from home.

The New Year was noisily ushered in that night at Singapore. Britishers from outlying districts had come here to celebrate. One or two I met had traveled four hundred miles, part of the distance in creaking bullock carts, for this occasion. Hard-headed Scots, practically isolated on some rubber plantation, or at some oil concession or tin mine, or engaged in some engineering survey up-country, had come to enjoy the bright lights of Singapore for just one night. And such wonderful men they are—these men at the outposts, whose arduous work helps hold the British Empire together.

“Oh! the pity of it! that men of this type—strong, courageous, patient and kind—pioneers by nature; the men who, far from the noise and lights, and the gaiety of great cities, make history quietly and without ostentation, speeches or press notices—that these men so seldom meet. And when they do, it is for a minute, an hour, or a day. Long enough, mayhap, to kindle a desire for the kind of friendship that lasts, and all too short for more than a ‘luck to you’ or at most an evening of reminiscences over a pipe of tobacco from home.”*

It was a memorable picture to see such rugged gentlemen as these standing at their tables clasping one another's hands as they sang *Auld Lang Syne* at midnight, and at two A. M. *God Save the King*. Everybody

*From the Membership Booklet of the Circumnavigators' Club.

tried to sing. One never realizes how many amateur singers there are in the world until he takes a trip around it. Both the Raffles and the Hotel Europe were crowded with these celebrators. Tables had been placed in every available space. The dining-rooms, the verandas, the lawn in the quadrangle, the grass plot in front all the way to the quay, were filled with tables, the tables filled with people, and the people filled with——? The usually frugal man who had carefully saved his money during the preceding months spent it lavishly that night. I here saw it demonstrated that a Scotchman is never so financially “loose” as when he is alcoholically “tight.” In some instances places and tables had been engaged ahead for six months by those back in the interior, in anticipation of this annual event.

All sorts of transportation are available here. Jitney busses, trolley cars, some of which, like those in China, run without tracks and have a swivel-jointed trolley pole that bends in any and all directions as the driver weaves in and out of traffic; rickshaws, bullock carts, and all sorts of motor-cars. Every make of automobile is seen here, from rattling rusty Fords of ancient vintage to luxuriously appointed Rolls-Royces, the latter generally owned by wealthy Chinese. The bullock carts for heavy loads were quite new to me and strikingly picturesque. The impassive animals pulling them have high humps at the withers and their horns are long, extending straight up, then recurving like those of the Alpine ibex.

Rickshaws are in abundance. The rickshaw men are

fleeter of foot than those in China and Japan. Instead of the dog-trot they exhibit the knee action of a race horse with a regular stride of long steps. How they do it in this climate, burning sun and excessive humidity, is difficult to conceive. They are overly eager workers, and pounce upon you as a prospective fare as you emerge from hotel, store or office. They receive thirty cents Mex. an hour, but are obliged to pay license fees and wheel tax. The average length of time the rickshaw man is able to carry on this employment is said to be less than three years. I still dislike to be pulled by man power, but what is one to do when this same man power scowls at you if you do not employ him? Besides it is suicidal for a white man from the temperate climate to walk in the broiling hot sun for more than a few steps. The Oriental drivers of motor-cars here, as elsewhere throughout the East, are criminally reckless. Apparently they know nothing of the mechanism of an automobile, and their conception of a chauffeur's function is limited to stepping on the gas and tooting the horn. They make it more dangerous to be a passenger than it is to be a pedestrian.

Singapore is bustling with business by day and noisy with pleasure at night. Its jazz bands can outscreech, outmoan and outharmonize their American prototype. A military post of considerable size, and an important naval base, there is more than a sprinkling of gay uniforms seen at the clubs and in the hotels. To these must be added the gold-braided officers from the men-of-war

CHINA SEA





NORTH
BORNEO

CELEBES SEA

TARAKAN

ELONGAN

BERAOP R.

SANGKOE LIRANG

SANGKOE LIRANG

MACASSAR BAY

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We literally "blew in" to Hong Kong. The skies were bright, the temperature mild, but we were in a monsoon most of the route from Shanghai. Luckily the wind came from behind, increasing rather than retarding the boat's usual speed. The sea was very rough, but we surely traveled on "high" all the distance after leaving the channel of the Yangtse River, arriving at Hong Kong eighteen hours ahead of schedule.

Hong Kong has the most beautiful approach of any city I have ever seen. Its harbor is one of the loveliest in the world. Situated on an island, with imposing substantial business blocks and office buildings along the water-front, one is struck by the sight of the Peak, a mountain covered with beautiful homes all the way from the business streets to the summit. Trees line the residential streets, furnishing grateful shade, and gorgeous flowers are growing everywhere. Aside from the foot-path with its countless steps, and an excellent motor road, the top of the Peak is reached by a funicular railway, its two cars being operated by means of a steel cable

with a car attached to each end. Thus one car serves as a counterpoise weight for the other as they ascend and descend, one going up the incline as the other comes down. The view from the summit is incomparable, and the sunsets can not be described, with the constantly changing contrasts and wealth of color. The horizon far and wide, purple, green, yellow, orange and red, is multichromed in sunset's ecstasy.

An excellent automobile road, twenty-three miles long, affords a wonderful drive around the island on which Hong Kong is situated. Superbly engineered and well constructed, with ample width, it rolls up hill and down dale along beautiful Repulse Bay, passing a charming country club, a short distance beyond which is a marvelous hotel, and the eyes of the motorist are greeted with ever-changing scenery—the sapphire blue of the bay and the gray-green of the ocean peacefully relieving the ruggedness of the wooded mountains.

I know of no city that compares with Hong Kong for beauty of situation. There is nothing like the Peak when thousands of electric lights burst forth at night along the streets and in the homes up the entire mountainside from the lower city to the summit. The nearest approach is the view one has at night of Quebec, with its majestic Château Frontenac, from the St. Lawrence below. But Hong Kong is more brilliantly and more evenly lighted than is Quebec. From the bay one sees the whole mountain dotted with electric lights.

In Hong Kong we were introduced to a new mode of

transportation—the sedan chair—which is associated with one of my most embarrassing experiences. I am not alluding to the stage grunt of the two chair bearers as they lifted my bulk from the ground and placed on their shoulders the poles by means of which the chair is carried. I felt this was for effect, the objective being a substantial bonus tip in addition to the regular fare at the end of the ride. These chairs, from my point of view, are not constructed with sufficiently generous proportions as to width of seat. The destination having been reached and the chair placed on the ground, the two bearers gave the same sort of beseeching smile as that employed by a resort hotel waiter at the end of a meal. I attempted to rise. The chair stuck. The quickly-assembled onlookers were evidently amused, while I began to fear that I might be doomed to “wear” that chair indefinitely. Finally, two beneficent friends, such as one welcomes when changing an auto tire on a crowded boulevard, assisted the coolie bearers in successfully prying me loose from the chair’s vise-like grasp. It seemed good to lead a “detached” existence again.

Pidgin-English is no joke. It is the almost universal language of the Orient and is used by various natives in talking to one another and in their conversation with foreigners, be they German, Portuguese or French. It is a difficult speech to acquire, and a traveler is handicapped without it. Returning late one night from a Chinese dinner, one of those execrable functions every tourist tries once, I endeavored to direct my chauffeur

to drive me to the Hong Kong Hotel, a landmark from which I could easily find my way to the launch that was to take me back to the ship for the night, and asked him if he "savvied." He said he did. Knowing the hotel to be but a few blocks away I was astonished, after riding for nearly thirty minutes, to find myself in a sparsely settled portion of the city. Impatiently poking the chauffeur in the back I yelled at him, "Hong Kong Hotel." He immediately "honk-honked" his auto horn. I again said, "Hong Kong Hotel," with the same result—he "honk-honked" his horn. This was kept up indefinitely. The "honk-konk" of the auto horn was the only response I could get to my request for the Hong Kong Hotel. In desperation, I finally hailed the English sentry at the garrison, who, in forcible pidgin-English made known my wishes to the now astonished chauffeur, who turned the car around and drove me back six miles to the hotel, where I should have been within five minutes after engaging his taxi. This portion of the drive was not punctuated by any more "honk-honks" of the auto, for I kept silent, afraid even to whisper the name Hong Kong again. The only language the chauffeur and I understood in common was the language of the taximeter which was expressed in figures and bore silent but eloquent testimony to the extent of my unsolicited joy-ride.

4. CHRISTMAS IN MANILA

We sailed from Hong Kong for Manila on schedule

time, in spite of the storm signal displayed by the harbor master. Certainly the clear cloudless sky, the golden sunshine and peaceful waters of the bay, gave no inkling of the rough weather in store for us outside. Within two hours we were made aware that the weather man had prognosticated correctly. We were in the clutches of a raging typhoon that endured without any abatement for fifteen hours. We were engulfed in onrushing waves that seemed mountain high. The ship rolled and pitched, stood on end, at times taking a nose dive, now lifted bodily out of the ocean and a moment later compelled to burrow through a wall of water. Constantly our wireless was heard to hiss and sputter as our vessel and others sought to ascertain from one another a knowledge of position, for all the boats in the zone of the typhoon were evidently off course. But our ship rode the storm well, with but slight damage, such as the loss of a smoke-stack and some of the superstructure blown from the hurricane deck, accompanied by such clatter that many of the more timid passengers were frightened out of their wits, a few becoming hysterical. All through the night there was abundant basis for the time-worn expression of the old salt, "Shiver my timbers!" as our vessel trembled like a nervous steed. It was a grand and glorious feeling to be immune from seasickness, for it was good to enjoy the awful majesty of such a furious and enduring storm.

We reached Manila but twelve hours late. It was Christmas morning. Here I received an unexpected but

the most delightful Christmas gift that one can receive in a strange land—the welcome from a friend. Waiting at the pier, first saluting, then waving and hallooing, and dressed in his army uniform of spotless white, was Doctor Lovewell, a fellow major of the medical corps of the United States Army, an officer I had not seen for years. Our acquaintance had begun when we were engaged in fighting the 1905 epidemic of yellow fever. While at his post sixty miles away, he had chanced to notice my name in the published list of our ship's passengers as it appeared in the Manila papers, and drove in to meet me. His coming made my Christmas Day as bright as its glorious sunshine. A drive through the city with its many points of interest, as well as into the surrounding country, a sojourn at the Army and Navy Club, a lunch on the hotel veranda, a visit to Fort McKinley with its golf course and well appointed officers' club, served to make a perfect day for an otherwise lonely tropical tramp. But the climax came at eight o'clock that night when we sat down to a home-cooked Christmas dinner, with its big American turkey, patties of sweetbreads and mushrooms, American celery, head lettuce and cranberries, daintily served on an old Spanish mahogany table covered with doilies of piña-cloth. It is surely rare good fortune to be so nicely cared for on a holiday so far from home. This day, with its continual evidences of gracious kindness, revealed to me that the Christmas spirit girdles the earth and maketh the whole world kin.

The streets of old Manila remind one of Spain. It is, however, but a step to the modern portion of the city where one is made to think of the more beautiful portions of such cities as Savannah or Tampa. To appear like other residents of Manila on Christmas Day, it was necessary to dig out of the ship's baggage our Palm-Beach suits and American straw hats. The streets were bright and gay, the well-dressed women wearing the brilliant colors that one sees in the Mediterranean countries. Flowers bloom everywhere. Large poinsettia bushes, almost tree-like in size, with enormous scarlet blossoms, abound in the grounds of the well-kept homes. The roads are excellent, all having been constructed during the American régime. A delightful, leisurely way of seeing the city is to ride in the *caramatta*, a native, two-wheeled, rubber-tired carriage with driver's seat in front, very similar to the *calèche*, so characteristic of Quebec.

Of course, here in Manila one hears much of Philippine independence, but close at hand it has a very hollow sound to it. It is not the patriotic yearning one is led to believe from the organized propaganda let loose in Washington during sessions of our Congress. Old Spanish merchants who have been in business in Manila for forty years told me that, were the much vaunted Philippine independence a reality, they would be obliged to sell out, withdraw their capital and move away, for there would be no commercial stability possible. According to them, conditions would be worse than before the day that

Dewey sailed by Corregidor into Manila Bay. My own observations lead me to believe that some of the most vociferous native advocates of Philippine independence are not sincere. By many in the legislature the demand for independence is apparently employed merely as an "issue" in a political game for the purpose of obstructing the humane and beneficent administration of Governor Leonard Wood.

5. THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE WORLD

An hour out of Manila the delightful ocean breezes so modified the intense heat experienced ashore that it was too cool on deck for Palm Beach suits. We were now approaching the "cross-roads of the world"—Singapore, and were over eleven thousand miles from home. Nine thousand of those miles had been traveled at sea. After six weeks of it we had become genuinely attached to our floating home—the *President Monroe*. It was well ventilated, clean and staunch, its staterooms furnished with beds rather than berths, with an electric fan in each room and an individual shower and bath en suite. Best of all, it was manned by courteous, intelligent officers. It had proved to be a very comfortable means of travel. Being devoid of much of the glitter and glamour of the peacock ocean palaces of the Atlantic, it had been on this account all the more restful. It had surely been a delightful retreat each time we had sailed away from any port with its oppressing crowds, city noises, dust and

confusion. As one globe-trotter has said, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like a ship."

As we neared land with Singapore in sight everything was again hot and steamy. The long cigar between one's fingers wilted and toppled. For a moment my spirits drooped likewise, with a feeling of loneliness at thought of leaving the pleasant acquaintances of the ship and departing from the main traveled roads to proceed to the Borneo jungles via Java.

Singapore, in many respects, proved to be one of the most interesting cities I have visited. While its leaders in thought and action are very English—or rather British—most of the work is done by Malays, Chinese and Hindus. It is queer to see, in the offices, so many black clerks and stenographers. They are very intelligent and well educated. In the shipping offices they are veritable human encyclopedias of information for the leisurely white official presiding at the desk. Without these efficient Malay assistants, the white man's business burden in Singapore would be crushing.

While in the act of registering at the Raffles, that old historic hotel, I was interrupted by a friendly nudge, followed by the hearty handclasp of a friend I had not seen since the outbreak of the World War, a staff writer on one of the Chicago dailies. He had just arrived from Australia en route to Manila, stopping over to write up the Singapore Naval Base for his paper. The timely advent of this friend and the presence of a few of my shipmates who had stopped here that they might tranship

to Java or India, prevented what otherwise would have been a lonely New Year's Eve. Holidays always accentuate loneliness to one far from home.

The New Year was noisily ushered in that night at Singapore. Britishers from outlying districts had come here to celebrate. One or two I met had traveled four hundred miles, part of the distance in creaking bullock carts, for this occasion. Hard-headed Scots, practically isolated on some rubber plantation, or at some oil concession or tin mine, or engaged in some engineering survey up-country, had come to enjoy the bright lights of Singapore for just one night. And such wonderful men they are—these men at the outposts, whose arduous work helps hold the British Empire together.

“Oh! the pity of it! that men of this type—strong, courageous, patient and kind—pioneers by nature; the men who, far from the noise and lights, and the gaiety of great cities, make history quietly and without ostentation, speeches or press notices—that these men so seldom meet. And when they do, it is for a minute, an hour, or a day. Long enough, mayhap, to kindle a desire for the kind of friendship that lasts, and all too short for more than a ‘luck to you’ or at most an evening of reminiscences over a pipe of tobacco from home.”*

It was a memorable picture to see such rugged gentlemen as these standing at their tables clasping one another's hands as they sang *Auld Lang Syne* at midnight, and at two A. M. *God Save the King*. Everybody

*From the Membership Booklet of the Circumnavigators' Club.

tried to sing. One never realizes how many amateur singers there are in the world until he takes a trip around it. Both the Raffles and the Hotel Europe were crowded with these celebrators. Tables had been placed in every available space. The dining-rooms, the verandas, the lawn in the quadrangle, the grass plot in front all the way to the quay, were filled with tables, the tables filled with people, and the people filled with——? The usually frugal man who had carefully saved his money during the preceding months spent it lavishly that night. I here saw it demonstrated that a Scotchman is never so financially “loose” as when he is alcoholically “tight.” In some instances places and tables had been engaged ahead for six months by those back in the interior, in anticipation of this annual event.

All sorts of transportation are available here. Jitney busses, trolley cars, some of which, like those in China, run without tracks and have a swivel-jointed trolley pole that bends in any and all directions as the driver weaves in and out of traffic; rickshaws, bullock carts, and all sorts of motor-cars. Every make of automobile is seen here, from rattling rusty Fords of ancient vintage to luxuriously appointed Rolls-Royces, the latter generally owned by wealthy Chinese. The bullock carts for heavy loads were quite new to me and strikingly picturesque. The impassive animals pulling them have high humps at the withers and their horns are long, extending straight up, then recurving like those of the Alpine ibex.

Rickshaws are in abundance. The rickshaw men are

fleeter of foot than those in China and Japan. Instead of the dog-trot they exhibit the knee action of a race horse with a regular stride of long steps. How they do it in this climate, burning sun and excessive humidity, is difficult to conceive. They are overly eager workers, and pounce upon you as a prospective fare as you emerge from hotel, store or office. They receive thirty cents Mex. an hour, but are obliged to pay license fees and wheel tax. The average length of time the rickshaw man is able to carry on this employment is said to be less than three years. I still dislike to be pulled by man power, but what is one to do when this same man power scowls at you if you do not employ him? Besides it is suicidal for a white man from the temperate climate to walk in the broiling hot sun for more than a few steps. The Oriental drivers of motor-cars here, as elsewhere throughout the East, are criminally reckless. Apparently they know nothing of the mechanism of an automobile, and their conception of a chauffeur's function is limited to stepping on the gas and tooting the horn. They make it more dangerous to be a passenger than it is to be a pedestrian.

Singapore is bustling with business by day and noisy with pleasure at night. Its jazz bands can outscreech, outmoan and outharmonize their American prototype. A military post of considerable size, and an important naval base, there is more than a sprinkling of gay uniforms seen at the clubs and in the hotels. To these must be added the gold-braided officers from the men-of-war

no "seasons" for planting rice. It can be done at any time of the year whenever the ground is ready. No fertilizer is used, the soil still retaining its richness after all these years of growing rice without "crop rotation," of which we hear so much from agricultural advisers in America.

The rice-fields are made up of many little plots of ground, in some instances not much larger than a small garden in a city lot. Each padi is walled off or separated from the others by little dikes to retain the inundating water during the period of irrigation. These little plots are plowed and harrowed while submerged, the water being up to the knees of the barefoot laborer. The farm implements are crude and made of wood. The plows and harrows are pulled by bullocks resembling water buffalo, with long horns turned backward. They patiently squish, squush and splash through the gravy-like mud. At night, while they browse in pasture and thicket, they wear "cowbells" made of wood.

The rice stalks are transplanted from little seed beds where the plants were started. Among the Javanese, the actual planting must be done by women, in order to conform with certain religious injunctions as well as age-old traditions related to fructification. Men and boys may pull up the plants from the seed beds and carry them to the padi where they are to be planted, but the planting must be done by women and girls. The rice-farming Chinamen in Java pay no attention to this custom, but among the natives it is practically inviolate. The plants

are set out about four inches apart, and at harvest are cut with a crude-looking knife, one single stalk at a time.

The laundries in Java always evoke the tourist's comment. Clothes are washed, not in tubs but in the streams and canals, the women standing almost waist deep in water. No washboard is used; instead the clothes are roughly slapped and pounded against rocks or logs. No wonder the Javanese use no buttons on their garments. The Malay method of washing clothes always either breaks or amputates the buttons. Much time did I employ sewing new buttons on old garments. The frequent rains make the water in the streams very muddy, but the clothes are always white when dried because of the bleaching effect of the abundant glaring sunlight.

A delicious fruit called rambutan is abundant throughout Java. The name rambutan means hairy fruit, but fortunately the hair is on the outside. The fruit grows in clusters, each single fruit being about twice the size of a horse chestnut. The outside hull is covered with stringy fibers that resemble red hair. The hull is cut with the table knife and out falls a nice white, juicy morsel, with a seed in it about the size of a large plum, and it looks like a shiny white onion. It has the taste of a sweet plum plus the refreshing after-tang of a Richmond cherry. Like its delectable cousin, the mangosteen, the edible portion of this fruit can be enjoyed by the tourist without the danger of contamination from native hands laden with disease germs. The banana likewise has the advantage of being hermetically

sealed in its own covering. I discovered, in Java and Borneo, that there are over one hundred known varieties of the banana. To me, heretofore, a banana was just a banana. Now I must know what kind of banana is meant and its pedigree must be furnished, else my interest immediately subsides.

One must always remember, in traveling through Java, that generally speaking, the water is unsafe for drinking. Apollinaris is always available and cheap, but seldom cold. It is, however, always *wet* and slakes thirst. When compelled to drink the local water supply, one must put a drop or two of tincture of iodine, or water-purifying tablets, such as are furnished in the army, into each glass, to make the water safe for drinking. It is a difficult habit to acquire, but in Java a bather must keep his mouth closed to prevent the contaminated water from entering as he pours it over his head and body. The native people carry drinking water about in sections of bamboo. These consist of a hollow piece of bamboo plugged at one end, about four inches in diameter and six feet long, to which a reed rope is tied in such a way that the bamboo container can be carried upon one's back like a knapsack. When filled with water it is carried with open or unplugged end elevated, to prevent the water from running out. Palm wine venders convey this much sought beverage in similar bamboo containers.

The Javanese is very like our American plantation ducky in the ability to sleep, eat and visit. When two or three natives are gathered together, whether on the

street, in the market-place, or at the railroad station, there will be much eating of sweet confections. They have a mania for sweets. Being Mohammedans, they partake of no alcoholic beverage, but their drinks are sickishly sweet. How these people, living in the torrid heat, are able to ingest so much sugar is almost past comprehension. The candy made from the sirupy honey of the aren flower is literally sweeter than sugar. The frequency with which these natives eat it is also astonishing. With some it is almost a continuous performance during waking hours. After eating they soon fall asleep, and after sleeping they wake up hungry. To the tourist observer, the life of an idle Javanese is apparently an endless chain of eating to sleep and sleeping to eat.

The purpose of the occasional white posts at the side of the railroad tracks was at first somewhat difficult to understand. Observing that they were placed near the approach of highway crossings, it seemed as if they must be "whistling posts," such as are used in America to indicate to the locomotive engineer when to sound his warning whistle. But those in the United States are adorned with a *W* for whistle and an *R* for ring. Those I first noticed in Java bore the single letter *S*. Searching the dictionary I could find no Javanese or Dutch word, beginning with the letter *S* that means whistle or ring, or any composite word meaning both whistle and ring. I was stumped for the time being. But later as the train glided by (in Java the trains slowly glide, they do not whiz) a white post appeared on which was painted the

word "stoot." Here was the solution. Everybody knows that "toot" means whistle, and since *S* may be an abbreviation for steam, S-toot must necessarily mean steam-whistle. Later, I discovered that the dictionary meaning of the word "stoot" is "to push." So now I have decided that on a Java engine the engineer causes the whistle to blow by pushing a button, much as we do when we wish to sound an electric bell. Of course every schoolboy in the United States knows the locomotive engineer *pulls* the whistle.

The hardihood with which the Javanese tread their way along their various walks of life in bare feet is of astonishing interest. With bare feet they walk on cinders, sharp gravel, through rice stubble, and over rough cobblestone roads, with nonchalant air and regardless mien. Policemen, track walkers, switchmen, freight conductors and engineers are barefooted at their work. It seems out of keeping that they are obliged to wear regulation uniforms, consisting of a suit of dark blue cotton cloth and a brown straw hat, its brim turned up on one side. A passenger engineer is barefooted while on his engine, but is required to put his "slops," something like sandals, on his bare sockless feet when he goes to the telegraph office or station master's booth to register and receive orders. It was, to me, a comical sight to witness, on a gala night at a banquet in the dining-room of a ritzy hotel, a group of at least a hundred waiters, garbed in spotless white suits, wearing ornate and stiffly starched batik headgear, with their brown

hands encased in white cotton gloves, but in bare feet as they served the guests. But no waiter, wearing a faultless dress suit, silk hose and patent leather shoes, at any of our American de luxe hotels, could bow so low or with such solemn dignity as did these barefooted Javanese waiters when receiving a tip at the end of the dinner.

As in Singapore, the beds in the Java hotels are like cages, with fine mosquito net stretched over a frame. When going to bed in Java, one climbs into a mosquito-net house built over the mattress, carefully pulling together the curtains at the opening through which he entered. It is advisable, in bed, to have an electric flashlight with which perchance to stalk a mosquito afflicted with wanderlust, or locate his arch-enemy, the cold and clammy chee-cha lizard, who is much too sociable in the dark but always scampers when the light is turned on, though not until after he has allowed you one glance into his innocent eyes. With wise forethought, the mattresses are hard, so as not to be too hot to sleep upon. Two hard pillows are also provided, but no covering, as none is needed.

It is in the Dutch East Indies that the tourist has his introduction to a novel bedroom adjunct. Lying loose on top of each bed and each berth on a ship, one discovers something very much like a cylindrical bolster. It is about five feet long and ten inches in diameter, and is quite hard. It proves to be, after one is initiated, a very useful provision. One delightful service I found for it was to throw my arms and legs over it to cool their

under surfaces when both my skin and the bed-sheet had become too hot for comfort. This useful affair is called a "Dutch wife," but why I do not know.

One night in Bandoeng, at about two A. M., I was suddenly awakened from sound sleep with the feeling that my bed had been suddenly lifted up from its wonted place and deposited in a far corner of the room. The sensation can scarcely be described. It was as if a big elephant had been sleeping under my bed and had suddenly decided to change his position by rolling over to his other side, taking the bed with him, and after turning over had a severe ague chill which shook the room, rattled the windows and jiggled the bed. To make the experience more exciting, the night air was suddenly pierced by startled shrieks from the servants' quarters across the courtyard. From one of my windows I could see the many native servants in the waning moonlight, prostrating themselves, their faces toward the west where distant Mecca lies, salaaming and calling on Allah, like the good Mohammedans they are. By this time I rightly concluded that the commotion was caused by an earthquake, and since no damage was done I was glad to have had the experience. I was not long in discovering that Java is addicted to the earthquake habit. The railroad depot at a town near Bandoeng has been completely wrecked by earthquakes three times in five years, and while I was there the station was being reconstructed of whitewashed bamboo slats—such a building not being so likely to collapse as one made of concrete.

From the slowly climbing train in North Java it was a marvelous sight to see, in the course of a few hours, five volcanoes emitting clouds of white smoke and an occasional blaze of blue and yellow sulphur flame. These, together with the deep ravines that we crossed on wonderfully engineered trestles, the valleys with the greenest of green rice-fields, sugar-cane growing into an impenetrable mass formation, extensive tea, coffee and cinchona plantations, immense teak forests and a countless number of stately coconut trees, make the country we traveled that day a land of interesting contrasts.

Soerabaya, the port of embarkation for Borneo, is the largest commercial city of the Netherland East Indies, and is the center of the great sugar industries of Java. The rocky island of Madoera is here separated from the mainland of Java by a narrow strait and forms a natural breakwater for the roadstead of Soerabaya. The principal industry on the coast of Madoera is that of winning salt from sea water by evaporation. Salt is a government monopoly in the Dutch East Indies.

Soerabaya is a modern city in its business methods, its means of transportation, its schools, its commercial and office buildings, and its comfortable houses. It is more western than any other city of the East. Its streets are traversed by automobiles of every known American make, and here one sees up-to-date trolley cars in contradistinction to those of the antiquated steam tram at Batavia. The engines of the latter remind one of the historic culmination of the first successful effort of

Geordie Stephenson as it stands in the great railroad station at Newcastle-on-Tyne, or of the old Dewitt Clinton with its "carriages" pictured in our old school books as America's first railway train, exhibited at some of our great expositions and fairs, and now permanently installed on view in the gallery of the Grand Central Station, New York City.

The schools are modern in their courses of study, thorough in pedagogical method, and coordinate well with higher education in the universities and professional schools of Holland. Many officials of the Dutch Government in the Indies, isolated in the jungles and other remote places where there are no schools, place their children in the schools of Soerabaya or Bandoeng.

The medical men in Java are renowned for their skill in surgery, their achievements in serum therapy and their knowledge of tropical diseases. The newer hospitals are well appointed, and Soerabaya is a sort of surgical mecca for the East Indies. Also many patients come from Singapore because of the repute of the well-trained Dutch surgeons.

Here my medical supplies for the trip into Borneo were secured and my first-aid kit compacted into the smallest possible space. It included the following, all of which proved useful:

Muriate of quinine (not the sulphate)
Iodine
Permanganate of potash
Magnesium sulphate

Subgallate of bismuth

Ammoniated mercury, sulphur and zinc ointments

Five per cent. solution of carbolic acid and glycerine (very useful when insects invade the ear)

Antiseptic eye lotion and eye-cups

Halizone tablets for contaminated drinking water

Ampoules of various anti-toxic sera

Hypodermic syringe and needles

Vaseline

Gauze, roller bandages, adhesive tape.

Of course I had previously completed my smallpox, cholera, typhoid and paratyphoid vaccinations.

In Soerabaya a large number of European women are in evidence. They are, for the most part, the wives of government officers or employees, or of merchants and manufacturers. As one sees them at social functions at the Concordia and Simpang Clubs, at dinner at the Oranje Hotel, or on shopping excursions, they are modishly attired; hence, quite in contrast to the native women, so picturesque in their multicolored sarongs.

It is not an unusual occurrence for a Dutch Government official, or man of affairs in some ore company, rubber plantation, or sugar industry, after a few years of voluntary exile in the East Indies to marry one of the native women, some of whom are very well educated. But I confess my feelings never failed to register a shock at seeing an upstanding Hollander with a chocolate-colored wife. The *stenger* children of such marriages—and these marriages seem to result in large families—are in an anomalous position. While officially recognized as white by the government, in the schools and elsewhere,

they are doomed to many a tragic heartache because of the snubs of the children who are one hundred per cent. white and with whom they come in daily contact. And the brown boys and girls who are one hundred per cent. Malay always, with a very superior air, turn up their little blunt noses at these *stenger* children.

My last day at Soerabaya seemed destined to be marked by a serious catastrophe. While it was the thirteenth day of the month, it was not Friday, so superstitious considerations were not so momentous as they might have been. On the morning of this fateful day the mails failed to bring from the Governor General at Buitenzorg my credentials to the government functionaries in Borneo. All arrangements had been completed for my sailing at five o'clock in the afternoon and the mail carrying the precious documents would not reach Soerabaya until eighty-thirty P. M. A telegram from my good angel, the United States Consul at Weltevreden, brought information that these papers had been forwarded two days later than planned, because of the illness of some transcribing clerk in the office of the Colonial Secretary of State.

I found myself in a most serious plight. It would be useless to proceed without the official papers, for without them I would get nowhere in Borneo. Everything else had been made ready for the trip, and dates and arrangements were all contingent on my departure from Soerabaya on this particular day and on this particular ship. My personal baggage, camping outfit, and other

impedimenta were already on board. The Holland officials and steamship executives were almost as deeply concerned and sorely distraught as I over the predicament. After canvassing the situation, I finally decided to have Mr. Hoover, the United States Consul at Weltevreden, wire a copy of my credentials to me in care of the Resident, the leading representative of the Colonial Government at Soerabaya. They reached me by cable at two P. M., and again the skies were cleared for sailing as arranged. But my good, frugal Dutch friends were exceedingly regretful over the extravagant expenditure of more than thirty guilders (about thirteen dollars) for the lengthy cablegram. My only rejoinder to this was that if trains in Java ran at night as well as by day such expenditure would have been unnecessary.

What had promised to be a catastrophe proved to be a blessing. The very fact that my credentials filled two pages of government telegraph blanks about the size of foolscap paper, made it at once apparent that they had been cabled. This accentuated their importance to every Dutch official to whom they were later presented. Each government functionary apparently realized that my credentials were of unusual significance, since they were telegraphed instead of written in the ordinary form of a letter. Certainly I never regretted the expenditure.

We left Java after a most delightful two weeks' sojourn, each day of which was fraught with much interest. There is no monotony about its countryside as one traverses the length of the island. The continual

changes in topography involve never-ending changes in the vegetation of the fields and the occupation of the native people. Unlike other countries, no two cities in Java are alike. As Bandoeng is the city of open spaces and the best climate in Java, and Djokjakarta the center of the native arts and crafts, such as the making of batik, working in copper or filigree leather, so Soerabaya is distinctive in its hum of industry—and a very modern hum it is.

Before being permitted to go aboard ship for departure from Java it was necessary to submit to an examination for cholera, as Soerabaya was an infected port.

7. FIRST GLIMPSES OF BORNEO

It was indeed a joy to be again aboard one of the Dutch steamers in the Indies. The *Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij* (Royal Packet Navigation Company)—K. P. M. for short—operates about one hundred and twenty-five ships in these far eastern waters; and wonderful boats they are—big boats, medium boats, small boats, little boats and tiny boats—no matter where you board them they are always spotlessly clean and efficiently officered. The captains are trained in the schools of navigation in Holland, are given an eight-months' vacation every four years, and are retired on a pension at the age of forty-five. The sailors are Malays, but on the majority of the ships the stewards are Chinese. The cuisine is, as a rule, Hollandish, varied at times with a

rice-table. In either instance a rugged digestion is required. The breakfast table that greeted us the first morning out from Java was spread with cheese, cold sausage, cold meat, cold bread and cold fish—the latter very anemic-looking with their marble-colored eyes and their tails stiffly curved in most rigorous rigor mortis. But the good hospitable Captain Viëtor, noting my hesitancy in deciding of which of the cold viands I would partake, became solicitous and gave me hot toast, tea (instead of beer) and fried eggs. The vessel, equipped with an ice machine, afforded us ample supply of pure cold drinking water.

One delectable dish I found available everywhere in the Indies was *nassi-tim*. It will soothe the most obstreperous stomach and sufficiently nourish the inner man. *Nassi*—rice, and *tim*—chicken. It is Java rice, the finest in the world, and chicken, stewed and stewed together; a little salt is added, and we have a meal fitted for the hungriest schoolboy as well as for the most crotchety dyspeptic, being both satisfying and soothing. It is not a rich dish, for the chickens here are not fat; they are of the small game variety, full-breasted but lean. A word of caution in passing—when you order *mata-sapi* (fried eggs) in the East, do not limit yourself to one or two eggs for they, like the chickens, are very small, about the size of a bantam or pigeon's eggs. But how good they taste!

Abundance of fruit is available on the K. P. M. boats, with their facilities for refrigeration. Here, as else-

where, one should himself peel the fruit he eats, (mangoes, bananas, pineapples, oranges, rambutans or mangosteens) for there is always danger of contamination at the hands of native or Chinese servants.

The baths on the ship consist of the typical jar, or small tank of water and the short-handled dipper. Through the East, the dipper is the indispensable requisite of the bath. No dipper, no bath. Sad to relate, after a countless number of these dipper-pouring baths, I am still forced to admit that the control of my pitching arm is not yet perfect, for I am as yet unable properly to curve a dipper of water over my shoulder so as to hit the desired territory on my back with any degree of accuracy. Nevertheless the dipper and water-jar bath is a blessed institution—a veritable godsend in the tropics. Even now, on a hot summer night in Chicago, the sight of the “Big Dipper” in the northern sky brings a little tinge of homesickness for one of those water-splashing, body-sluicing baths of the East Indies.

Our steamer could accommodate but twenty-five first- and second-class passengers, there being but ten first-class staterooms. Every stateroom was taken. We had nearly three hundred native men, women and children as deck passengers. They were, indeed, a picturesque lot. Their clothing was of every variety of color and texture and some were so scantily clad that it was next to impossible to determine either color or texture. But judging from the native music and rippling laughter, these deck passengers were a happy lot. Occasionally one

could note a wistful look on the faces of these natives, as if they were wondering what the future held in store for them. The majority of them had left their lifetime homes and haunts in Java, under three-year contracts to work in Borneo, either at the great oil station of Balikpapan, or at the newly opened coal mines on the Beraoe River. In the enforcement of these three-year contracts, the Dutch Colonial Government paternally safeguards the rights of both the employer and the employee.

The quarters for passengers on the decks were light and airy, a canvas spread overhead to shade from the burning tropical sun by day, and to shelter from the torrential rains at night. One could not help but note how vastly better these accommodations were than the steerage quarters furnished emigrants to America, crossing the Atlantic from Europe not many years ago. At the outset, the wooden floors of the deck were as clean as repeated scrubblings with sand, shark skin and muscle could make them. But they were soon littered by these Malay natives, to the consternation of the ship's mate, who was such a tidy housekeeper. Banana skins, pineapple peelings, fishbones and other food refuse, as well as stains made by these expectorating betel-nut chewers, soon "decorated" the immediate landscape. These passengers supplied their own food and bedding for the trip. The bedding is a very small desideratum, consisting of a little thin mat; but oh! the food! These Malays seem to eat all the time. They have several meals a day and also eat between meals. From appearances, they seem



Malay natives of Java, en route to Borneo as deck passengers on the *D. H. Coffin*.

to conclude that it is of no use to clean up the garbage after a given meal, for there will soon be more garbage, and after the garbage more meals and then more garbage again—a sort of endless chain. Every few hours the mate would compel these people to “police up” the deck, and for a few minutes it would have some of its pristine cleanliness and then lapse back into a state of filthy disorder.

After two nights and a day of good sailing in a boat that rode as comfortably as a large rocking chair, we had our first glimpse of Borneo, at its extreme southeast, where our ship anchored in the shallow roadstead to discharge and receive freight for Stagen and Kota-Baroe. We took on no passengers here, but did discharge one, a mining engineer connected with the coal mines at Stagen. As in every other country, a coastal settlement betokens little or nothing of the interior; but on this particular morning my curiosity was keen, for here was my first opportunity to realize that Borneo is truly a place and not merely a condition of mind. Now it is no longer the figment of the riotous imagination of circus-day boyhood, but a really existing country with rocks and rills, mountains and valleys, immense rivers that require four or five mouths with which to empty their raging torrential waters into the sea, and noble mountain peaks, green to their very summits, for there appears to be no timber line or snow line on the mountains at the equator. It was some satisfaction to note that my first view of a relatively little speck of Borneo was of an im-

mense hog-back mountain, rather than of a pestilential-looking quagmire or swampy morass. It was a pleasing view of a new land that held in store for me so many novel and rich experiences.

I have stated that no passengers got on here, but that does not mean that our beloved vessel was not boarded by an attacking army of more than half a hundred people. We had scarcely heaved our anchor before our lower decks were swarmed by an army of venders that had scurried to us in little canoes from the village on shore a half-mile away. They were laden with all sorts of food—native fruits, fowl, fish (raw and cooked), sea turtle and hen's eggs, rice and peppers, and many other articles to me unrecognizable as food. How they bartered and dickered with the deck passengers! How gay they looked in their home-made, hand-made sarongs and batik head-gear!

Here, as elsewhere throughout the world, women proved to be better shoppers as well as sharper dealers than men. A sturdy housewife from one of the canoes, flanked by her husband and a couple of sons, would present some article for sale to a feebly resisting but negotiating male deck passenger, and with her compelling eye force the sale. But just as the coins of purchase were being handed over, the wife, or some other female member of the entourage of the aforesaid timid male, would interpose herself, and the transaction would begin all over again and continue with as much chatter as a convention of monkeys trying to outtalk a convention

of magpies of the opposite political faith. Finally the purchase would be consummated, but on better terms for the buyer, that is, a larger quantity for the same amount of money. But at the end of the transaction the wife, by speech, toss of the head, tilt of the nose and general air of superiority, left no doubt in the mind of her husband that she was the better shopper. If a female can "crow" she surely did. Both as a bargainer and as a bargainee, the female of the species is deadlier than the male, the world over.

Following the east coast of Borneo for about two hundred miles, in about eighteen hours, or early the next morning, we arrived at Balikpapan, the famous oil city of the Dutch East Indies. The manual work of the immense oil company headquartered here requires thousands of Javanese coolies. The accounting and book-keeping are efficiently done by educated Malays, while the executive departments of this gigantic concern are headed by Europeans. Modern pumping machinery and pipe lines, as well as great refineries, exemplify the last word in chemistry and physics as to the separation and utilization of by-products, as well as economy of power in operation. Labor turnover is a small factor, for the coolie labor is contracted for under government supervision. These imported Javanese coolies must deliver the goods as to labor, and the oil company must likewise deliver as to housing, wages and hospital facilities. The labor contracts run for three years, subject to renewal at the end of that period. Transportation of the laborers

to Balik-Papan is paid by the oil company, and they must also pay for the return passage of these laborers back to Java at the end of the contract period.

As I walked for three hours through the broad main street of Balik-Papan, I could scarcely realize that I was so near the jungle, for here were modern stores presided over by Chinese, Japanese, Dutch and German merchants, well equipped schools, and a beautiful club house for European residents. An immense wireless station, one of the largest and most powerful in the world, stands at the edge of this thriving community. Fifty automobiles, a few good ones but more in poor condition both as to appearance and locomotion, traverse the five miles of streets. The one I had engaged for a drive about town during the four hours the *De Weert* lay at Balik-Papan, was so badly afflicted with distemper that I got out after a few of its hectic coughs, preferring to walk in peace and certainty.

As I visited the freight decks of our ship, I was struck with the method of shipping live hogs here in the Indies. To me it appeared to be the queerest and funniest thing in the cargo. Each animal weighs from one hundred seventy-five to two hundred pounds, and before shipping is placed in a cylindrical, open-work, rattan crate, giving each pig his individual "stateroom." The size of the container is about that of the crate used for shipping a single bunch of bananas, such as one used to see on our old South Water Street, Chicago. The small size of this cylindrical crate requires that Mr. Pig's legs be folded

up under him as he is put into a cramped position and forced into the container. He can not move. The only sign of life one sees is an occasional flick or wiggle of his little short, curly, black tail that protrudes from the end of the crate. These cylinders, a hundred or more of them, each containing a hog, are then piled up on the lower deck, one on top of the other in a tier, like so much cord wood. There can be no food or water for Mr. Porker during the five- or six-days trip, but withal there is no squeal, not even a soft-pedaled grunt. He is certainly a subdued individual, much less obstreperous than an Illinois corn-fed hog.

On the evening of the same day that we left Balikpapan at noon, we arrived at Samarinda, eighty miles away. Samarinda is about forty-five miles inland from the coast and is on the Mahakam River, a majestic stream that empties into the sea by means of a somewhat complicated delta. Four of the thoroughfares of this delta are navigable for large ships.

After leaving Balikpapan there were but nine first-class passengers remaining on board, and so congenial were they that it seemed much like a family on a private cruise. We all had access to every part of the ship, but for the most part my time was spent on the bridge. Captain Viëtor was more than a sailing master in charge of crew and vessel. He was a charming and hospitable host, always solicitous for the happiness as well as comfort of his passengers. He was most patient and painstaking in his answer to a neophyte's questions

and would continually offer his glasses that one might better see the new vistas that opened up before us at each bend of the river as we wended our way up-stream. While, for the most part, the channel is designated by buoys, much of the course had to be chosen at the moment, without any such tangible guide marking the way. As we shifted from one side of the river to the other, I thought we were simply doing so as the result of some inexplicable "hunch" on the part of the captain. But each change of course was made for some good and definite reason. For example, I noticed that we always chose as the ship's course the side of the river where the nipa palms were growing on the bank to the very water's edge. This, it was explained, was because the nipa palm grows only near deep water, so in following them as our guide we were in no danger of sand-bars or mud-banks. It was on this afternoon trip up the Mahakam from the sea that I saw my first wild monkeys and my first crocodiles.

The sight of this monkey family reminded me of a promise made to three beloved children in the United States of America that I would bring them each a monkey on my return, each one of whom had designated the particular species of the genus anthropoid he desired as a household pet. One had stipulated an orang-outang, another a "probothith" (proboscis) monkey, while the third made emphatic his desire for "a' ape." The crocodiles in the stream intervening between me and the tree full of monkeys suggested a plausible way out

of the difficulties imposed by such a stupid promise. I at once wrote to these children and inquired which they preferred—"no monkeys" or "no monkeys and no grandfather"—for a big hungry crocodile, with widely opened jaws was awaiting my approach at the very foot of the monkey tree from which I was to capture their promised prizes. I added, for the sake of emphasis, that this particular crocodile made a specialty of devouring grandfathers. With becoming gallantry, they caused a reply to my inquiry to be sent to the effect that they all preferred "no monkeys" to "no monkeys and no grandfather," and I love them all the more for their unselfish expression of choice of the two alternatives.

As the shades of night closed in upon us, after a gorgeous sunset, we tied up at the docks of Samarinda.

To me, at this time, there was no more important place in the universe than this village. It was the capital of my jungle world. From it I was to proceed, as soon as transportation opportunity afforded, up the Mahakam three hundred and more miles into the heart of the jungle inhabited by the headhunting Dyaks. Without delay I presented my credentials to the Assistant Resident, Mr. Stap, the Dutch functionary in charge of this territory, and was most graciously received by him. Long Iram, the last government outpost of the Colonial Government, was to be my first objective. I found that there would be no boat of any kind to this outpost and farther up the Mahakam for ten days, and that a small Chinese trading vessel, notoriously filthy and full of

vermin, with no space on deck for me to place my army cot and mosquito cage as sleeping quarters, was the only means of transportation available. But luck was with me. Assistant Resident Stap, as chief government representative, was about to make a tour of inspection up the river as far as Long Iram, starting from Samarinda in about twelve days, and he cordially invited me to accompany him on this trip which would be made in a clean government steam launch, thus insuring good sleeping accommodations as well as wholesome food.

This twelve-day delay afforded me the opportunity of continuing on the *De Weert*, the K. P. M. vessel I had been on since leaving Soerabaya, to its destination, Tandjong-Redeb, and coming back to Samarinda on the return trip of this ship about one week later. Thus I could go two hundred sixty miles farther north up the east coast and then up the Beraoe River to the seat of the Sultan of the Dyaks of that territory. It also precluded my passing a single night in the filthy commercial hotel at Samarinda. As I crossed the portals of this hostelry, for the purpose of inspection, and turned on my electric flashlight, hosts of bugs and lizards scampered in every direction. A few were unwittingly crunched under my feet. I think I saw every sort of wriggler in the world in the brief moment I stood at the threshold of that hotel bedchamber. Besides, it was very smelly. The experiences of this hotel inspection trip only enhanced the joy of sleeping in a clean bed in a clean stateroom on a clean ship.

My formal call on Mr. Stap, the Assistant Resident, with my credentials in telegraph, gave me a chance to arrange for good accommodations on my return to Samarinda a week later, as well as afforded me the much prized opportunity of examining his private collection of Dyak material, including among other things war shields ornamented with scalp locks of victims who had lost their heads in battle, head-dress for both war and peace times, basketry, musical instruments, quivers and poisoned arrows, the long blow-pipe used in shooting these arrows instead of a bow, spears of all sorts, and ear ornaments made from the bill of the toekang bird, which can be worn only by one who has taken a human head. This collection but whetted my appetite for the jungle, where I expected to obtain ethnological specimens for the Field Museum of Chicago.

It was a fortunate circumstance that I could go on to Tandjong-Redeb on this particular trip of the *De Weert*, for we had on board three directors of the K. P. M., two of them from the headquarters in Holland, who were making a special voyage to inspect their recently opened coal mine and their newly built town on the Beraoe River. In their wholesome generosity, they made me an integral part of their company. For the time being I was also a Herr Direkter.

This company, as were all other coal consumers, was the victim of profiteering during the scarcity of fuel incident to the World War. With the foresight and frugality of typical Hollanders having large financial

interests at stake, the directors opened a coal mine of their own in Borneo, coal being found in abundance almost anywhere here. Their immense mine is equipped with the most modern machinery. Electric hoists, traveling cranes, endless chain-belt conveyors, of American make, are in evidence. Where there was jungle three years ago, there is now a town of four thousand five hundred inhabitants, with an abundant supply of pure running water, houses situated amid beautiful gardens, community kitchens, community theater and a well-equipped hospital.

The physician and surgeon in charge has been called the "wonder doctor" by the natives, both Dyaks and Malays, and not without reason. Doctor E. W. den Hartog Jager has surely wrought a wonderful work among these people, both as a surgeon and as a physician. It is difficult to tell which has been the most far-reaching in its influence: his education of the natives as to sanitation, or his treatment of disease. The fight he has waged here in the Borneo jungle against malaria, cholera, dysentery, beri-beri, typhoid fever, ankylostomiasis and frambœsia, has been sufficiently noteworthy and successful to gain universal admiration and to win these people away from the native medicine men and witches' charms of all kinds. It is not unusual for a Dyak to come one hundred and fifty miles, bringing an afflicted child for treatment by this white "wonder doctor" at the mining settlement hospital.

It was at Tandjong-Redeb that I met my first Dyaks

face to face. Five Dyak headhunters, chained to one another, were here put aboard our boat as prisoners under sentence for cutting off heads. Their destination was Samarinda, where they were to serve out their time. Their sentence of three years for murder seemed ridiculously short, but the court having jurisdiction in the case took into consideration the fact that these five Dyaks committed the offense at the behest of their local ruler, a rajah whose slightest word was absolute law to his subjects. The rajah himself was not caught. His local domain was in the dense jungle back in the interior about one hundred fifty miles from Tandjong-Redeb, and by the time the military police had reached his kampong or viilage this particular rajah is said to have died. At any rate a photograph was taken of his alleged grave and this was offered in evidence at the murder trial. There was nothing to show that *this* photograph was really of the grave of *this* rajah who had ordered *this* murder. But it was *a* photograph of *a* grave of *a* man who might have been *a* rajah, judging by the vases, implements, utensils and food buried in the grave with him. I have a copy of this picture in my possession and to me it appears more like "planted evidence" than a photograph of a "planted rajah." The evidence of the rajah's death was, at best, merest hearsay and as ludicrous as proving a homicide without a "corpus delicti." At any rate the court was satisfied that the chief defendant had gone beyond his jurisdiction and passed sentence on the humble subjects who had been his tools as headhunters.

That these prisoners were men of like passions as we are was evidenced on many occasions later, as I saw them working under guard at road-making and other public work in Samarinda. They were always appreciative of any kindness or word of greeting. One of them, a stately warrior, even though shorn of his decorative garments and deprived of his earrings, was a particularly striking figure at all times, and unflinchingly looked the world in the face. Being unaccustomed to the use of a grass knife, not at all like our civilized sickle but employed for the same purpose, he had the misfortune to gash deeply one of his bare feet while at work cutting tough bunch grass by the roadside in Samarinda. I carefully bandaged the ugly wound, a kindness he never forgot and for which he showed his appreciation many times over. He told me much of the folk-lore, the songs, the superstitions and the daily life of his particular tribe of Dyaks. He is the only murderer whose society I ever truly enjoyed, but he was not a murderer at heart, but only a faithful subject of his rajah.

The Sultan of Beraoe is a cheerful and affable person, rather fond of his military uniform, and extremely hospitable. He is not regarded as a good financier and his treasury is sadly depleted, very different from that of the Sultan of Koetai at Tenggarong on the Mahakam. The overhead expenses of this Sultan of Beraoe are immense, but many of his subjects are in localities so inaccessible that he can collect but a modicum of the



Dyaks convicted of murder by headhunting, on way to prison.

taxes levied by him. His palace, the cottages housing the members of his harem, and the shacks wherein dwell his idling, dawdling retinue, are all sadly in need of paint and repair. He is generously good to his subjects. That is probably the reason why he is such a poor tax-gatherer. I am under great obligation to him for his kindness to me.

On our return voyage, we put in at Sangkoelirang, a port almost midway between Tandjong-Redeb and Samarinda. It is but a little village of less than forty houses, but has its mosque, its mischievous schoolboys, its Chinese merchant and Chinese carpenter and cabinet-maker, who is also a paragon as a master craftsman. Here we took on as cargo a lot of ironwood railroad ties for Java. Ironwood is the most durable wood of the Borneo jungle. It never wears out; hence is used as planking in the kampong houses of the Dyaks, never having to be replaced. The ironwood trees grow to great size. I myself have seen ironwood planks one hundred feet long, three feet wide, and three inches thick, without knot or blemish. It is appalling to think of the labor required to hew out by hand with a tiny adz such a gigantic piece of timber. I also have a curiosity to know by what conniving it was put in place without the aid of machinery. It is very heavy wood. It sinks in water. Perhaps it is because of this, and its durability, that it is called ironwood.

There are railroad ties and bridge sleepers of ironwood that have been in constant roadbed use for thirty-

stay on board as his guest for lunch, and after lunch invited me to take one more nap in my stateroom, and after the nap one more dipper bath. I did not leave the *De Weert* until four P. M., when she loosed her moorings and sailed back to Java, thus taking five hours instead of ten minutes to say good-by to the affable captain and his worthy crew. My memories of the East Indies are filled with innumerable instances of unusual kindnesses and extreme courtesies extended by the Dutch colonial officials and executives of large concerns in business there, but no man has a warmer place in my heart than that unassuming gentleman, J. Chr. Viëtor, Captain of the good ship *De Weert* of the K. P. M., the Cunard Line of the Indies.

II

IN AND ABOUT SAMARINDA

DURING my eight-days cruise along the east coast of Borneo and up the Beraoe River, Assistant Resident Stap had made arrangements for me to be comfortably domiciled at the *pasang grahan*, the name given to the guest house erected and maintained by the Colonial Government at settlements and in out-of-the-way districts of the East Indies where there are no hotels. They are primarily for the use of visiting government officials obliged to make tours of inspection, or of military officers being transferred from one post to another and compelled to sojourn while awaiting a boat or other means of transportation to their destination. In many of these settlements there are no hotels, or only such as are run by Chinese or native Malays, with a nondescript clientele that makes them very uninviting, to say the least, and they are very insanitary at best. At the *pasang grahan*, one can make arrangements for almost any scale of living. While he pays a fixed rate for his room, his meals are such as he arranges for and for which he pays actual cost plus a small charge for cooking and service.

The personnel of the *pasang grahan* consists of, first, a sort of *maitre d'hôtel*, who is a veritable factotum,

being cook, bookkeeper, cashier and steward. He is the responsible head and is called the *mondour*. Next in order is the *djongos* or "boy," who waits on table, makes the beds and does all the work that usually falls to the lot of a hotel maid. He is indispensable. Usually there is a yard man who, in addition to care of the grounds, carries the water used for bathing and cooking. The *mondour*, while not living on the premises, usually has some of his children around—little boys, who are quite serviceable in carrying messages and running errands. They make good "bell-hops" and also clean your canvas shoes, "shoo" the chickens from the veranda, hall and bedrooms, as well as chase away the multitude of dogs inclined to great intimacy of acquaintance. Aside from government officials or military officers, no one is accorded the privileges of the *pasang grahan* except by special arrangement effected through the functionary in charge of the affairs of the Colonial Government in the immediate district.

The location of the *pasang grahan* at Samarinda is delightful. Situated on the bank of the Mahakam River, here at least two thousand feet wide, there is a beautiful vista from the spacious veranda, while the grounds abound in palm trees, banana trees and other tropical vegetation. It forcibly reminded me of O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings*. Ensconced as I was, my bedroom with a sixteen-foot ceiling and about thirty feet square, a well-netted comfortable bed, good hard pillows and clean linen, and a "Dutch wife"; a back gallery that



Malay women at Samarinda going home from
market



Water carrier of the *pasang grahan* at Samarinda

extended out over the brackish water of a ditch that filled to overflowing at each flood-tide, I felt that Kipling, in his palmiest days in India, had nothing on me. True, the ditch was enjoyed by mosquitoes, but it also brought at each tide an interesting variety of lizards and a queer species of amphibian, something like a six- or eight-inch tadpole in appearance, except that it can walk on land as well as swim in water, or bury itself in the soft alluvial mud beneath. It breathes through gills like a fish.

Speaking of wrigglers and crawlers, I soon learned it was quite advisable at night to place my shoes on an improvised shelf instead of leaving them on the floor. Shoes left unoccupied on the floor on retiring at night, were likely to be found inhabited in the morning, and by tenants not pleasant to look upon or feel, and some of them manifesting resentment at eviction.

Only about thirty Malay words are required by the traveler in Java or Dutch Borneo to make known his wants and wishes. These words are all nouns, since verbs, adjectives and other parts of speech are not vital to Malay conversation. But alas, on my first day in Samarinda I did not know thirty Malay nouns, so at the beginning the *mondour* and I held conversation partly by means of an improvised sign language. For example, the *mondour*, in trying to show me the various modern (?) facilities about the place, came to the bathroom in an out-lying shed, with its square storage water-tank, the big water-jar and short-handled dipper. To impress me with the fact that the water for the bath was not filthy river

water, but clean rain water collected from the roof, the *mondour* spread apart the fingers of his right hand and wiggled them in such a way as to make the motion of water trickling. I could almost see rain falling. It was easy to conclude that rain water supplied the bath.

Linguistic difficulties were somewhat surmounted later, when I discovered that the presiding judge of the native court was also residing at the *pasang grahan*. Judge von Maanen, a university law graduate, was sent out from his home in Holland to the Indies three years ago, more than two of which were spent as a court attaché in Soerabaya, Java, that he might become acquainted with the rules of practice in native courts of law, as well as acquire familiarity with the Malay language. He had studied English composition in the public schools of Holland. This young gentleman of fine culture was a veritable godsend, in his daily help to me throughout my sojourn in Samarinda. At table, on the veranda, in reading, in conversation about native customs and laws, he was truly a guide, philosopher and friend, whom I shall never forget.

At times the good judge was overly solicitous about me. Overhearing my inquiry as to a barber to shave me, and fearing that I would go to the barber instead of sending for the barber to come to me, he came to me with an aspect of grave concern and told me to send for the barber to come to my room, as, for me "to go to him would not be *pretty*," meaning it would be highly improper and an unforgivable social breach. This can be

readily understood when one recalls that the only barbers here are natives and that they have no shops, but are generally seated by the roadside with their tools and other tonsorial impedimenta close at hand. Thus, every barber truly keeps an "open shop" and is literally on the "ground floor." I had previously purchased my own shaving soap, shaving brush, and antiseptic face lotion to use after the shave.

My particular barber was well worth seeing, both in repose and in action. His lordly mien, majestic tread and dignified carriage as he came to me, could not be successfully imitated. Attired in a sarong with colors so bright that it made my eyes blink, and with a gay head-dress, he was interesting to look upon, especially as he made his bow of obeisance on approaching me on the back gallery. Of course he was barefooted. At a glance it could be readily discovered that he was strictly a he-man barber. No bobbing of female heads of hair, or permanent waves, could ever concern him.

Interesting as he was in repose, it was in action that he scintillated. He deftly sharpened his big bladed razor on a piece of greasewood. He lathered my face an inch deep, until I looked like an old-fashioned pyramid wedding cake—nearly all white frosting and but little cake, except that I was minus the ornamental little sprig of myrtle vine. As he shaved he used no shaving paper, but wiped the razor on the back of his hand. When he had finished shaving me, the back of his hand was loaded with a mountain of suds and whiskers. These he got rid

of by a simple wave of the arm, coordinated with a twist of the wrist and a flick of the fingers, a combined movement that landed the collected mass, with a splatter, on the ground twenty feet away. There was no conversation during any part of the operation. Did I hold still while he shaved me? "I'll tell the world" I did. That blade—ugh!—as big as a bread knife, and with edge so keen, as well as the sinister, stern and beady eye of the barber, would compel any man to hold still. I sat so rigidly still on that "headrestless" chair that I must have appeared much like a katatonic dementia præcox patient. I know my neck muscles ached with tenseness at the completion of the ordeal, but it was a good shave.

The meals of the *pasang grahan* soon developed to be excellent, as after a day or two the canned meats and tinned goods were cut off the menu and the dining table took on less and less the appearance of a delicatessen display. The only constant representative of the canned goods department was the butter. All the butter was imported in small cans from either Scandinavia, Holland or Australia, the latter country being the chief source of supply. It really makes a man pause and think how much smaller the world becomes each time he butters a piece of bread. Occasionally I had the luxury of ice with which to cool my drinking water; that is, on those few days the ice plant did not refuse to function. My drinking water was limited to bottled Apollinaris; I even used Apollinaris water to brush my teeth. My daily intake of Apollinaris, occasionally cold, but generally luke-

warm, attained such magnitude that I often felt like an old-fashioned hissing soda fountain.

The most luxurious article of diet was salt—common, every-day salt—Na. Cl. Salt is a government monopoly here in the Indies. It is manufactured under government supervision and is guarded in government warehouses by soldiers detailed for that purpose. The thrifty Dutch Government, realizing that every person must have salt, makes it itself, thus producing great revenue from its sale at a price quite above the cost of manufacture. It is made from sea water and is not so salty as our salt. My *djongos*, or waiter, guarded the salt-cellar very closely. When we were through the meat course he would remove the salt-shaker from the table and put it in the pantry cupboard under lock and key, for fear some freak might want salt on his bananas, cake, tapioca, or other dessert. When I said “*Garem*,” the Malay word for salt, which I did many times at each meal, the poor *djongos* would bat his eyes, and appear almost overcome with astonishment. The salt-shaker was never completely filled. One teaspoonful of salt and cornstarch, the latter ostensibly added on account of the humidity, was usually the maximum that occupied the salt-shaker, even with six people at the dining table. To secure more than this at a given meal practically requires a search and seizure warrant.

The first night in Samarinda I attended an alleged “opera,” a sort of “Cherry Sisters” affair, extremely amateurish, but interesting, being based upon a Dyak

story and given in Malay. The costumes appeared grotesque in that in improvising them "store clothes" were used when native costumes, ornate in color as well as indigenous to the setting of the plot, would have been much more fitting.

The king, in the play, was a joke, if one stopped to analyze his costume, but his rôle was played in a most serious manner. Even to a savage, to be kingly means to be wealthy and wear fine raiment. Fine raiment, to the untutored mind that had merely touched the fringes of so-called civilization, meant white man's store clothes. The result was that this king, on the stage, was grotesquely arrayed in derby hat, choker collar, blue shirt, cavalry boots and golf knickerbockers, trimmed with gold lace over white tape. Charlie Chaplin never appeared in any costume so grotesque as did the king in this opera, who was thus attired in order to appear kingly, and he never cracked a smile. The natives in the audience, including dogs and children, were eating most of the time during the performance, which was said to be half over when I withdrew at midnight.

On my first Sunday in Samarinda a dance was given at the club. The club is exclusively for Europeans and is a delightful lounging place. The dance was given at *eleven o'clock on Sunday morning*. I did not attend, for four very good and sufficient reasons. 1. It was too hot to dance. 2. I do not care to dance on Sunday morning. 3. I never learned how to dance. 4. I was not invited. This last reason, in and of itself, was ample.

It was a great pleasure to visit the native settlement across the Mahakam from Samarinda proper. Here is located the "town house" of the Sultan of Tenggarong, whose wonderful palace is in the jungle forty miles up the river. Here are the houses of the natives, as well as the schools for their children. This visit was one of the many delightful courtesies afforded me by Mr. Stap and his charming wife, both of whom accompanied me on the trip. Here one could see the native handicrafts in operation, the most interesting of which, to me, was the weaving of sarongs.

Unlike the natives in Java, who make batik sarongs, the natives of Borneo weave theirs of silk. This silk is heavy-thread Shantung silk and is usually secured from Chinese traders who ply the Mahakam River. The silk is creamy white and comes in skeins, much like the old Germantown yarn of my boyhood days. There is some native silk, but this is very limited in amount. Before weaving, these skeins of silk must be dyed the various colors desired for any given pattern of sarong. All the dyes are vegetable dyes made from roots, bark, sap or fruit of jungle plants, according to the color desired. The dyes are boiled out-of-doors, the skeins of silk dipped therein and dried in the sun.

The weaving of the sarong is done on old-fashioned and very crude hand looms. The patterns are in plaids and stripes. Some resemble Scotch tartans—the bright red of the Royal Stuarts as well as the somber blues and greens of the Gordon clan. Two full weeks are required

to dye, dry and make ready the silk for weaving. Two more weeks of almost constant labor of one person are required to weave this into a sarong. The finished article is sold for from four to five dollars. Five dollars for four weeks' labor and the cost of the material is a ridiculously low price for these beautiful garments.

The small wages are not so appalling when one analyzes the situation. It costs practically nothing to live here. Little clothing is necessary. A suitable house can be built in a day out of bamboo and water-proofed with palm leaves, with no cost for material, no hardware or other manufactured articles being used in the construction. Food is at hand everywhere—fruit on the trees, fish in the river, deer and wild pig in the near-by jungle, sea turtle eggs in abundance, chickens by the thousands, and no heating plant required.

There are here no poverty-stricken people, in the sense that they are in need of clothes, food, shelter or warmth. A husky Malay laborer, such as a longshoreman, can live well on thirty guilders a month, about twelve dollars of our money. When he gets these thirty guilders he is satisfied. If he earns this amount in fifteen or twenty days he works no more that month. He has no desire or incentive to save. There are no savings banks, for the simple reason that they could not function under the dominant Malay philosophy of life. Ask a Malay who has, in fifteen days, earned the amount necessary for his keep for one month, why he does not work the remaining days of the month and lay something by,—he will appear astonished.



My barber at Samarinda leaving the *pasang*
grahan.



Photos by author.
Malay schoolboys at Samarinda.

“Why should I do that?”

“You might become ill and unable to work.”

“Then my relatives are obliged, by custom, to take care of me, feed and shelter me until I am again able to work. If I saved any money by working more days each month, I would have to spend it on my relatives who came to live with me.”

Such is the comfortable philosophy of the care-free Malay.

In all my life, in visiting hundreds of schools, I have never seen such attention, interest, good order and strict decorum as were manifested by the Malay children in their native school, the morning Resident and Mrs. Stap and I visited them. Recognizing the presence of a government functionary in Mr. Stap, as he entered the room the teacher instantly gave the command, “*Satoe! doewa! tiga! ampat!*” (One, two, three, four), which evoked a series of orderly soldierly maneuvers that culminated in a finished Boy Scout salute to the Resident. At *satoe* they put down their pencils and books and folded arms across chest; at *doewa* they turned in their seats side-wise, facing the aisle; at *tiga* they stood at attention; and at *ampat* they saluted with right hand to temple. On recounting they went through the same maneuvers in reverse order, and the entire execution of the commands was done with such snap and precision as to evoke the fond admiration of the most exacting military officer.

At the conclusion of this beautiful formality, they resumed their studies without a single smirk, smile,

giggle or grimace, such as frequently seen on the face of some mischievous boy under the same circumstances in our American schools. True, the education of these Malay children was being acquired by the "S and S" method (slate and saliva), but it was easily evident that they were doing their best to make good.

It was always interesting to walk about the village and observe the skill with which the native Malay uses his hands. Give him access to a coconut tree, and he can manufacture anything from a rope to a house, or make a meal, including everything from soup to nuts. They make so many wonderful things so simply, and while the articles may appear crude, they always serve their intended purpose. Many a profitable half-hour did I spend, observing the amazing skill manifested by the nimble fingers of the native craftsmen.

I always found it interesting to visit the Samarinda wharf on the arrival of a vessel, to witness the activities at such a time; not merely as a small-town citizen goes to the railroad station to see the train come in (though I admit it helped much to see one of these K. P. M. boats for it made me feel that I was not entirely out of contact with the outside world), but also to see the people—the longshoremen and coolies laughing and singing chanteys as they loaded or unloaded the ship's cargo. So explosively happy were they always that they reminded me of children on a holiday.

But in addition to these two reasons there was one that always stood out as paramount, namely, an uncon-

trollable thirst for a drink—of *ice water*—always obtainable and always safe on one of these K. P. M. ships. A large clean glass of clear, pure, cold water is the greatest luxury to the traveler in Borneo. Nothing can take its place. No rain too heavy, no street too muddy and no sun too hot to interfere with the walk of a mile or more from the *pasang grahan* to the dock, to gratify this indescribable thirst, each time one of these boats was in port.

Many of the coolies are from Macassar, and they are a happy lot, especially when it rains. They carry ponderous loads—bags of copra, rice or sugar, and immense bundles of *rotan*—burdens that would break a white man's back. They are small of stature, with the narrow hips of the athlete, "built for speed," but their back muscles and enormous chests proclaim lusty strength. Some were dressed only in breech-clout and jabot, some in lieu of this swathed themselves about the "equator" with a small piece of gunny-sack, while others had a small piece of batik wound about their loins. Their skin is clean and smooth, without a pimple or other blemish, and browner than the proverbial berry. There is not one bit of adipose tissue, but only sinew and muscle which stand out prominently, gliding under the skin with each movement of the body, so lithe and willowy, withal so powerful.

The native Malays, here as well as in Java, are personally very clean, but they know nothing about sanitation in their homes. They bathe not less than twice a

day and put on clean newly-washed clothing, meager as it is, at least once a day; but their houses and villages are filthy.

Chinese New Year was celebrated while I was in Samarinda. About twelve Chinese families live here. They maintain a beautiful temple and are the best merchants as well as among the best citizens in Samarinda, as they are elsewhere throughout the East. Their stores were closed on the festal day and their wives and children, as well as the Chinamen themselves, were arrayed in silks and satins; boys in bright yellow, girls in pink and white, women with bright green predominating, while the men were garbed in purple or peacock blue with old gold trimmings. It was a gay crowd, but neat, clean and orderly, very happy and chattery; a wonderful picture at the edge of this far-off jungle. The day was ushered in and ushered out with much shooting of firecrackers, sputtering of pinwheels and swishing of rockets and Roman candles.

The next day one could see the Malay urchins searching and fingering among the debris for firecrackers that had not exploded, just as we used to do the morning after the Fourth of July, with the same eagerness and rivalry. One group so engaged aroused my admiration, for each one was handicapped by a burden on his head, some with loaded baskets and one with a large tray of sweetmeats he was peddling for his mother. How these dusky lads would scramble, dodge, kneel, jump and run, and at the same time keep their burden from being dislodged from



From a posed photograph taken at Samarinda.
A Dyak chieftain and his two musicians—*kledi* players—all in gala attire.

their heads in spite of their excitement, was almost beyond comprehension. The little six-year-old with the tray of sweets was, to my mind, a paragon of "level-headedness," for the tray he was bearing never wobbled in the least.

I observed marbles on display in some of the novelty shops in Samarinda, but saw no children playing marbles. I can not imagine how they would know when the time for playing marbles arrived, for there is no spring, just perpetual summer. They do, however, fly kites, and with expert skill; kites without tails—home-made kites that loft into the blue.

Tropical sunsets here were gorgeous riots of color, constantly changing, but of short duration, as practically no twilight intervenes between daylight and darkness in the tropics. It was my custom each evening to view these panoramas of color from the summer-house of the Residency, built as it was on a point of land at a bend of the river. I had thought my presence here unobserved, but found out differently one morning as the thoughtful wife of the Resident, Mrs. Stap, a most cultured lady, was graciously presenting me a bouquet of beautiful flowers, when she said, in her naive English, "I saw you last evening in our *summer-set-house*," which was literally correct as it was a summer-house and had seats. If one can correctly speak of a Somerset Hotel, I see no reason for not denominating a vine-clad building by the river brink a "summer-set-house."

III

A NATIVE COURT OF JUSTICE

IT WAS a fortunate circumstance that befell me in having an opportunity to visit a native court in Borneo at the invitation of its learned presiding judge, A. von Maanen. Instead of being called judge he is officially styled President of the Native Court. His attitude of profound sincerity, his appreciation of the responsibility of his office, his dignity of demeanor, his refined personality, coupled with his scholarship and superior education, make him compare more than favorably with judges as we know them in the United States. His love of justice and innate reverence for law, so beautifully characteristic of the people of Holland, together with the dignified formality of procedure, brought to this simple court room the atmosphere of a temple of justice. There was no levity to mar the proceedings, the administration of law being regarded as serious business.

The courtroom is in a clean, freshly painted, one-story frame building of the government group, and adjoins the executive offices of the Resident. The building faces the broad Mahakam River, affording a view of the distant hills and more distant mountains, towering above the immediate impenetrable jungle that intervenes—a view

that spells freedom for the birds and beasts, if not for man.

The case on trial on the morning of my visit was a criminal one. The defendant was a Malay laborer and was accused of stealing the *barong*, or personal baggage, of a fellow workman who, at one time, was his tent mate. At court, the judge, jury and clerk occupied seats behind a table twenty-five feet long and covered with green baize. The judge, seated at the center of this group, was garbed in court regalia—a long black gown, high collar with a stole four inches wide and ten inches long, very stiffly starched and very white, not unlike those worn by bishops and councilors in a Rembrandt group. On the rear wall of the room, immediately above the judge's seat, was a portrait of the good Queen Wilhelmina. The prosecutor was seated at one end of the long table and at right angles to the court and jury.

Since the defendant on trial was a Malay, the jury had to be made up entirely of Malays. If a Japanese is on trial the jury consists of Japanese only, and if a Chinaman is the defendant (which is a very rare circumstance in these colonies) the jury is composed entirely of Chinese. Thus every man is tried by a jury of his peers, at least from the racial point of view.

In addition to the judge, or president of the court, the jury, the prosecutor and court attachés, there was, conspicuously seated, a distinguished, patriarchal gentleman—venerable, dignified, and kindly of face—his expression strikingly spiritual in character. I found, on

inquiry, that he was a Moslem dignitary, a leader of his people and learned in Mohammedan lore, particularly the Koran.

The paternal government of Holland requires, in all cases where a Malay or native Mohammedan is on trial for the commission of a crime, that he must have as his friend at court an adviser of the Mohammedan faith, who is there in a sort of *in loco parentis* relation. This is not written law, but an established custom in this jurisdiction. I am told that other customs prevail in Sumatra, New Guinea and Dutch Timor. In the presentation of charges and taking of testimony, as well as argument, this official friend of the prisoner took no active part, his function being that of listener until the case is up for disposition at its close. The presence of this friend at court, a member and leader of his own religious faith, is the inalienable right of every Mohammedan prisoner on trial here in Borneo.

The defendant, on being brought into court, was required to seat himself on the floor directly in front of the judge, but back far enough from the intervening long table so as to be in the line of vision of all parties empowered to pass on his case. Every one in the room, except the defendant, occupied chairs. He sat cross-legged on the floor. If this one requirement of sitting cross-legged on the floor were universal, it would act as a deterrent from the commission of crime in the case of many people I know, for good and valid anatomical reasons that prevent them from assuming any such position.

The indictment in this instance consisted of ten pages of stilted legal phraseology and was read aloud by the clerk of the court. The judge then asked the prisoner if he were "guilty" or "not guilty." He pleaded "not guilty" to each count of the indictment. He had been arrested for burglary, breaking into a tent, and breaking open a small chest in which the victim kept his best sarong and some other personal effects. In other words, the defendant was charged with stealing the *barong* of his fellow workman. At the time of his arrest he made full and free confession to all the charges but, as characteristic of criminals the world over, after having made a confession he denied it after thinking over his situation, and manufactured a defense while in jail awaiting trial,—a typical jail defense.

The judge was extremely patient and gave the prisoner full latitude in his statements denying the substance of the confession. At the end of his denial he found himself quagmired—he had talked too much, explained too glibly, and his own statements did not tally with one another. He had trapped himself and at the end of his recital was attempting to swallow his dry tongue and his Adam's apple, both at the same time.

As the next step in the proceedings the witnesses were admitted. Up to this time they had been excluded from the court, thus giving the defendant free rein to tell his story to the judge and jury. The chief complaining witness, the victim of the theft, was first sworn, after the manner and in the formula of the Holland courts. But

in addition to this, since he and the defendant were of the same Mohammedan faith and he was about to give evidence against a fellow Moslem, he was compelled to take the Mohammedan oath, which was administered by the friendly adviser, a representative of the church, instead of by the court. In its intonation, as well as its penalties for perjury, it was even more solemnly impressive than the Dutch oath. With face to the west wall of the court room (Mecca being west of Borneo) and the Koran held over his head about two inches above it, the witness was made to repeat, word for word, the lengthy oath administered by the church patriarch. It sounded a good deal like a wedding ceremony.

The witness was then allowed to proceed, relating a story that tallied with the confession made by the prisoner when first arrested and before he had thought up his jail defense, so poorly constructed and so poorly presented by him in court. Other witnesses testified in corroboration. The prisoner, asked what he had to say, now replied that the testimony of the witnesses was all a lie.

The prisoner, the witnesses, clerk, other court attachés and spectators, were then all excluded from the courtroom while the judge and jury, in the presence of the Mohammedan adviser, alone considered the evidence. The verdict was unanimous as to guilt. Court was then reconvened. Now comes the function of the official friend of the prisoner, the church adviser, who, up to this time, had sat silently through all the court proceedings,

except when administering the oath to Mohammedan witnesses. He was respectfully asked by the judge what punishment should be meted out to the defendant just found guilty of the crime as charged in the indictment.

With solemn dignity he arose, facing west toward Mecca, read aloud from the Koran, and then turned to the judge, saying: "There is but one punishment for this offense, the guilt of which has been proven, the penalty as stated in the Koran, which is that the hand that did the stealing (in this case the right hand) should be cut off at the wrist." As a true exponent of the faith he, therefore, recommended to the court that this penalty be inflicted on the prisoner. And this from the official friend (?) of the defendant! Having relieved himself of this pronouncement, the church dignitary took no further interest in the proceedings, other than to collect his fee at the conclusion of the hearing.

No wonder the poor Malay, seated cross-legged on the floor, was taken aback, caught his breath, batted his eyes and heaved an audible sigh. If his official friend suggested amputation of his right hand as penalty, what punishment would the court inflict?

Of course the suggestion of the Mohammedan adviser and friend of the prisoner was but a *pro forma* matter and had no real weight with the judge. It simply shows the finesse employed by Holland in its administration of colonial affairs. The mother country takes into consideration all the customs of the native inhabitants, no matter how queer and quirky they may be. This is the secret

of her strength in governing her millions of subjects in colonies comprising territory fifty times her own size and in ruling them while employing a standing army of but twenty thousand throughout the entire East Indies—Java alone has a population of twenty million: she regards the natives as children, governs them as children, and they like her maternal attitude.

At the conclusion of the patriarch's statement as to the penalty laid down in the Koran, the judge got in some fine work as a representative of the government. Addressing the prisoner, he stated that, while the penalty he had just heard from the lips of his friendly adviser, is the one prescribed by the laws of the church, the good Queen Wilhelmina did not desire that any of her subjects, even the humblest of her colonial children, should be maimed or mutilated, but wished them all to live in happiness and comfort; so that instead of ordering his right hand cut off at the wrist, he would sentence the defendant to one and one-half years in prison. When the sentence was passed upon him, the prisoner proceeded, alone, to the outer door of the courtroom, about forty feet away from the bench, where he was met by two awaiting bailiffs, outside. These manacled each of the prisoner's wrists with heavy steel "bracelets," the two connected by a heavy chain, something like a log chain but with longer links.

Bailiffs are not permitted in the courtroom during the progress of the hearing. The prisoner was denied even this companionship as, with downcast mien he sat

alone on the floor and occasionally looked up to scan the faces of the judge and jury who held his fate in store.

As I saw him walking down the road, being led away to prison, the clanking chains of the convict resounding in my ears, I wondered what was his “personal and private opinion” of his official friend. For myself, I would prefer one more avowedly friendly, even if less official.

IV

A VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF KOETAI

MY FIRST excursion up the Mahakam River, the route to the innermost jungles of Dutch Borneo, was a trip to Tenggarong, the seat of the Sultan of Koetai. The trip was carefully planned to the last detail by the official representative of the Dutch Colonial Government at Samarinda, Mr. Stap, who, with his estimable wife, accompanied me. The Sultan of Koetai is the titular ruler of all that hinterland where dwell one of the most interesting groups of people in the world—the headhunting Dyaks.

This visit to the Sultan and his official family proved to be a wise move, diplomatically speaking, for as a result I, later, had entrée to the kampongs, or villages, of ten different tribes of these Dyak headhunters, living from two to four hundred miles farther up the river, and was most favorably received by them, instead of being regarded as an interloper or mere curiosity-seeker. I thus had it clearly demonstrated that a Sultan in the jungle profoundly appreciates the courtesy and respect due his office and shows this appreciation by passing along good words among his subjects, even far up the river, which accounted for the universally cordial recep-



Photos by author.

Midday shadows on the Mahakam River in the heart of the jungle.

View of the Mahakam River at Samarinda.

tion given me, and explained the ever-ready assistance furnished by the Dyaks in my efforts to secure from them representative ethnological specimens for the Field Museum of Natural History.

Bright and sunny was the weather when, promptly at eight o'clock in the morning, we sailed away from Samarinda in a trim little steam launch as white and natty as only Malay sailors could make it, under the supervision of Dutch officers whose ancestors must have been among the first families of the original Spotless Town in Holland. Mrs. Stap had brought her cook, a house servant and a hamper bulging with food. There were three roomy willow armchairs on the forward deck, valuable adjuncts for comfortable sightseeing.

The river averages from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, and the banks on either side are covered with the densest jungle growth imaginable, with here and there tall, graceful, wild coconut trees near the water's edge, rearing their lofty heads above the thick tangled growth beneath.

At practically every half-mile there was a little clearing, in which stood a native house elevated on stilts, with two or three "dugout" canoes tied to the river bank, and fish traps offshore. The house was surrounded by a dozen or more banana trees, and more naked children than banana trees. The children stood shyly and quietly until after our boat passed, when they would emit a little shrill cry, as if becoming suddenly brave; but their voices sounded not as voices that vocalize lan-

guage, but rather as a piping sort of squeak, something like that of the wild monkey in the treetops of the adjacent jungle. The short, hyphenated, monotonous sounds from the throats of these native children were not utterances, but shrill, staccato-like noises, instead of smoothly running sentences. At least it appeared so to me, but this may be because I did not understand their language, or perhaps they only talked "shorthand" while I was around.

I observed, as we steamed along, that the coconut trees near the native houses in the clearings were always heavily laden with fruit, while the wild coconut trees in the midst of the dense jungle growth seldom bore more than a single cluster of nuts. The native's explanation of this, as he fondly speaks of one of his chief staffs of life—the coconut tree—is that it is naturally a "family" tree and requires for its best fruition the smoke of a human habitation.

This is a beautiful sentiment, in that it signifies the real domestic love the native has for this tree, and also in holding that it thrives best when in intimate contact with living people who, in a large measure, are dependent on it for their subsistence. At the risk of spoiling the poetry of this sentiment, I might add that in my opinion the countless wild monkeys in the tangled woods away from the native houses have something to do with the scarcity of coconuts in the jungle treetops, and also that cutting away the undergrowth at the base of the trees near the house makes these trees more prolific.

My attention was also called to other trees—big, towering, kingly trees—taller than all the rest, like immense monarchs ruling the forest round-about, resembling sturdy giant oaks in virgin American forests. These, it was explained, were hadji trees, or trees under which pilgrims rested and prayed on their way to far-off Mecca. Many a tribe here has been impoverished in providing the means for some representative of them to make this long pilgrimage to Mecca, the trip requiring many months and much money.

In the forty-mile trip up the river from Samarinda, we passed four developed coal mines, at each of which a large ocean-going vessel was coaling. There was improved machinery at but one of these mines; at the others the vessels were loaded by coolies, who laboriously carried the coal in small baskets hung from each end of a yoke-like cross-stick borne upon the shoulders. In some instances the coolies worked in pairs, with an end of a pole on a shoulder of each coolie, a larger basket at the middle of the pole, the bearers traveling tandem. By either method, working singly or in pairs, the loading of a ship with coal by means of coolies is a slow process, requiring hours and hours of dirty dusty labor, night and day.

Coal seems to be abundant along every stream or inlet in Borneo. The mineral wealth of Dutch Borneo has never been exploited, or even comprehended, with its immense resources of oil, iron found everywhere, and placer gold, awaiting some modern forty-niner who will

pan the gravel of the river-beds in the interior. The coal thus far mined in Borneo is, in quality, a cross between Dakota lignite and Illinois bituminous—a young formation as compared with that found in the deep veins in Southern Illinois or in West Virginia. I think this is because, so far, they have only scratched the surface, and have not gone deeply enough into the earth where the harder coal is found. In fact, some of the mining in Borneo is little more than what we call strip mining in parts of Illinois.

As soon as one left the immediate vicinity of one of these coal mines, or the little clearing about a native house, one could not go more than five or six feet without the jungle impeding any farther progress. This jungle growth comes to the water's edge. It is rarely possible to find a place to step if you wish to get out of your boat when it is pulled up against the bank, so tangled is the mass of vegetation. In prospecting for coal or other minerals, it is first necessary to have large squads of coolies clear a path by hacking away the tangled obstructing growth, that the geologist may prosecute his search.

We steamed up to the sultan's wharf at Tenggarong, having made the forty miles up the Mahakam in two hours and forty-five minutes, an exceedingly pleasant trip fraught with interest, due to novel sights witnessed, and to the continual recital of the history, customs and striking incidents of the natives by my solicitous and gracious companions—the Resident and his wife.

We were met at the dock by the young Sultan and his uncle, who is really the premier of state and a man whose wisdom is recognized far and wide. They were attended by a squad of uniformed guards, bearing spears. The uncle was the regent of this sultanate during the interregnum which existed following the death of the old Sultan and until the present Sultan ascended to the throne. He at once impresses the visitor with his capacity for leadership. He has an official title that has no equivalent in our language, but can be best translated by the phrase, "the Wise One." The young Sultan is still in his twenties, is a rather anemic-looking youth, very quiet in demeanor and unpretentious in bearing. As our boat was being made fast, I noticed his rich white and gold uniform and his white fez trimmed with pure gold and gems.

Even cursory observation revealed that the uncle was the aggressive leader of the sultanate, and he might well be, on account of his age, his ripe experience, his wonderful knowledge and his superior mental qualities. I later learned that, as official representative of the Borneo natives, he had, at the time of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina, made the journey from the jungle to Holland, and made it in regal splendor as befitted the overflowing purse of his Sultan. On this memorable trip, he visited England and the royal families at various European capitals. Naturally a keen observer, and by education a great reader, his experience as a traveler has given him a breadth and depth of view evidenced in

all of his conversation. I consider him one of the wisest and most learned men I have ever met.

The official eagle eye of Mr. Stap, as a representative of Holland, noticed at once that the Sultan's flag was under the Dutch flag on the staff in front of the palace; otherwise we would not have landed, and the sultanic government would have been called to account for this breach of state etiquette. As we were landing, as well as when we were departing, the colors of the Sultan were lowered (orange flag with black lion in the center), while the Holland flag remained at the top of the staff, floating in the breeze. There is much stickling as to official procedure here in the wilder part of the Dutch East Indies, and I really think it is well to insist on these little things from day to day, so that later there will be no occasion for insisting forcibly on larger things in matters of loyalty to the Dutch Government.

This was the only one of the numerous occasions at which we were together in our travels, that the Resident preceded me as we walked. Heretofore and afterward, he always made me go first, no matter how much I demurred, but here, in his official capacity before the Sultan, for the sake of effect, he was obliged to lead the procession from the pier to the palace. Then came the Wise One, attending the Resident's wife, officially the "first lady" of the Dutch Government in this district, while following them walked the Sultan and myself. Ten paces behind us marched a squad of the royal guard. It was with some satisfaction, in glancing over my shoul-

der, that I observed that this rearguard, armed with sharply pointed, burnished spears, maintained the distance of at least ten paces back of us as we marched to the palace.

The palace of Tenggarong is an immense building, erected upon a terrace overlooking the Mahakam, and situated about one thousand feet back from the river. It is constructed of wood, this being an earthquake country, is painted a warm, light gray color, and has a broad covered veranda extending entirely across its front, this porch measuring approximately sixty by one hundred twenty-five feet. The majestic Mahakam makes a horse-shoe bend here, thus affording from any portion of the veranda a most wonderful view of the country both up and down stream. To reach the veranda one mounts a series of ten pure white marble steps, extending its entire front, each step, therefore, being one hundred twenty-five feet long. This covered porch is planked with polished planks of ironwood, glazy as tile and flinty as spar varnish. It was the natural polish which this wonderful wood takes, no varnish or wax having been used. Not a nail was visible, the planks being doweled together and firmly secured in place by means of wooden pins, giving the entire floor area of seven thousand five hundred square feet the appearance of one piece of wood, so indistinguishable were the cracks between the several planks.

We were soon seated around a circular table twelve feet in diameter, its top made of onyx surrounded and

framed with a narrow band of wood which was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, as were the table legs. Perspiring freely from the short walk from our launch to the veranda, I was glad to join in the acceptance of an invitation to drink lemonade, which proved not to be lemonade as we Americans conceive the term. It was a bottled liquid, some of it pink, some yellow and some white, and sickishly sweet to the taste, much like a poor grade of soda pop but minus the fizz. However, a big compensation came with it. This consisted of large bowls of cracked ice that were placed on the table within easy reach. The Sultan has his own ice machine which, in this equatorial jungle, is of itself ample testimony to prove that he is really a millionaire. There was now no need of exhibiting the crown jewels to me. I had seen cracked ice, whose sparkle on this day, to me, was more lustrous than any diamond.

The veranda opens directly into the great throne room, a high-ceilinged, baronial hall with impressive proportions, its dimensions being sixty by one hundred twenty-five feet. On the dais against the farther wall stood the thrones of the Sultan and Sultana, and immense cut-glass chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, while numerous tiger-skins covered the mosaic floor. These tiger-skins were marvelous specimens and were arranged on radiating lines of a semicircle, their heads pointing toward the throne. The beautiful, multicolored, mosaic floor on which these royal tiger-skins were placed was laid by masters of the craft imported from Italy. At

each end of the throne room there is a wide staircase with golden balustrade, and the steps are covered with scarlet Brussels carpet, its pile so long and thick I felt as if I were walking over a well-kept grass plot.

Escorted by our two hosts, we were shown the guest quarters, arranged as a rule in suites of three rooms—parlor, private dining-room and bed chamber. There are twenty-four of these guest suites. In the corridors are placed cases in which are assembled many of the more valuable presents received by the Sultan from every part of the world on his accession to the throne two years ago. Case after case containing masterpieces in solid silver, solid gold, pearl and ivory, as well as strings and clusters of precious jewels, filled all the available space on the second floor. Cræsus, at his prime, never made a more prodigal display of wealth than met my eyes this day in the Sultan's palace at Tenggaraong. I had seen some diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones in my lifetime, and may have imagined the existence of more, but until this visit I never even dreamed that the world's stock of precious jewels equaled what I saw here in this Aladdin-like treasure-house.

The furnishings of the palace surprised me, in that they were in no way indigenous to the jungle country or to the East Indies, but were all imported from Europe. Draperies, beds, canopies, tapestries, rugs, tables, chairs, clocks, candelabras, pictures and all the furnishings, were such as one sees in the magnificent palaces at Vienna and other continental capitals. The idea of so

furnishing this palace at Tenggarong arose in the mind of the Wise One, who conceived the notion while on his trip to attend the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina. His reason is that, thus appointed and equipped, the palace of the Sultan of Koetai makes a more profound impression upon the minds of his subjects than if furnished with priceless native fabrics and articles. The novelty and strangeness of the furnishings add to their splendor, thus more deeply impressing the people in this jungle country with the royalty of their sovereign.

On the other hand, as the Wise One explained, the furnishings of the palace would be more striking to me, coming from the big world outside, if they exemplified the arts and crafts so well wrought by the people in Borneo. I am positive it would be more in harmony with its surroundings, and more interesting as a palace, if the latter course had been pursued, though the now existing stage effect on the natives I readily appreciate.

We spent one hour in making merely a cursory examination of the collection of porcelains stored in the old palace, a large, barn-like structure near at hand. This collection was accumulated by the old Sultan after many years of search, and consists of some rare pieces and many antiques. After the death of the old Sultan it was experted by connoisseurs from Japan, France and Holland, in order to appraise its worth for probate purposes. Its value was placed at four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I found no article of more modern date than 1750, and that a beautiful Japanese vase.



Kledi player in action.

Photo by author.

While we were on our tour of inspection of the palace, the native Dyaks had brought many specimens of their handiwork to the front veranda. This was at the behest of the Sultan, who had previously been informed of my desire to secure ethnological specimens representative of the headhunters, for the Field Museum in Chicago. I was thus enabled to secure a nucleus for my collection, to which additions were made from time to time as I went from tribe to tribe, when, later, I journeyed four hundred miles up the Mahakam River to its head waters.

The articles I here secured consisted of native baskets, a musical reed instrument; Dyak clothes made from the bark of a tree and rendered soft and as pliable as cloth by pounding; swords, spears, beads, a blowpipe used in shooting poisoned arrows, a quiverful of the poisoned arrows, sun hats of palm fiber, war hats bedecked with *toekang* feathers (which can be worn only by one who has taken a head, baskets, floor mats and one or two Dyak toys.

Evincing particular interest in the *kledi*, the musical reed instrument above alluded to, the Wise One sent for a Dyak prisoner to play it for me. The *kledi* consists of a number of bamboo pipes inserted into a calabash gourd, the long stem of which is the mouthpiece. The music brought forth by the Dyak prisoner, squatting on the ground as he played, was beautiful in timbre; the tones made were as soft as those of a flute, and with a wide range as to pitch.

As we were about to depart, on our return trip to

Samarinda, the Wise One presented me with a personal gift as a token of my visit. It consisted of a rare ear ornament, a delicately carved bill of the *toekang* bird. Only a headhunter who has been successful in his quest for a human head is entitled to wear this adornment, almost sacred in character. Realizing that this act of his necessitated my giving him something in return, as a token of my friendship—as this is the custom throughout the East—I was stumped for a moment, for I had made no provision for such an exigency. My embarrassment was suddenly relieved as I remembered my American Legion button, conspicuous in the lapel of my white coat. I immediately transferred it to his coat, and amid his admiring glances and pleasantly spoken words of gratitude I constituted the Wise One an honorary member of the American Legion. Our fighting forces in the World War now have a capable and worthy representative in the palace of Tenggarong on the banks of the Mahakam, the Congo of Borneo. The carved bill of the *toekang* bird safely made the journey from the jungles of Borneo to the United States and now reposes in one of the cases in the Field Museum at Chicago.

Not only does this plutocratic Sultan of Koetai own an ice machine, but he also possesses his own electric light plant and a private yacht that is the pride of these eastern waters, as well as several small launches. The entire village, from end to end and from wharf to jungle, is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and it is not a small village, for here abide his immense retinue of employees

and servants, the officials of his government, the laborers in his mines and factories, as well as that large feminine contingent that constitutes his harem. It is a thrilling sight at night, as one travels on the Mahakam in the pitchy darkness of the jungle with black water all about, to come around the bend of the river and suddenly emerge into the bright lights of Tenggarong. No "white way" ever appeared so dazzling. And as you sail on by the palace, effulgent with glaring light as from full-orbed sun, you are certain that the Sultan is not concerned about amperes, meter readers, or electric light bills.

One extravagance of this twenty-five-year-old Sultan should be mentioned—his indulgence in a craze for automobiles. He owns three cars, two of American make and one of European manufacture, any one of which would tickle the vanity of a war profiteer in the United States. But the Sultan lives in a country where there are no motor roads. His one thoroughfare is the Mahakam River, and that is best navigated by means of his beautiful yacht. There are several footpaths in his village, but no road fit for an automobile. There is, however, one narrow street about three-eighths of a mile in length, I am told. But this is too narrow to permit of turning a motor-car around in it. What does the Sultan do when he wishes to indulge in a joy-ride, therewith to lighten the burdens of state, or drive away thoughts of domestic infelicities, which must of necessity be plural in his polygamous household? Fascinated with the joy of sitting at the wheel and driving the car himself, it is said

he orders out all three of his cars and first drives the full length of this three-eighths of a mile of bumpy street, and then, there being no room in which to turn the car, he reverses gears and backs up to the starting point, stops, gets in his second car and repeats the dose, and does likewise with his third car. I did not see him indulge in this three-heat orgy myself, but it is vouched for on good authority.

The Sultan is eager to take a trip abroad, but he is not allowed to leave Borneo without permission from the Dutch Government, which has so far been withheld. In spite of his great wealth, the extent of which he himself can not conceive, this young man is a most agreeable, approachable and modest individual. Very quiet and unassuming, he talked only in direct response to questions and then almost always in monosyllabic answers. He is shrewd enough to let the Wise One do all the talking for the firm. Suffice it to say that this ruler of the headhunters and his beloved uncle, the Premier, were two of the most genteel persons I ever met—gentle of speech, kindly in manner and almost obsequiously polite, but with no ax to grind or false impressions to create.

As our boat loosed from its moorings, the Sultan's colors were again lowered while the Dutch colors remained at the top of the flag staff; good-bys were said, salutes exchanged, and we were on our way, conscious of having lived a perfect day, the ending of which was spent on deck in devouring our evening meal—a right royal rice-table, seemingly better than any I had hereto-

fore eaten on land. Floating down the Mahakam, filled to satiety, and the coming on of night bringing a garish tropical sunset, followed by a diamond-studded, starlit sky, I felt even more fortunate than the Sultan of Koetai, despite his youth and his plethora of riches. He could not run off from his job—I had already done so.

V

INTO DYAK LAND

THE functionaries of the Dutch Government are all, seemingly, trained in the art of gracious hospitality, and whenever possible this hospitality takes on a practical aspect rather than confining itself to nicely turned phrases and official smiles. As a result of this hospitable spirit galvanizing itself into action, the government launch from Long Iram was observed one morning rounding the river bend above the *pasang grahan*, coming to take me four hundred miles into the back country, where dwell the Dyaks in their native habitat.

Some hours were required properly to provision the *Mahakam*, the good ship that was to bear me to my promised land. A wholesome water supply, which is always a prime necessity, was provided by filling five large Chinese jars, each having a capacity of thirty gallons, with filtered rain water. This constituted our reserve supply for drinking, to be boiled and refiltered as required, as well as what was to be used in cooking. In addition there were many bottles of potable water that already had been prepared—rain water that had been filtered, then boiled and then refiltered again. We also had on board several cases of the now almost indispensable *ajar blanda*—Apollinaris.

A large crate of live chickens on the rear deck, quantities of recently laid eggs, and a keg of fresh-water lobsters, or crayfish, guaranteed some variation in our menu, relieving us from the monotony of dried fish, which would have been our lot had we purchased our food from day to day as we proceeded up the river. Monstrous loaves of bread were corded up in the ship's pantry, where were also stored many large tin boxes of crackers and dried vegetables, as well as quantities of large grained, unpolished, pure white Java rice. The capable cook from the Residency accompanied us.

The forward deck, with large easy chairs, was our observation platform by day and my bedroom at night. The breezes that came over the bow of the boat, the comfortable army cot that was easily unfolded and made ready, and then surrounded by a well-fitted mosquito net enclosure, made my sleeping accommodations ideal in every respect but one—the cot was too narrow. I was not too wide—the trouble was with the cot, which accounted for the fact that somewhat of me hung over on each side as I lay in bed upon my back, looking up at the moon. There was another feature that might possibly be considered a disadvantage. I could not unfold my bed and wrap the draperies of my mosquito net around me until my two official companions had retired, permitting the clearing of the deck of its furniture to make room for my cot. I also had to be the first one up each morning, to stow away my nocturnal impedimenta and thus make possible the daily rearrangement of furniture in the

“sitting-room.” But this was no hardship, for there was so much to be seen, and I wanted to see everything.

All in all, this was the best arrangement for sleeping quarters that I encountered anywhere in the tropics, on account of the pleasure of sleeping out-of-doors unbitten by mosquitoes, and gently fanned by zephyrs cooled in coming over the moving water of the river. There were good toilet facilities and a good dipper-bathroom on board.

The bright moonlight nights at the beginning of our trip made it possible to run quite late—until about eleven p. m. each day, so that we made Long Iram, the last government outpost on the Mahakam River, earlier than anticipated. And this in spite of the swift current of the raging stream, due to the high water caused by the recent torrential rains. Our efficient boat crew of five was entirely made up of Malays. The captain was clothed in what might be regarded a becoming uniform, but, like the rest of the crew, his feet were bare. The manner in which he drove his craft as he skirted roaring rapids, avoided monstrous whirlpools and dodged immense logs and jagged rocks, proclaimed his competency as master of the ship.

The first night out we tied up at a little kampong, or settlement, with its native primitive folk and a Chinaman, who seems essential as merchant or trader in many such communities here. The houses, with thatched roof and woven palm-leaf sides, supported by a skeleton framework of poles, were indeed quaint. They were



The Headman of a Dyak Lamin who bade us good-bye as we were leaving his kampong.



A group of older Dyaks at their kampong landing.

Photos by author.

elevated on stilts to provide against the emergency of dangerous floods, so suddenly does the river overflow at times. Access to the living-room of each of these houses was gained by means of an inclined board with cleats tied crosswise as footholds, or a log with step-like notches cut into its upper side, serving as stairs to the gallery or tiny veranda at the front of the hut. These cleated boards and notched logs, inclined against the front of the houses elevated on stilts, recalled the similar appearance of well regulated Ohio chicken-houses of my boyhood days. Such a mode of entrance has here a practical advantage, as the last homecomer at night can pull the stairway up after him.

One would also see here about the kampong beautiful specimens of the ever present, life-sustaining coconut trees, the dense shade of banana trees, and little patches of rice, cassava, and a variety of maize. At the river-side were clustered canoes, cut out of solid logs by means of the hand adz and knife, which constitute the autos of the primitive people of these tropics. The people of this kampong were mostly fisher folk, but unlike the Frisians residing in the North Sea villages, these wore no weedy coats—none was necessary in this climate and no garment would appear half so well as their shiny brown skin, bulged out everywhere by finely developed muscles. These natives were a hospitable and simple-minded group, free from the suspicion and envy that arises with more complex social life and its attendant competitions. They brought to our boatside quantities of green coco-

nuts, that we might enjoy the cool, sweet, watery fluid they contain. There is no milk in a fresh coconut; it is water, not milk. The soft, pulp-like flesh of a green coconut has an excellent taste and is very refreshing. Still more enjoyable were the very juicy wild oranges, with their tart antiscorbutic quality and aromatic taste. They were very similar to our satsuma or tangerine oranges, and were carried to us in wonderful knapsack baskets woven in fish-net style.

The headman had arisen from his bed mat at this midnight hour to come on board and formally bid us welcome, as well as to inquire if anything could be done by him or his people for our comfort. He also sought to give us, from a supply known to be meager, some dried fish and rice, thinking we might need this addition to our larder on our extended journey up the river. A more generous brand of hospitality could never be manifested than that which was exhibited by these good people and their worthy chief.

The river bank changed continually as we proceeded on our journey. The farther we went up-stream the more rugged became the scenery, but everything was green—green in at least twenty distinctly different shades. Farther inland, away from the river bank, it was a dark green, almost black, blending through the various shades until at the water's edge it became very light, like the green on the under side of an apple leaf in early spring at home. Here and there one saw a cluster of scarlet leaves, evidently just sprouted and unfolded,



Photo by Capt. Paul Tolissina.

Dyaks, by means of ratan tow line taking partially loaded boat through the treacherous Oedang Rapids of the Upper Mahakam. So swift was the current that it required eight hours' continuous labor to work this boat six hundred yards up stream.

soon to be turned to green by the chemical action of the sun's rays. A pleasing relief from this everlasting green were the lovely sprays of blossoms of the *pohon bijoe*. Bending branches loaded with yellow and orange-colored flowers arched over the water in canopied bowers, affording a fitting abode for fairies. Orchids of almost every known variety were abundant. In size they varied from that of a pinhead to a diameter of eighteen inches and were as gorgeously iridescent as they were immense. The difficulty was in seeing them from beneath, but their resplendent glory was easily observable from some high point of vantage where one could look down at them in the tops of the trees growing at the lower level.

I never realized there were so many monkeys in the world as I saw on this trip up the Mahakam. Their method of bivouacking for the night illustrates the high degree of organization that obtains among them. Monkeys evidently do not live and travel in herds having as their slogan "The devil take the hindmost." From my observation they seem to live in social groups with leaders and rulers and under a species of orderly government. Toward dusk I would see a hundred or more of these interesting animals assemble in a large, spreading, thickly leaved tree. There was much chattering of what appeared to be orders from headquarters, these orders seemingly being relayed by top sergeants and corporals, as small squads would be made to move from one limb to another in the tree after they had settled in a location of their own choosing.

When the whole company of monkeys were settled for the night perfect quiet reigned, and on account of the dense thatch of leaves on the tree, as well as the absence of motion on the part of the inhabitants, one would not suspect that there were any monkeys anywhere in the neighborhood, except for one circumstance. In the tops of four almost leafless but tall kapok trees, averaging a distance of about seventy feet from the central "dormitory" were stationed sentinel monkeys, two to each tree, or eight sentinels in all. These spindly kapok trees were so situated, and so devoid of leaves, as to command a good view in all directions, especially up and down the river.

As our boat came in close proximity, one pair of alert sentinel monkeys sounded the alarm. Soon all the sentinels were giving vent to ear-splitting noises that might well be denominated monkey shrieks of challenge. As if by magic the central tree immediately became alive with the scampering forms of monkeys engaged in such a volume of chatter that it seemed as if bedlam had broken loose. As we receded from their tree and passed on, quiet was gradually restored and the sentinels could be seen resuming their respective watches.

The kapok is the tree on which cotton grows, and from which it can be seen hanging in small, fluffy, tangled wisps. The fibers are so short, however, that they do not permit of spinning into threads. It is gathered by natives who find a market for it by shipping to settlements of Europeans who use it for filling mattresses.

The immense number of crocodiles that swarm in its rivers constitutes, to me, the most unpleasant feature of the Borneo jungle. The only thoroughfares of travel being the rivers, the traveler in Borneo can not escape the frequent sight of these monsters of ugliness, ferocity and voracious appetite. Once in the hinterland where the rivers are narrow, the crocodiles are much more in evidence than farther down-stream, and you see them in closer proximity than you do down Samarinda way. Crocodiles to the right of us, crocodiles to the left of us, crocodiles behind us, crocodiles in front of us—these slimy beastly saurians would slinkily slide from the river bank into the water—kerplunk!—and then take their stance with monstrous jaws wide open ready to crunch a hapless victim. At night as our boat was tied to the bank, we could see the phosphorescent deeply pink or reddish eyes of crocodiles in the river along the opposite shore, as they too were resting for the night, noses outward toward our boat. The sight resembled a string of red lights on the surface of the river and recalled the beautiful lines of the poem—"The night has a thousand eyes." Suffice it to say that these crocodile red lamps constituted the most effective "stop" signal I have ever seen.

Speaking of night lights, or the lights one sees in jungle night life, it should be mentioned that there are many kinds of "lightning bugs" here, some of great brilliancy, the most noticeable being immense butterflies equipped with gorgeous green "lanterns."

Captain Lamkamp, from the *Mahakam's* deck, one day shot a wild pig swimming across the river, and immediately put out a yawl manned by two of the crew to secure the coveted fresh meat. Just as the two sailors were about to retrieve the prize a monster crocodile poked its jaws out of the water and took in the pig with one gulp. Luckily the two sailors escaped and they were not long in getting back to the ship. No varsity crew in speedy shell ever made better time for the distance than did this snub-nosed yawl on that return trip.

It was told me that crocodiles here possess a snake-like power, or hypnotic eye, by means of which they are able to charm a monkey. Young Miss Monk will be seated on a tree branch overhanging the river, peacefully eating a coconut. Mr. Crocodile, in his boldly brazen way, will cough out, from the river below, an "Ahem!"—just to attract attention, and then Miss Monk, in half-embarrassed manner, will look Mr. Crocodile in the eyes, which by this time have turned an opalescent pink, for some reason so "magnetic" that the desire to gaze into their deepest recesses can not be successfully resisted. Fatal moment! Soon Miss Monk begins to tremble a little and can not "unglue" her eyes, then she shakes, and finally falls off the branch into the waiting "jaws of death" below. Moral: "Look not into the winey eyes of the crocodile when they are red—or pink." The only crocodile I was near enough to measure accurately—needless to say a dead one—was twenty-six and one-half feet long.

The average Dyak will not molest these reptiles, for fear that the evil spirit of the crocodile he has killed will annoy him, thus adding to his numerous troubles from the unseen world about him. This is no small matter to a jungle native, who spends the greater part of his life propitiating evil spirits. The only condition under which a Dyak will make war on a crocodile is when he or some member of his family has been attacked by one of these horrible reptiles. If a member of a Dyak kampong is among the missing and no trace of the departed is found, a crocodile is at once suspected as the most likely cause of such absence, for if he had been the victim of some other beast of the jungle there would be signs of combat such as blood or shreds of clothing. But not so if the offending assailant be a crocodile, for this beast devours the evidence at the same time that he swallows his victim.

The Dyaks have a very ingenious way of catching a crocodile when such a hunt is inaugurated for the purpose of expiating the death of a departed relative who is suspected of having left this vale of tears by the crocodile route. A piece of green hard wood about fifteen inches long and about one inch thick at its center is sharpened at each end. At a groove in the middle of this piece of wood is tied one end of a rope made of twisted and plaited bark, the other end being fastened to a long rotan cane vine, sixty or more feet in length. The sharpened stick is then run through the decaying carcass of some animal used as a bait. The two pointed ends

are doubled back over the bait and tied by shreds of palm fiber.

This bait of decomposing flesh is suspended from a tree branch overhanging that portion of the river that appears to be a crocodile haunt. The odor of decaying flesh always attracts the reptile. He swallows the bait at one gulp and begins his getaway, but as he does so the pointed ends of the stick that have been thrust through the bait are released and spring back to their wonted position with such force that they stick firmly into the walls of the crocodile's stomach, or some other portion of his alimentary tract, and then nothing can save him.

Each pull of the rotan line brings him nearer the bank. He can not resist, for such resistance increases the pain caused by the pointed ends of the stick perforating his stomach. The one interest of the crocodile now is to keep the line slack to relieve him from suffering that increases with each pull at the line. A single native can now easily bring him to the shore by means of successive gentle pulls. When brought to the bank his captor ties up his jaws. Then a loop or noose is made around each of his hind legs, which are next brought up over his back and securely tied. The beast is now harmless, for, deprived of the use of his hind legs that give him his stance on the ground, he no longer has any leverage for the use of his immense muscular tail which is normally an engine of destruction. Next, the forelegs are tied the same way and he can then be carried away on a long pole. His

stomach is cut open and its contents examined, and if the missing earrings or other jewelry of the departed uncle or other relative is among these contents, the crocodile hunt ceases. Otherwise the search continues by the same means until the guilty crocodile is secured. Usually it is not necessary to catch more than three of these beasts before the real culprit is found. While the Dyaks are engaged in the precarious task of tying the crocodile's jaws and legs, they continually address him as a noble majestic being, but when once they have securely trussed him up they jeer at him for his stupidity, so childlike are these natives of the jungle.

On the trip up the Mahakam, as well as into the jungle and back again to Samarinda, I crossed the equator many times. In spite of these repeated opportunities to form a basis for an opinion, I can not as yet say from which point of view—its north or south side—the equator appears the more attractive.

VI

THE DYAKS:—THEIR PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS AND DRESS

Next to Australia and New Guinea, Borneo is the largest island on the globe. It has an area of two hundred and eighty-four thousand square miles and is two and one-half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland together. Though originally discovered by the Portuguese in 1518, by far the greater part of the island, or approximately three-fourths of its area, is under the domain of Holland. Three small sub-divisions—British North Borneo, Brunei and Sarawak—that together constitute a narrow strip along the north and northwest coast of the island, are under British control.

The Borneo discussed in this book is Dutch Borneo. Its chief inhabitants are the Dyaks and the Malays. Generally speaking, the Malays live on the coast and in the marsh country at the deltas of the many rivers that traverse the country from mountain ranges near the central part of the island to the sea. No other island has so many large rivers. This is due to the excessive rainfall in Borneo, about two hundred inches a year. Being on the equator, there are actually no wet and dry seasons, although theoretically they are said to exist. The

immense rainfall coupled with the intense heat produce a humidity that makes for the remarkable jungle growth. The rich black top soil is usually thirty or more feet thick, its chief constituent being the humus produced by constantly decaying vegetation.

The Dyaks are the aborigines of the island and are, in a general way, the principal inhabitants of the interior. The Malays, being natural explorers and traders, have in their pursuits made inroads into the back country and here and there, to some extent, have modified the manner of life of the native Dyaks. These land Dyaks of which I speak must not be confused with the sea Dyaks, a race of pirates originally located in and about Sarawak, and subjugated in 1840 by a young English officer, a man of the highest type of character, Sir James Brooke. Of the sea Dyaks I know little or nothing. My only contact has been with the land Dyaks, those primitive, scantily clad men and women of Central Borneo, who live quaint lives, cherish many superstitions, follow peculiar customs and sing of their gods and heroes. A few of these are naked, wandering nomads, who cultivate no land but gain a precarious subsistence from fishing, gathering wild rubber, and eating sago and wild fruits of the jungle. The majority of the Dyaks, however, have fixed abodes.

The name Dyak, formerly spelled Dayak, is evidently derived from the word *daya* which literally means "a man." My preconceptions, formed in childhood, as to the size of the wild men of Borneo were rudely shattered, for

I found the Dyaks smaller in stature than the average American or European, but their arms are relatively longer. In physical form, they are slight of build but well proportioned. None are fat. One sees no signs of rickets or tuberculosis. Their physique suggests nimbleness, alertness and speed, as well as capacity for endurance, rather than great strength. In standing they are quite erect, and in all their activities they are easy and graceful. Their abdomens are somewhat pendulous, because of the large quantities of rice eaten at every meal. The women are shorter than the men but, as a rule, not so slight of build. In proportion to their height, the waistline of the women is greater than that of the men of the same age and tribe. The form of the face is usually oval but sometimes round.

The eyes of these people are softly black or dark brown, and are expressive of frankness as they look you squarely in the face, though when you first meet them they are inclined to droop their eyelids as if in modesty.

The nose, as a rule, is not prominent but slightly flattened, though the nostril wings are never wide. The mouth is seldom large, the lips are never very thick. Some of the women have beautiful small mouths—that is those that have not been deformed and grotesquely discolored from chewing betel. The arms are beautifully molded, tapering toward the wrist, but are not heavily muscled, typifying grace rather than great strength. The hands and feet are small and well formed, until they become misshapen through wounds, sickness, or heavy



Photo by Capt. Paul Toussieng.

A young Dyak of Long Kelijhan. Note the fiber rings above the calves, supposedly imparting added strength to the legs.

field work. Having no work animals, the Dyaks are their own beasts of burden.

It was quite apparent from the beginning on meeting these people that they are bright, cheerful, loyal, intelligent and of good temper—an impression that was being continually justified as our acquaintance progressed. They are dog-like in their devotion, but once they have been deceived they become relentless. The proverbial Indian can not hold a well founded grudge more tenaciously.

As to color of skin, they are bronze or brown; some of so light a brown that they are almost yellow. As a rule, the deeper in the jungle they reside, the lighter they are in color—the densest shade seems to have had a sort of bleaching effect. Children are of a lighter shade than their elders. The skin becomes darker after wearing clothes in the sun.

I found that their eyelashes and eyebrows are pulled out by means of crude silver or copper tweezers, a necessary adjunct of any well appointed toilet set among the Dyaks. Hair on any portion of the face is tabu, especially among the younger men. They shave without soap. I saw but one free Dyak with a mustache, and he was regarded as somewhat queer by his tribal fellows. Hair growing on the face is supposed to sap one's strength. Unlike the American youth, the Dyak young man is not proud of the down on his upper lip when it first appears. He is ashamed of it and greatly depressed and disconcerted because he thinks the gods or spirits

have taken this means to deplete him of his strength. From time immemorial these Dyaks have used a depilatory—a sort of quicklime paste spread on their faces, thus antedating some of our own much vaunted beauty parlor methods.

To me it is interesting to see a devoted Dyak lady-love squatting by the head of her consort and assiduously plucking out his eyelashes and eyebrows as he lies supinely before her, the fond couple being as oblivious of onlookers as a pair of lovers spooning on a bench in one of our city parks or cuddling on the deck of a week-end Coney Island steamer. The Dyak girl does this to conserve and preserve the manly strength of her mate, just the opposite of the rôle played by Delilah in her scene with Samson when he was shorn of his hair and his strength at the same time. If the young Dyak has no lady friends devoted enough to perform this service, he himself will use the tweezers and with the assistance of a crude mirror accomplish the depilation. The same antipathy extends to hair on the chest or under the armpits. The only exception seems to be the very old men who, on account of their infirmity, seem to care little for their appearance and are willing to take a chance, or at least are indifferent as to further loss of strength.

This absence of eyebrows and eyelashes gives the face a peculiarly blank and vacant expression.

The hair on the head is straight, devoid of the kink of the negro people, and is finer and less harsh than that of the American Indian or the Japanese. Some of the

women have very long and beautiful soft raven tresses. Some of the men cut their hair only at the front and sides of their heads, leaving the remainder to grow at will, with a sort of horse's tail effect. This is tied in a sort of knot at the back of the head, or tucked up under the hat.

The mouths of the majority of the adult Dyaks are not attractive, having been made repulsive, with misshapen and discolored lips, by the habitual chewing of the betel-nut. The quid of the betel chewer is a composite affair and here in Central Borneo consists of pinang-nut, gambier and chalk, wrapped up in a sireh leaf and then poked into the mouth to be chewed for hours without replenishing or renewal. The natives cultivate the sireh for the one purpose of using its leaves in betel chewing. The chewing of this immense quid and rolling it about in the mouth causes the lips to acquire peculiar distortion and an unnaturally twisted shape, with protrusion resulting from much spitting of scarlet saliva. The betel-nut saliva stains the lips a garish red and, at the same time, stains the teeth black.

Black teeth, in both men and women, are regarded as a special mark of beauty. If they are not blackened quickly and deeply enough from chewing betel, this result is hastened by blackening them with the stain that exudes from a roasting coconut shell, or the gummy sap that sizzles from a piece of heated logwood, the same wood used for the manufacture of the logwood dye of commerce.

Some Dyaks have very short and pointed front teeth. It is said this is accomplished in youth by having the teeth filed—a very painful operation. I did not see this done anywhere, but I did see the unnaturally short and pointed, squirrel-like teeth that result from such radical treatment.

These natives of the jungle have a well-developed color sense. They have in their language words for all of the colors and for many shades of the same color. They universally manifest a fine feeling for color harmony.

The Dyak's sense of touch is somewhat blunted, evidently because of their thickened skins. It is next to impossible to tickle the palm of their hands or soles of their feet because of the thickness of the hide and the heavy callouses.

The Dyaks possess a keen sense of hearing and a well-developed discrimination of tone. Taking into consideration the primitive character of their musical instruments it is remarkable to find such purity of tone in all their music.

The sense of smell is acute, but not so selective as is their sense of hearing. Their home-made perfumes are all of a heavy odor and sickishly sweet. Many of the jungle woods and reeds are naturally heavily scented with an odor like concentrated tuberose or a sirupy sassafras decoction. Some of the beads for their necklaces are made from heavily scented materials. None of this variety of home-made jewelry or home-brewed per-

fume appealed to me, because of the indelicate aroma emitted, though the young Dyak people of both sexes regard these scents a great attraction as they mingle with one another on social occasions. Perhaps my peculiar complex, antagonistic to such heavy odors, is due to my experience years ago when, but sixteen years old, I was a teacher in a rural school in the then sparsely settled West, and when, on occasional gala evenings such as a literary exhibition, a singing school, or spelling bee, some of the young people would come with their handkerchiefs or hair sopped with vanilla extract, the only perfume available in that isolated community.

Three articles of apparel are essential to every well-dressed Dyak man's wardrobe—a loin cloth, a seat mat and a head covering. The loin cloth is made from the inner bark of the tree that has been rendered soft as cloth by much pounding; or thin cotton cloth may be used. It is usually nearly a yard wide and from ten to fifteen feet long. It is first folded lengthwise until it forms a narrow strip about eight inches wide. It is then wound around the waist, passed between the thighs, and then pulled up tight and tied so that one end hangs down in front from the waist and the other hangs down behind. It is the long end hanging down in front that gives rise to the name *jabot*, by which this garment is frequently designated. The process of tying on a loin cloth is by far more complicated than drawing on one's trousers and securing them in place by means of a belt or suspenders.

The seat mat, called a *tabin* by the Wahau Dyaks, is a peculiar affair, and at first glance appears to be only a freakish impediment. It is made either of the skin of some animal, or woven from fine cane, sometimes elaborately designed and bordered. It is a flat mat, trapezoid in shape, and is suspended behind by means of a thong about the wearer's waist. It is useful in that, as one sits down, it prevents the naked buttocks from coming in direct contact with uneven or sharp objects or with the wet ground, as well as protecting one against the sting or bite of insect crawlers and blood suckers. It is simply a chair that a man wears and has always with him ready for use; when not in use it is supposed to be ornamental.

The *lebong*, or head covering, may be a more or less ornate headkerchief, but more usually is a hat, the framework of which is made from twisted rotan not unlike the wire hat frame used by American milliners for ladies' hats. This framework of rotan is covered with the skin of a wild goat, boar or ape. If the man has been made eligible by having cut off some one's head, he decorates this hat or turban with either the feathers of the *toekang* (rhinoceros hornbill) or the longer feathers of the *harway* (argus pheasant) or both.

In the rice-field the man adds to these three articles a *badjoe*, a sleeveless jacket made from the inner bark of the djomo tree. He requires more clothes in the field than he does at home or at a feast, because of the terrific heat of the sun's rays that would burn his flesh but for

this jacket. The edges of the garment are frequently bound with colored cloth. It must be recalled that the Dyaks are well versed in the use of vegetable dyes that never fade, so they sometimes decorate these coats very artistically both as to design and color.

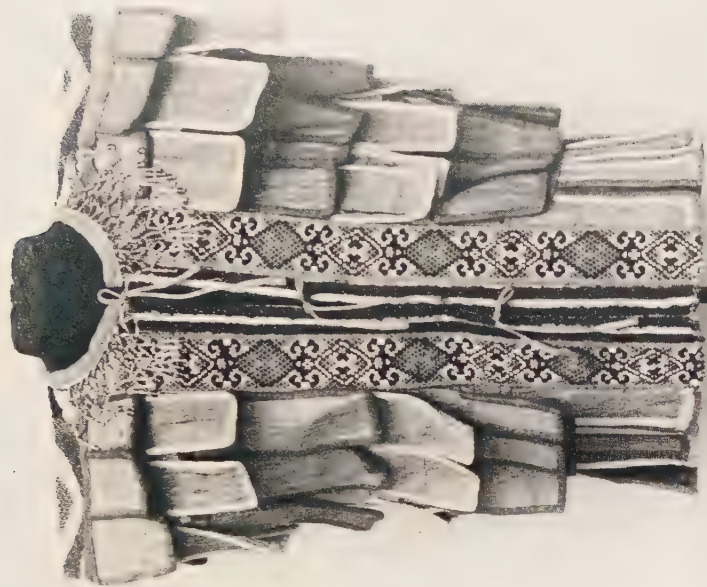
Coats worn by Dyak warriors are usually elaborately decorated. Even when made from the inner bark of a tree, they are much ornamented with embroidered edges and artistic needlework. The main body of a coat of this type consists of several overlapping pieces of bark, each separately bound about the edges with fabric of different colors. The arrangement of these decorated pieces of bark, so that the upper ones about the shoulders overlap the next lower row, and so on with each succeeding row to the bottom of the coat, something like the shingles on the roof of a house, has a practical value in that it sheds the water better than when made of one piece, or with pieces indiscriminately arranged.

Another interesting specimen of a headhunter's coat is pictured facing page one hundred and forty-six. The body of this coat is the skin of a Borneo tiger. When worn, the wearer's head is stuck through the opening shown in the picture—the longer part of the garment covers the back and the shorter part covers the chest. It was with some difficulty that I obtained this garment from the proud rajah who had worn it on many a head-hunting expedition. On the portion that falls over the back are attached several of the tail feathers of the *toekang*. These feathers, it will be observed, are pure

white with transverse bars of jet black. The part of this war coat that covers the manly breast of its wearer is decorated with the beaks of four of these same birds. Two small ivory disks, resembling the whites of an animal's eyes, are also attached to the front.

To the Dyak, the hornbill or rhino bird is the embodiment of passionate fire. The sound of this majestic bird, as he flies in a straight line high overhead, thrills every fiber of a Dyak's being, causes his pulse to quicken, imbues him with dauntless courage and inspires him to deeds of daring. To him it is more than an emblem. It is his "American Eagle" enhanced to an infinite degree of regard until it amounts to fetish worship. These highly prized feathers can be worn only by the successful headhunter and are used by him to adorn his war hats and war coats, and they are to him as sacred as the emblematic cross was to the crusader of old. Beautifully carved ear ornaments are made from the reddish casque, or helmet-shaped end of the hornbill beak, and these are regarded as almost priceless articles among the paraphernalia of any headhunter.

The dress of a Dyak woman consists chiefly of a *tapih* or skirt, which is merely a rectangular piece of goods draped about the body so as to resemble a petticoat. It hangs from the low line of the waist just above the hips and usually extends to the knees, but in some cases to the ankles. With natural and becoming modesty, walking at a respectful distance behind a Dyak lady, I quickly discovered that the opening of the skirt is at the back.



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

Dyak Coats. Right—Coat made of the bark of a tree.

Left—A Dyak warrior's coat made from the skin of a Borneo tiger.

I have said it is the *chief* article of feminine apparel among the Dyaks. Aside from jewelry the *tapih* is usually the only garment worn by Dyak women, for as a rule their splendid upper bodies are uncovered. Like the men, these native women of Central Borneo usually have a superb physique, resembling the traditional Greek statue. When they go to the river to bathe themselves or their little children, which they do at least three times a day, they remove the *tapih* and are entirely nude except for earrings and necklaces.

The intense heat of the sun compels the Dyak woman, when she goes to work in the rice-fields, to wear a light jacket in addition to the skirt, to prevent the burning of the flesh of her back and shoulders. Also, when at work in the padi-field, she wears a large hat of the sunshade type, which sheds the rain as well as deflects the sun's rays. The sun hat, called a *sedoe*, is usually made from the bark of the djomo tree, but can be made from fine rotan. A prince or rajah sometimes wears a sun hat, in which case it is ornamented with coral-like beads arranged in artistic designs. Some are decorated with splotches of color from native dyes.

One uncomfortable extravagance indulged in by the younger women of some of the tribes is a device made of a series of tightly fitting rotan hoops about the waist, on which in close array are countless brass, zinc, or silver tiny rings, arranged somewhat like rings on a curtain pole, only quite compact. These reeds from which the rotan hoops are made are of about the diameter of an

ordinary lead pencil, and there may be from ten to twenty of these unyielding encircling bands in the series, one on top of the other, closely confining the waist, and appearing like a coat of mail on account of the innumerable metal rings strung on these rigid hoops. Mere man has neither sufficient knowledge nor the right to give this vise-like and literally "heathenish" invention a name. Some writers have been bold enough to denominate it a corset, but to my masculine mind it is even too inflexible to be so designated. Happily, it is now very infrequently worn, and by none except the most extreme Dyak flapper, and even she tortures herself with it only on a most gala occasion, such as a wedding feast.

Children, as a rule, go unclothed, except for the swaddling clothes in the first weeks of infancy. These swaddling clothes consist of a soft tree-bark band about five feet long and eight inches wide, tightly wound several times around the baby's abdomen, and a sleeveless shirt made of the same material. The latter garment is, as a rule, worn by the babe for but a short time after each of his two daily baths in the river, which in the earliest days of infancy are given by his proud father who, standing in the water to his waist, momentarily but completely immerses his squirming offspring at the beginning and close of each day. These swaddling clothes are discarded as soon as the child can toddle. He then wears nothing but jewelry, consisting of bracelets, ankle bands, necklace and earrings.

While the baby is stark naked, except for these

trinkets of jewelry, the knapsack arrangement in which his mother carries him on her back is decorated with countless articles. Among these are bits of colored cloth, strings of small mollusk shells, grain-filled heads of rice stalks, and oftentimes, various fruits. The two latter are supposed to feed the good spirits that hover about the child. To frighten away any evil spirits that may be lurking near, a dog's tooth is tied to this baby basket in a conspicuous place so as to be readily seen.

The only clothing that can be worn by either sex during a period of mourning is that made from the bark of a tree. This clothing is unadorned. No colors are permitted, and the wearing of jewelry of any kind is not allowed at such a time. The whiter the bark the more correct is the "sorrow clothing" of the mourning Dyak.

The enormous earrings are the most striking feature of these interesting people. It is not only the number, size and weight of these earrings that arrests the attention; it is rather the enormous ear lobes with their gruesome slits that result from such a custom. Children may have their ears pierced as early as the seventh day of their lives. This piercing is not done with a fine needle, but with a knife, the slit being made as large as possible. The hemorrhage is usually great. To prevent the incision from closing, by its edges coapting and healing together, the largest possible wooden pegs are inserted and secured in position. When bleeding has stopped and the raw edges have granulated, one earring is worn in each ear. Each earring is about the size of a

bracelet. As the hole becomes stretched, more of the same heavy earrings are added. Each such added weight pulls the ear lobe nearer and nearer to the shoulder, and the longer the ear lobe the more "beautiful" does the wearer become, according to Dyak standards. In some cases these ear lobes are dragged down so as to touch the nipples, an achievement regarded as the acme of esthetic perfection. I have counted as many as twenty-three of these bracelet-sized earrings in each ear of Dyak belles.

When one can not afford enough earrings to fill completely the large hole in the ear lobe, or when working, as in the padi, where such cumbersome jewelry severely impedes one's work, their place is taken by a large piece of wood fashioned much like a wooden spool with a short shank, which is worn to prevent the hole from retracting to smaller size.

To me it was a pathetic sight to see Dyak children when at play, compelled to bear up, with the uplifted palms of their hands, these heavy rings pulling at their ear lobes, thereby temporarily relieving the tugging weight that so interfered with free activity in their games. This precaution also prevented the holes from being torn completely open, a misfortune that would not only cause great physical pain but would also bring disgrace, for he then would never again be able to wear earrings. When not supported by the hands, each sudden movement caused the weighted lobes to flap, bob



Photo by author.



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

At Top—A Dyak mother and her two children, leading one by the hand and carrying the other in a *kiang benang* on her back, knapsack style.

The “Lady of Quality” at the left is the proud possessor of the only Chinese umbrella in the settlement.

Below—*Kiang benang*, or ratan knapsack used for carrying Dyak infant.

and whirl about like a chunk of lead on the end of a string.

For the sake of convenience, the most important ornamental trinkets or articles of adornment worn by the Dyaks, should be classified into three groups: 1. Leg and arm bands. 2. Necklaces. 3. Earrings.

The arm bands are worn above the elbow and the leg rings just below the knee. The simplest form are made from dark brown or black twigs or roots. To some of these medicinal qualities are ascribed, such as the power of warding off rheumatism, and for this purpose are often worn by Europeans in the Dutch East Indies as well as by the natives. They are not rigid, as metal would be, but are pliant and flexible. Many bracelets are made from short pieces of rotan that have been beautifully colored and strung together and held in position by golden yellow palm fiber. A peculiarly twisted fiber ring that looks like finely braided horse hair is often worn tightly about the calves of the men to give them added strength in their legs when bearing heavy burdens. Some bracelets are made from mussel shells, some from ivory, others from metal, such as copper, zinc, tin, or silver.

The necklaces are various as to length. Some are short, after the fashion of a society dowager's "dog collar." Others are long, like a string of Venetian beads. They consist of an endless variety of material, ranging from little colored pieces of chopped bamboo reed to priceless pearls. I saw some that were priced at several

thousand guilders. The Sultan of Tenggarong showed me one such *mani* or necklace valued as of greater worth than an entire Dyak kingdom. To me it was not worth one guilder. The value of a Dyak necklace depends entirely upon one's point of view, and his knowledge of the legends associated with each bead it contains. Such a necklace is never made of matched pearls. Each bead must be different from the others to give a necklace value. Emissaries are sent from tribe to tribe, on journeys lasting for months, in the endeavor to secure a single bead that is different from any that the ruling potentate or wealthy rajah already possesses.

Earrings are generally made of metal. The enormous tin ones worn almost exclusively by little babies soon give way to the heavier ones made of copper. A leading man of the tribe, as a rajah, will often wear a large canine tiger tooth in each ear lobe. To prevent their being lost, they are held together by a chain passing around the back of the head.

Tattooing is general among all the Dyaks, although the extent to which it is practiced varies with the different tribes. Primarily, it is undoubtedly employed by these people as a body decoration, but so deeply rooted is the practice that with some it has acquired an almost religious significance. The art of tattooing is, in Central Borneo, characteristic of the different tribes and in the same tribe the designs differ for the two sexes, as well as for those of different social station but of the same sex.

As a rule, with the men the design signifies that the

tattooed one has either taken part in dangerous undertakings, or, if he does so will come through unscathed. The designs employed in tattooing a woman signify her entrance into a new period in life, or in some instances a new social position. In the Long Glat tribe, young girls as soon as they are eight years old are tattooed with small figures on the back of the fingers. When puberty has been established the entire surface of the skin on the back of all the fingers is completely tattooed, and as her succeeding years unfold the entire back of her hands up to the wrists have been thus decorated. When she is eighteen or twenty years old all the front of her thighs are tattooed and after she has borne several children the back of the thighs are treated likewise.

Dyaks visiting another tribe are often, as a mark of good fellowship, tattooed with a design embodying the particular motif of that tribe, so that one who is initiated can readily recognize by the various designs of his accumulated tattoo marks how widely traveled a given individual has become. The amount of skin surface that may be decorated varies with the different tribes as much as does the design. Thus, with some Dyaks it is limited, in the case of the women to the hands, shoulders and feet, and with the men to the skin covering the shoulders, arms and breast. With some, the thumb of the left hand and the shoulders can be tattooed only in case the man has evidenced great valor and bravery. In other groups of Dyaks all of the skin from the lower jaw to the knuckles is tattooed with large dark blue

spots, the desired design standing out in the natural color of the skin—a sort of human skin “batik.” Most of the tattooing is done with soot, a crude lampblack which produces a dark blue color in the skin, though in some cases red coloring is employed.

The ability to tattoo is regarded as a great artistic achievement. The tattooing profession is largely regarded as hereditary or inheritable, and young women have the best opportunity to acquire proficiency in this art from older members of the family. But if she has little children the artist is not permitted to practice her profession. Before she is twenty years old she dare not charge the highest fees, but must be satisfied with less compensation. A woman who is being tattooed must, each day during the process, kill a black hen as food for the artist. With some tribes the operation can not take place in the home, but only in a hut expressly constructed for this purpose. If the men are on a journey, no female members of the family may be tattooed in their absence. The male members of the family are permitted, during the tattooing period, to wear only such garments as are made from tree bark. Some of the tattoo designs have the durian fruit, others the outline of a dog, as the basic motif. To my way of thinking, many of the designs are extremely cubistic.

VII

DYAK HOME LIFE

THE Dyak villagers, as a rule, live under one roof in a communal house, rather than in separate dwellings. In this respect they resemble the Iroquois Indians of North America, who constructed and lived in great communal houses of tree bark over a framework of saplings, and, like the Dyaks, applied the name "long house" to this structure. Each long house, or *lamin* as it is also called, may accommodate forty or fifty families. It stands on pillars of hard wood, usually the famous, ever enduring ironwood, and is elevated from eight to fifteen feet above the ground. It is really a long straight shed on stilts, and is divided into one-room apartments. Each of these single-room apartments accommodates one Dyak family. There is but one door to each apartment. The capacity of a Dyak *lamin*, therefore, is designated by the number of doors it contains. Thus in Dyak land, one speaks of a twenty-five, thirty, or fifty door house, as the case may be, instead of a six, ten, or twenty apartment building, as is done in this country. The longest *lamin* that I visited was about six hundred feet in length.

The general arrangement of all these Dyak village homes is about the same. One ascends to them by means

of a notched log or ladder at each end of the long gallery or veranda which extends the entire length of the building. This outer gallery has no roof and is useful in drying padi on mats placed on its floor in the burning sun. It is also serviceable in drying fish-nets, bleaching clothing, and seasoning wood for carving. Next to the gallery, but under the roof, is the long hall, which also extends the entire length of the house. Directly from this long hall open the single doors into each separate living apartment, occupied by the different families. This long hall or thoroughfare is about twenty feet wide, without any cross-partitions. Being roofed over, it is always shady, and the absence of dividing partitions permits a draft of air to circulate its entire length, so that it is usually a cool and pleasant place, and never stuffy as sometimes are the living-rooms. It is a public place, open to all comers. One simply goes up the inclined ladder or notched log at one end, walks the entire length and down the ladder at the other, without any questions being asked. It is in reality the village street.

Many of the home industries are pursued in this long hall. Here, for example, I found one group of women weaving cloth from plant fibers, another group was plaiting mats of rotan, while still another was engaged in making baskets, very artistic in shape and coloring. Oftentimes I observed men seated, some carving ax handles from wood, while others were making ornamental handles from ivory for their knives or swords, and if not engaged in this or some other handicraft, were occu-



The wife of a Dyak Rajah, showing stretched ear lobes and heavy ear rings.

pied in listening to an epic as it fell from the lips of some of their leaders, either in song or story.

This long hall is the tribal meeting place. Here the tribe convenes before any important undertaking is begun, and ways and means are here gone over. It may be in reference to an expedition for collecting rotan, wild rubber or sago, or a discussion of the necessity of clearing new land for rice growing, or the organizing of a headhunting foray against some other tribe. It is the town meeting place for purposes of either business or pleasure.

On the pillars of this long hall are found tufts of rice stalks with grain-filled heads, hung as food for the good spirits; or tusks of wild boars are placed here to frighten away the evil spirits. The village drum is also usually hung here. The Dyak village drum, suspended at the side wall of the long hall, is a major institution and no minor affair. It is made of a section of a fine grained gumwood log, twelve or fifteen feet long and hollowed out nearly to the end. Over the open end of this log is tightly stretched a piece of the tanned skin of a water buffalo. When beaten, this drum gives forth a deep booming sound, not unlike the rumble of distant thunder.

Along the inner wall of the long hall there is a row of doors, each door being the entrance to a family apartment. The doors open outward and when shut are secured by very ingenious wooden latches. There is no hardware in evidence about a Dyak long house, for no hardware is used. The timbers, even the largest, are tied

together with rotan instead of being fastened by spikes or nails. The roof of the entire long house is made of *atap*. *Atap* is made from the leaves of the nipa palm which are folded over a stick about five feet long, each leaf over-lapping the next, and this thatch is sewed together by means of palm fiber or split rotan. These five-foot squares of *atap* are placed on the rafters so as to overlap, and securely tied, so that the roof sheds water splendidly. Similar squares of *atap* are used as sun shades in the canoes when long journeys are undertaken, and they have the advantage of being very light in weight.

Each family apartment consists of one single room, some of them as large as twenty-five by twenty-five feet. In some of them there is an improvised loft overhead, which is reached by means of a ladder standing in one corner of this living-room. Sometimes, if the family is a large one, the unmarried daughters sleep in the loft and the boys and young men outside on the floor of the long hall, near the door of their family apartment. This living-room is indeed a living-room, for it serves all the domestic purposes to which a family home may be put.

In the first place it is a kitchen. All the cooking is done in a fireplace set against the partition that separates the living-room from the long hall. It is made of thin wooden planks, covered over with clay, and floored with a couple of flat stones. There are no chimneys, so the smoke ascends into the loft above, blackening the rafters. Short lengths of finely split firewood are neatly

piled against the walls and at the side of the fireplace. All the cooking is done in pots or kettles, except such as is done in green bamboo tubes. The latter are favored utensils for cooking certain foods. The food, such as rice, is packed into the hollow bamboo cylinder, which is laid over the glowing coals. When the green, unseasoned bamboo becomes quite charred, the food it contains is thoroughly cooked with all of its flavors retained, none having passed off in steam, as is the case when cooked by boiling. No skillets or frying pans are in evidence in a Dyak home. They do not cook that way.

The family treasures are usually grouped about the fireplace, as it is the center from which all the room furnishings radiate. Thus, if any are possessed by the family, there is hanging over the fireplace a string of skulls or human heads that have been secured by some honored member of the family on a successful head-hunting expedition. Next in value are the greatly treasured jars that have the appearance of large antique Chinese vases. These have been handed down from generation to generation, and by some are considered to be the abode of the good spirits that have been the faithful guardians of the family from time immemorial.

I found it next to impossible to obtain any of these family jars, and when such a purchase is made it can be done only on a sort of installment plan. Before parting with the vase the seller chips out a large piece, which he retains for the purpose of satisfying the ghosts of his ancestors. A few days later you may go back and pur-

chase this piece and with a little porcelain cement apply it to the missing place in the jar, and you will then have an intact and complete priceless relic of great rarity.

If the family is a wealthy one, brass gongs and other signs of prosperity are fastened to the wall above the fireplace.

This room is also the dining-room. There is no dining table and no chairs, for none are needed. There is no use for them. The food is placed on a closely woven mat on the floor, on which also the members of the family are seated as they eat. Women eat with the men if the family is not too large. The food is kept warm and protected from flies by covers made of split canes or rotan; some of these are ornately colored. Banana leaves, or other broad leaves, serve as plates.

The chief article of food is rice. If flood ruins the padi-field, woe betides the Dyak family for many hungry months. If rice is thus made scarce the poor Dyaks must resort to sago secured from the wild sago palms in the jungle. Sago winning is a hard task. Sometimes so dire is the need of food, the Dyaks slice up bulbs of such plants as the caladium, dry these slices in the sun, and then crush them with a large wooden pestle into a kind of potato flour. The Dyaks also consume the edible leaves of plants. Regular salt is a luxury with some tribes for the reason that there are very few "salt licks" in the interior jungle of Borneo and the series of almost impassable rapids make a trip to the coast trading points practically impossible. Besides, salt in the

East Indies is a government monopoly, and salt costs money.

The Dyak is unaccustomed to purchase any article of food. He may secure material for clothes, or metal for a sword, or trinkets for adornment, by barter (there is no money as medium of exchange among the Dyaks), but food never. Neither he nor his ancestors have ever done this. He is constitutionally opposed to getting food other than by his usual means, gathering it freely in the jungle, fishing for it in the streams, or gaining it by the sweat of his brow in the padi-field.

I found that sometimes, as a substitute for salt, leaves of a kind of vine are boiled in water and this liquid is used for seasoning. Rice is served with a pot of this salty liquor standing near in a calabash gourd or wooden dish, from which it is dipped with a portion of the stem of a fallen banana leaf which well serves as a family tablespoon. In this way the unsalted rice or other food is seasoned to suit the taste.

Dried fish also constitutes one of the main articles of diet on the Dyak table or, to be more exact, the Dyak dining-floor mat. Fish are dried by being hung in the fireplace. They are, on this account, frequently more smoked than dried, the pungent fumes of the burning wood causing them to acquire a taste so acrid and bitter as to be unpalatable to one so uninitiated as myself.

Wild pig is a ration relished by practically every Dyak. It is in fact the only four-footed beast of the jungle that is used as a food to any great extent. Deer

and other animals are allowed to roam unmolested. So tame are the deer in Central Borneo that they enter the villages without fear. Unless the garden plots of Dutch officers at the outposts are palisaded with high, pointed, closely-driven stakes, they are devastated by deer on their forays. I found no Dyaks who would eat deer meat. The meat of the wild pig is good eating, if from a young animal. But the Dyaks usually keep it hung too long after killing, so that it is "too high" for a civilized palate. Some kampongs were redolent with the offensive odor of overripe wild pork in process of cooking. This and the durian fruit, so beloved by all the natives throughout the East Indies, cause the chance visitor from the outside to hold his nostrils shut a large portion of the time. The odor of the most virile limburger cheese would be the daintiest of perfume in comparison.

After a meal is finished, the mat that has served as a dining table is picked up and shaken free of crumbs, fish bones and other refuse, which fall through the cracks between the bamboo slats of the floor to the ground underneath the long house, where they are devoured by the dogs, domestic pigs and chickens of the kampong. The space under the long house is the community barnyard of a Dyak village.

The one room is not only the family living-room and dining-room, but also the family bedroom. Bed-making in Dyak land requires little time and no skill. All there is to it is that at night the sleeping mats are unrolled

and spread out on the floor in any available space. There is no mattress or padding of any sort between the sleeping mat and the corrugated floor of half-round bamboo slats. The mats are painfully thin and there is, to my mind, no conceivable comfort to a Dyak bed. There is no window to admit light or air to the stuffy room that has been occupied all day as a living-room and used as a kitchen and dining-room; though in dry weather this can be overcome by raising up one of the palm-leaf squares, or *ataps*, of the roof and propping it open with a stick.

The building of a tribal long house, or *lamin*, is no small undertaking. The large timbers of its framework are hewed out from immense ironwood trees and fashioned by hand with a small adz, a laborious and tedious process. The transportation of the cumbersome timbers to the building site is, in itself, such a gigantic task that it would overcome any group of people less patient and less determined than a Dyak tribe.

It must also be recalled that much of a Dyak's labor goes for naught because of the slavery to superstition. A piece of timber that has required many days to form and fashion by means of the most arduous hand labor may, when nearing completion, be forsaken completely because some bird of bad omen flying overhead has flown from north to south instead of from east to west. A village long house, almost finished, has likewise been deserted in terror and never completed because of similar untoward omens, the labor of many hands for many

months going for naught because of the blight of superstition that works such havoc in Dyak life.

I have seen a padi-field that was won from the jungle by the hardest kind of labor in felling trees, clearing of logs and tangled vines, and almost ready for rice planting, given up completely because of the appearance of birds of bad omen, thus depriving an entire kampong of the rice so necessary for food, entailing the hardships and suffering of famine that would have been unknown but for the inexorable superstitious beliefs that have dominated for many generations.

A succession of misfortunes, such as repeated bad harvests of padi or the invasion of an epidemic of disease, is regarded as a sure sign to the families of a Dyak kampong that the evil spirits have prevailed over the good spirits of the immediate vicinity and overcome them, which must be taken as a certain indication that the kampong must be moved and the entire village be transplanted to a new location if good fortune, brought by the good spirits, is again to be their lot.

The site on which to build a new long house is difficult of selection. Many things must be taken into consideration, such as the character of the ground, the proximity to water, the availability in the same vicinity of land suitable for padi-fields. In the country along the upper Mahakam the land is so uneven, on account of the many hills, that the selection of a suitable kampong site is difficult. In the lower country the land is more level, but so many jungle swamps abound that there is danger



Photos by author.

The author with a group of Dyaks at their Long House.

Dyak children at kampong landing with community Long House in background.

of overflow at times of high water. In addition, a whole category of omens must be consulted before a new location can finally be determined, one that would be conducive to health and prosperity. If favorable omens are not in evidence, then there is no use in going through the laborious process of moving. The immense amount of labor involved in building a new long house, clearing new padi-fields, and undertaking similar projects involved in reestablishing a new tribal home, would be futile unless the omens are in harmony with such an enterprise.

It takes an immense amount of time, and many council meetings, to consult the stars, to observe the omen birds in their migrations, to make examination of pig livers, and to consider many other signs regarded by the Dyaks as of infallible portent.

Once a new location has been finally decided upon, the collection of materials begins; such timbers as pillars on which the long house is to rest, also planks, rafters, sills and bamboo. As much as possible of the material of the old house is salvaged and again used, thus saving much labor in felling trees and hewing out lumber by hand. The transportation of the old timbers to the new location is a gigantic undertaking, for most of the heavy planking, sills and posts are made of ironwood, which is heavier than water, and therefore difficult to convey up or down stream as the case may be. There are no roads in Borneo; rivers are the only thoroughfares. The moving of a kampong and reconstructing a new tribal home, arduous as it may be, is by no means a rare occurrence.

Sixty-year-old people of a tribe will recall as many as eight or ten such undertakings in their lifetime.

In addition to building the long house, it is necessary in some instances to build smaller houses adjacent to the padi-fields, in which the workers may dwell during the busy times of planting and harvest, for it is not always feasible to have a padi-field conveniently near the tribal home. The natives of Dyak land, as in any simply organized social group anywhere else in the world, are given much to community labor. In this respect they remind one of the pioneer days in our own land, where the early settlers joined together in "house-raisings," "barn-raisings," "log-rollings," "land-clearings," and other such enterprises incident to carving a farm home out of the virgin forest.

The Dyaks, both men and women, are hard working people. Much economic loss is encountered, however, because of time consumed in observing the various feasts on the tribal calendar, as well as for the consultation of an almost endless list of signs and omens. On this account, less than one-third of a Dyak's year is devoted to actual pursuits.

The work of padi planting is divided between the men and women. Men clear the jungle and prepare the ground. In planting the grain the men walk along and by means of a long pointed stick make holes about one foot apart for the reception of the seed. The women follow and drop a few grains of rice in each hole. It interested me much to learn that the latter must be done

by women to insure a prolific harvest. Her sex is presumed to lend fructifying potency to the grain she touches. The weeding, after the rice begins to grow, is done by the women of the kampong. When the grain has ripened, both men and women do the harvesting.

The padi of the different families is planted on succeeding days, so that the entire field does not yellow into ripeness at the same time. In harvesting, the Dyaks cut off the heads of the grain with a little crooked knife, one stalk at a time, depositing these grain-filled heads into baskets hung from their shoulders. A crude bit of threshing is done by the men after the padi is taken to the kampong. The contents of the baskets are poured out on a large square sieve made of rotan, fastened to four posts. With great hilarity the men tread on this and the rice grains, now separated from the straw and short stalk stems, fall through the sieve to the mat placed underneath. Instead of the oxen treading out the grain on the threshing floor, as related of Biblical times, in Dyak land the men do this. However, the noisy laughter with which these threshing men engage in their task is in accord with the scriptural injunction—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." The rice grains, still retaining their husks, fall through the sieve and are gathered up and stored in the family loft in large baskets or bins made of bark.

To me, heretofore, *rice* was always *rice*—first, last and all the time, but in Central Borneo I discovered that rice, growing in the field as well as rice not yet hulled, is

called *padi*; rice that is hulled and is yet uncooked is designated as *beras*; cooked rice is *nassi*.

When rice is needed for food, the padi is dried in the sun on the gallery in front of the long house, and then pounded in wooden mortars by the women, who use heavy pestles about five feet long. It is thus that the rice grains are freed from their husks or chaff. This stamping of rice is the most common and important occupation of the Dyak housewife.

Fire among the Dyaks is lighted by either one of two methods. It may be produced by rapidly rubbing a short section of dried rotan, with its smooth flint-like surface, back and forth over a piece of soft dry wood, or by striking a spark with stone, thus igniting shreds of tinder. The tinder and flint stone are carried in a section of bamboo corked with a wooden stopper, and thus kept dry for instant use as occasion arises. On the first day after moving into a new long house, fire is made only in the apartment of the rajah or headman. At the close of this first day a member of each family bears live coals from the rajah's hearthstone with which to light the fire in the separate family apartments. This is a sort of ceremonial in the establishment of the new tribal house.

Illumination at night is equally primitive, but efficient. Chunks of resinous gum abound in the jungle. This is gathered and crushed into small pieces, and then encased in a somewhat cylindrical covering of dried palm leaves. Each gum-filled cylinder is about two feet long, with an average diameter of about two inches, but tapering



A Dyak lamp and samples of Dyak basket weaving.
Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

at one end like an unhusked ear of corn, or an immense Mexican tamale. It is held upright in place by being inserted into a forked stick resting on the floor. The pointed end of the gum cylinder is up. It is lighted at this end, burns with a slight turpentine odor and some smoke, but gives fairly steady illumination and lasts for two nights. When entirely consumed, a similar torch is again supplied.

Dyak home life centers about the children. Children are here literally idolized by their parents. The love of a Dyak for his offspring may not be discriminating, or an intelligent love, but it is an all-consuming love and the little tyrants soon become aware of the fact. They go and come in and about the long house as they please. They are free-lances and are largely left to their own devices and inclinations. They are never corrected or chastised by their parents or elders, but on the playground, where the true democracy of childhood obtains, they sometimes discipline one another, and that quite effectively. It is said that after the first days of infancy a Dyak child never cries. I know I never heard one cry, even when severely injured. They give short, guttural grunts when in great pain, but do not cry. Neither do Dyak dogs bark, but they certainly can growl, and that with much ominous portent.

VIII

THE SOUL LIFE OF THE DYAK

THE Dyaks of Central Borneo have, I believe, more than any other people, remained free from outside influence in their world of ideas. They adhere to the same philosophy of animism that solaced and guided their aboriginal forebears. The Dyaks of to-day still believe that a human being consists of a material, inanimate body, with *two souls*, which embrace and account for all the activities of life. These two souls are not alike and do not function in the same domain. This is proved, says the Dyak, by what takes place during sleep.

During sleep, one soul remains in close relation to the body and continues to manifest itself in such activities as breathing, moving of the body and beating of the heart. This soul is present in sleep as well as during one's waking hours. The other soul is the subject of all our psychic activities. All of our states of consciousness—thinking, remembering, imagining, longing, choosing and the like—are but manifestations of this second soul that wanders away from the body during sleep. But it is not idle while away from its bodily home. This soul is ceaselessly active and its experiences, while it is flitting hither and thither outside of the body, con-

stitute the dreams of the sleeper. Therefore, to the Dyaks, dreams have the import of real happenings. They place implicit confidence in their dreams.

Since these two souls are considered by the Dyaks as separate and distinct, they have been given two different names. The soul that activates the body is called *luva*; the soul that thinks, yearns, chooses and remembers is called *bruva*.

During sleep the *bruva* soul hears, sees and comprehends. What one dreams of while sleeping is what this soul sees, hears or comprehends on its excursion outside of the body. If the dream is of a distant land, then the soul has made a flying trip to that land while the body was asleep. If a Dyak dreams of his ancestors, he dreams of them, as of the same appearance and as wearing the same attire that characterized them before death. So it is next to impossible to persuade a Dyak out of his belief that life beyond the grave is continuous with life here, for do not his fathers—in his dreams—wear the same garb, pursue the same occupations and manifest the same mannerisms as they did while actually flesh and blood members of the tribal kampong? If one dreams that the spirits are hungry, immediately on awaking a great tribal feast is organized as an offering to the food famishing spirits.

Sometimes dreams are so self-serving in character that they appear, to an outsider, to have been concocted as an excuse. Thus a woman guilty of adultery said she was following out the commands that came to her in

her dreams, and if she had not obeyed these behests she would have lost her mind.

Since the *bruva* soul lives continuously, despite the event called death, it must be equipped for life beyond the grave. Thus, utensils, favorite weapons, choice foods, and jewels for adornment, must be deposited in the grave. The finding of these old graves discloses the articles used at these earliest periods of the race. If the utensils are made of stone, then the animistic belief that caused them to be placed in the grave dates as far back as the stone age.

When fatal illness impends among the Dyaks who believe in two souls, it is the "psychical" soul which flees, which is of course proved by the presence of the more bodily activities of the sick person. It follows from this that they seek to effect a cure, in the first place, by trying to induce this soul to return, and the conviction prevails that if they do not succeed in this the death of the material body will follow.

As an individual develops from infancy to maturity, his soul takes on new powers of resistance. The Dyaks think, for instance, that a child of a couple of years is excited too much by the appearance of a stranger. A stranger, therefore, is not permitted to be seen near a very young child, and if the infant should at all come in contact with one, it is necessary to calm the disturbed soul of the child by giving it some flattering present, for instance some beads, for the purpose of placating the disturbed soul and making it content with its bodily



A Dyak and his sisters. The younger sister is resting in the customary "squat" attitude.

Photo furnished by Sultan of Brunei.

abode. They maintain that a child would grow up stupid if a stranger should have approached it without afterward breaking the spell. During the unfolding life of the child, recourse is always had to offering its soul something attractive on all impressive occasions which might be liable to frighten it and make it flee from its bodily home. This is the chief reason that Dyaks do not punish their young children, or even cross their wills in the least. Corrective discipline might cause the tender, undeveloped soul to take flight.

Such beliefs as the Dyak holds regarding the soul, furnish fruitful soil on which the assertive witch doctor may thrive, for he lays claim to intimate contact with the spirit world and makes pretensions to supernatural powers by means of which he can prevail upon a timid or tired soul to remain in its bodily home.

If a Dyak becomes sick, witch doctors are employed to call upon the fluttering, flitting *bruva* soul to come back. The sick chamber is anything but a quiet place under these circumstances, for three, four or even a dozen of these witch doctors may be racing full tilt around the bed, about the room, or through the long hall, shouting at the top of their voices, "Come back, come back." If the sick one becomes weaker and dissolution seems to impend, these witch doctors organize a footrace outside of the long house to "catch the soul." When the witch doctor becomes breathless from rushing about at top speed to catch the elusive soul, he drops to the ground, assumes a trance attitude, and as he lies

motionless his duped observers believe that his soul has gone to the spirit world to overtake and bring back from parts unknown the soul of the sick one.

The witch doctor resorts to a great deal of deceit and humbug, and some crude sleight-of-hand maneuvers. For example, on his return from his supposed trip to spirit land he will open his fist, revealing a smooth pebble, which he claims is the soul he has caught. Approaching the sick body, that may have become motionless, he makes endeavors to put the soul back into the body where it belongs. At any rate the pebble disappears. If, by any chance, consciousness is restored to the sick man at this time, the witch doctor is hailed and acclaimed as almost a god. If, however, the patient continues dying and stays dead—well, that is another story. The field of operation for this priest-physician, or witch doctor, in catching and returning the soul is, on the whole, a very profitable one.

Public opinion among the Dyaks is a strong means to keep the actions of these people in fixed paths of order and regularity. One of the strongest agencies in this connection is what in Borneo is called *takoet parid*, namely “the fear of getting weak.” The belief that they will become *parid*, that is sick or enfeebled, when they sin against some old tradition, tribal rule or established custom, exercises the greatest influence on the actions of young and old. In general one becomes *parid* when one does something or touches something that is only allowed to be done by one’s elders and superiors.

This belief, based on fear, gives rise to countless special rules or commandments. Children are thus forbidden to touch things that belong to older people or chiefs, especially weapons. Young men are not allowed to cut sword handles from horn, or to engrave iron swords and spears, or to weave rotan around the skeletons of rice baskets, or more especially to adorn themselves with the tail feathers of the rhinoceros, or hornbill, bird—an exclusive right of those who have been successful headhunters.

This fear of becoming *parid*, or depleted of one's strength, is the basis of the all-engrossing belief that the Dyak has in omens, signs and dreams. He fears, in the very warp and woof of his inmost being, to go against the traditional tribal, and to some extent racial, beliefs of centuries. This intense dread restricts his endeavors in every direction. It is the great economic damper of Dyak land. Enterprises of all sorts are given up, plans for betterment are set aside, comforts become tabu and discomforts endured, all because of the deep-rooted subservience to omens.

This fearsome regard can be better understood when one recalls that the Dyak is ever engaged in an unequal struggle against sickness due to climatic conditions and the inroads of decimating epidemics of such diseases as smallpox, cholera and typhus. As a drowning man grasps at a straw, so the Dyak, in his unequal warfare against possible illness and misfortune, clings to his long category of omens and signs.

The Dyak knows that misfortune, injury, disease, or death may confront him at almost any moment from almost any source. Nature may defeat his efforts in growing padi, the rushing rapids of the river are treacherous as he fares forth in his canoe, dangerous beasts haunt the jungle where he must gather food and fuel, as well as material for clothing, disease may make a serious attack in a single night as he sleeps, and he sees his fellows taken by death. Is it to be wondered at that he soon surmises that nature has voices by means of which, if he could but understand them correctly, he could direct his daily life in a manner that would involve the least hazard? The most intimate and omnipresent voices of nature in Dyak land are the birds that here abound. The Dyak, therefore, has his sacred birds, whose movements are to him as indicative as were those of the raven, the owl or the vulture to the ancient Romans, or as is the peacock to certain Oriental peoples.

So numerous are the signs and omens that it requires a person well versed in tribal and racial traditions properly to construe them as they appear. There being no written language among the Dyaks, the interpretation of each sign or symbol, be it good or bad, is by means of legendary folk-lore passed on by word of mouth from one generation to another. It is only the older individuals of a tribe, who have lived enough years themselves to have heard the meaning of all this augury, that are now capable of explaining and interpreting in full significance to the present generation about them. The

“wise men” of the tribe are, therefore, old men. It requires almost the entire life of an individual to become adept as a sage in the art of divination, for there is such a long list of signs and omens to be learned in reference to their various practical applications. And they must be learned correctly, that he may supply means of wise guidance to his tribal fellows.

To illustrate: The time for padi planting approaches. As a prelude, one of the sages of the kampong is designated to consult all the available omens. Before a single move toward planting may be made the cries of certain species of birds must be heard on the left. If their cries come from the right, the times for planting are not propitious and a crop planted under such conditions would be a failure. The entire tribe sits in idleness until favorable signs appear. Not only must the cries of at least three distinct species of omen birds be heard, but they must be heard in a given order and from the right point of the compass, before a single step toward padi planting may be taken. If the favorable omens are delayed, the headman fares forth into the jungle to seek for signs. As he hears each of the proper omen birds emit their cries, and hears them from an auspicious direction and in their established order, he breaks off a twig and conceals it in his loin cloth. When all the omen birds have been heard and the corresponding collection of twigs is, therefore, complete, he conveys these twigs to the prospective padi-field and buries them in the ground, after clearing a small area of jungle

vines or grass. This act of his transfers the virtues of the omen birds to the soil, and the work of preparing the field and planting the seed may now begin. It often happens that weeks, or even months, may elapse before all of the favorable omens appear.

If a dead omen bird is found in the padi-field at any time, it is a great catastrophe. This dead body has infused a poison into the soil as well as into the whole crop that may be growing at the time, and some member of the family owning the padi-field will surely die within a year. Further to test the validity of this omen, a pig is killed and its liver is carefully examined by those wise men of the tribe who are expert in augury. The liver, after such expert examination, may be pronounced a good omen and of sufficient efficacy to offset the previous bad sign; but if it is not, then the rice grown on that ground must not be eaten under any circumstances.

The Dyaks believe that the spirits build for themselves invisible homes in the trees of the jungle. Thus, many large and beautiful trees come to be designated as sacred and the abode of spirits. To fell such a tree would anger the spirits and cause them to wreak vengeance. One method of finding out whether a given tree is the home of spirits is firmly to drive an ax blade into it at sunset, letting it remain stuck into the tree until the following day. One full night must pass, and if then on the woodman's return the ax is found in the same position as he left it, no spirits abide in that tree. If, however, the ax has fallen to the ground, it has been



Hand carved Dyak Totems between two sections of tribal Long House.

pulled out by an angry spirit and woe will surely betide the one who fells the tree, after such a definite message to the contrary. In any jungle-clearing expedition, a group of trees is always left undisturbed on each hilltop, for these locations are regarded as favored by the spirits for their residence.

These spirits, to the Dyak, possess real power. They are not merely ephemeral apparitions. They can bestow favors and they can bring pestilence. They must be consulted. If they are of evil intent he must propitiate them. If of good intent, he must utilize every method to induce them to remain near. To this end, he places food, such as eggs or tufts of padi on the top of bamboo poles at various places where the good spirits may pass. They are placed at such locations as at the sides of the path that leads to and from his home, at the entrance to the long house, or on the river bank near dangerous rapids.

By a similar token, the blood of a freshly killed fowl will be smeared on the posts of the house as a sacrificial offering to any evil spirit that may be thirsting for Dyak blood, trusting that the blood of an animal may slake the demon thirst of the evil spirits that, unappeased, would cause disease, injury or other misfortune to befall the Dyak or some member of his family.

The Dyak has no formal religion. He has no house of worship. He erects no graven images or shrines. In this he is much like the American Indian. There is, however, no universal belief in a single Great Spirit. He

believes there are good spirits and evil spirits all about him, immanent in almost everything with which he comes in contact. The evil spirits, he maintains, outnumber the good spirits. For this reason—that is, by sheer force of numbers—the evil spirits often prevail and rout the good spirits from the kampong. Then disease and other misfortune appear and the tribe must move to a new home where there will be good spirits to protect him.

The great struggle for existence among the Dyaks is characterized by ceaseless endeavor to placate the evil spirits that would do harm, and to induce the good spirits that would aid him to hover continually near. The Dyak firmly believes that the countless omens he consults correctly betoken what is in store for him, and he therefore governs his life accordingly.

IX

DYAK TRAITS OF CHARACTER

FROM what has already been said it can readily be seen how extensively the belief in the supernatural permeates a very large segment of the Dyak's circle of ideas. His superstitions saturate and color his thoughts, his imagination, his memory, his judgment, his volition and his reasoning. His conception of what might please or displease the ghosts—the good and evil spirits—that inhabit the jungle about him, governs his conduct to a very great extent.

It is almost impossible to discuss the practical ethics of the Dyak's every-day life without interpreting his moral code in the light of the signs and omens that he receives from these ghosts and upon whose deliverances he decides as to his actions. In the main, therefore, the Dyak lives by rules or commandments that have been handed down by word of mouth from time immemorial. This superstitious dread, based upon rules of conduct that have become somewhat complex in their race-old development, gives rise to certain characteristics that are the direct product of inborn and inherited fears.

I found that the timidity, shyness and aloofness that are manifested by every Dyak on first acquaintance are

directly related to the superstitious dread that has been inculcated in him through the voices of the supernatural, as interpreted by his elders. To my mind, the Dyak hesitates to form new contacts with strangers, or shrinks from undertaking new enterprises, much as children fear the dark. Children do not see any goblins in the dark, ready to seize them, but the very indefiniteness of their knowledge as to who or what is in the dark causes them to fear. They do not fear the dark because of what they know or see, but rather because of what they do not know or see. So the Dyak fears new contacts, untried paths and modern methods, because of his lack of knowledge of the attitude of the good and evil spirits with reference to something that has never before come into the purview of these supernatural beings for decision. This, I think, explains much of the inertia, much of the lack of development, among the Dyaks. The Dyak is not lazy, but he is often idle, and that because he has received no omen or sign as to what the ghosts or spirits about him wish him to undertake, if anything. Rather than run counter to the unrevealed whims of the spirits, he plays safe by doing nothing.

But, apart from this superstitious dread, the Dyaks possess many delightful traits. They are indeed a winsome people. One can not be long among them without becoming much attracted to them on account of their personal characteristics. One decided charm of the Dyak that always appeals to me is his *generosity*. This trait is always in evidence. When the Dyak harvests his

padi, one-third of his entire crop is stored away for the sole purpose of feeding the hungry stranger that may come within his gates. This portion can not be consumed by his family, nor can it be used as food for the spirits, or at any of the tribal feasts. It is set apart for the hungry stranger and for him alone. One of the most trying situations I had to meet, in going from kampong to kampong, arose out of the offer of baskets of rice by people who could ill afford to give away the precious food. To have refused the proffered gift would have caused great offense to my friendly Dyak hosts. It was best to elect the less of the two evils by accepting the gift and making up for it in some other way, such as bestowing some gift in return, or paying more than the price asked for some article secured from them for my ethnological collection, and thus by indirection compensate them for the rice given me.

A man traveling in Dyak land need never worry about food. He is always welcomed, and his wants will be immediately and graciously supplied. In a bland childlike way, this food is given to the guest without the host taking any thought of the morrow. His larder may be almost empty, but he gives regardless of this. A Dyak simply can not refuse to feed a hungry wayfarer.

But regardless of his magnanimous generosity and hospitality, the Dyak is *frugal*. He simply will not barter for any article he can make himself, or for which he can concoct some substitute. This applies especially to food and clothing. Instead of purchasing manufactured

sugar, he will use the honey that drips from the unfolding bud of the aren flower, through a small bamboo tube he has inserted into its substance. In lieu of salt, he employs the salty liquid made by boiling in water the shoots of certain vines, and with this he seasons his food. Clothing made from the inner bark of the djomo tree, softened by much pounding with a wooden mallet, or such as is woven from the fine palm fiber and decorated with home-made dyes, serves his purpose better than the flimsy fabric brought in by the Chinese trader. Rather than purchase matches, which always fascinate him, he employs the age-old method of securing fire by striking flint against iron, or by rubbing a piece of glazed rotan on soft dry wood.

The only inducement, seemingly, that will cause a Dyak to deviate from his creed of frugality, is the love of a maiden. For example, a Chinese pedler may, on one of his infrequent visits to the kampong, display a string of tawdry Venetian beads. The lass a Dyak loves may rest her languishing eyes upon them. He falls from grace for the time being and barter for them. But this exception only proves the Dyak rule that he will not barter for anything he can secure by his own labor, or for which he could make a passable substitute. To do so is, to his mind, reckless waste.

There is no thievery among the Dyaks. Their honesty is proverbial. In Dyak land there is not a single law against stealing, for the simple reason that there is no need for such a law—there is no stealing. There are, to

my mind, various reasons for this. First, and perhaps foremost, it must be noted that nearly all Dyaks are on about the same level, as far as wealth is concerned. Speaking generally, each one has gained whatever he possesses by his own efforts. He has won from the jungle, by the sweat of his brow, everything he has. It is *his*. Practically every Dyak recognizes this, because all are in the same position in this regard. The labor cost of each article is known to all. There is, I think, deep rooted in every human being, a revulsion against stealing anything that his fellow has secured by sheer labor. Stealing is confined chiefly to property that is secured more easily than by hard physical work. And thieves everywhere, as a class, pride themselves on stealing only from those they think can easily stand the loss. But as a rule, what the Dyak possesses includes only those things necessary to his daily life, articles that have become his only by means of the most trying labor and in his struggle with the unfriendly forces of the jungle and its climate.

In our own country in pioneer days, among the early settlers engaged in their fierce conquests to win a home from the forest primeval, thievery was also unknown.

Furthermore, the Dyak's contact with the supernatural and his established belief that life after death is absolutely and uninterruptedly continuous with life this side of the grave, have developed within him the conviction that he will be compelled to carry with him, for all time and everywhere he may go, all the articles he may

possess. This includes not only possessions he has acquired by his own hard physical labor, but everything else. Thus, he is convinced that anything he might steal here would, in his life beyond the grave, have to be carried by him everywhere and in plain sight, so as to be a continual burden to him and a never-ending source of derision by other ghost spirits.

Another reason occurs to me as explaining why there is no stealing among the Dyaks. It is less poetic than those already given, but is moreover intensely practical. It includes two elements; namely, the difficulty of concealment and the almost utter impossibility of making a successful "getaway" with stolen goods. Dyaks in each kampong live a community life. They are as one big family. Each individual of the long house has practically free access to the apartments of all the other members of the community household. There is little of absolute privacy. The movements of each individual are visible to all the others in the same kampong. It is next to impossible to conceal the movements necessarily incident to make a cache of stolen goods. Also, the Dyak wears so little clothing that there are no folds of his garments and no pockets in which to secrete pilfered articles. It is not feasible to conceal much, if anything, in a loin cloth.

Public opinion in any kampong, so family-like is its life, would make the sojourn of a thief in its midst intolerable. And a stranger can not approach or leave a settlement without detection. The only thoroughfares

in Dyak land are the rivers. There is only one avenue of escape and that is via the river. On this single highway, apprehension of a thief is certain.

The Dyaks are very *truthful*. A lie is not countenanced by them. Woe betide any member of a tribe who has deceived any of his fellows by means of an untruth. If such a breach is ever committed it is most effectively punished. The punishment is not only for the present, but is forceful throughout succeeding years. It affects not only the culprit who has told the lie, but it likewise brings dishonor and shame to his posterity. This is one of the most ingenious methods of continuing expiation for the infraction of any of the precepts of a moral code that could possibly be devised.

If an individual has told a lie, with the intention to deceive, the other members of his community are in duty bound to heap up, at some conspicuous location, a pile of tree branches in memory of that lie and in memory of the man who told it, so that every one passing that way, not only to-day but in future years as well, may know of the great crime and its author. This "liar's mound" of branches is not allowed to disappear. Every one passing the site is under obligation to deposit his contribution of a branch, so that the memorial becomes larger and larger. A Dyak grandfather may have told a lie. Soon there is a large heap of branches in memory of that lie and its author. His son, in later years, may burn the mound to ashes. Immediately the other members of the tribe start a new mound on the same site. It is a duty

from which they can not escape, they believe, without serious disaster to themselves. The replenished mound is even more noticeable than its predecessor and accentuates the renewed attention given to what had become history. Later, his grandchildren may seek to wipe out the memory of their ancestor's great offense, and again destroy the mound of branches. If this is done, a new mound to the same old liar again appears as if by magic and in the same conspicuous spot. Every passer-by adds his contribution of one more branch. Each contributor, as he deposits his accretion, must at the same time curse the man to whose memory the mound is erected.

No matter how hurried the Dyak who passes that way, he always takes time to add to the pile. It is a sacred duty. To fail in this obligation gains for him the disfavor of the spirits on whom he depends in his daily movements and tasks.

Thus, an imperishable monument endures, though made of perishable materials. Other punishment might, in time, be forgotten, but this is always in evidence, standing out as a sort of tribal sore thumb, in testimonial to a man's lying, for his own family, his own associates, and for succeeding generations to witness—an everlasting disgrace to his progeny. As I looked at one of these liar's mounds, conspicuously located by a jungle path, I could not help but wonder if our modern colloquial term of opprobrium, "*monumental liar*," had its origin in this old-time custom of the Dyaks.

The Dyak's *love of children* is one of his most striking

characteristics. The child is the magnetic center of the Dyak home. In no place in the world can it be more true than in Dyak land that a parent will sacrifice any and everything for his child. No task is too arduous, no labor too great, no path too steep, no rapids too dangerous, if it be negotiated in behalf of one's offspring.

The greatest desire of any Dyak man is to marry and be the father of a child. Some are doomed to be disappointed, because there are more men than women in Dyak land. One evidence of this great desire for fatherhood is shown in the quite general custom of a father dropping his own name after the birth of his child and taking on the name that clearly signifies he is the father of so-and-so. Thus, there are among the Dyaks no names similar to Johnson, the son of John, or Williamson, the son of William, or Stevenson, the son of Steven. On the other hand, such names are employed as show that they are so compounded as to signify the equivalent of "Johnsfather," "Williamsfather," "Stevensfather," and so on.

I can never forget the incident that came to my notice on the Baraoe River, when a Dyak father, almost completely exhausted and in abject misery, came to the settlement where lived the Holland physician, den Hartog Jager, "the wonder doctor" whose fame had spread to the little poverty-stricken kampong many miles up-country in the midst of almost impassable jungle. Tenderly carrying his five-year-old child in his arms as he came to the doctor's door, this father had fought an almost losing fight against the raging waters of the river for

ten long days and nights to reach this mecca, that his boy might be made clean and whole.

The heart of Jairus, of Bible times, could not have been more torn by anguish than was the heart of this humble Dyak father. His little one's face had lost its form and feature, had become that of a loathsome monster and no longer human, because of the invasion of the dread disease, frambœsia. Happily, one intravenous injection of neo-salvarsan wrought the miracle of cure, so that within eight days there was no longer any trace of the disease or its disfiguring devastation. It was indeed a happy and light-hearted father that betook himself back to his jungle home. As he gleefully paddled away in his dugout canoe he appeared as if henceforth life, for him, would be continually "down-stream."

Naturally, these Dyak children often become spoiled and are veritable little tyrants as they rule the family domain, but the elders seem to enjoy it and no discipline is ever invoked. Perhaps they leave everything to the law of compensation and recognize that the present tyrannical ruler will, in a few short years, grow up, become a doting parent, and thus be transmuted into an abject slave to be trodden upon by the heel of a despot as yet unborn.

Not only does this intense love for children manifest itself with reference to his own offspring, but it may also become a great surging force where children of others are involved. A Dyak servant, like the native servants of Celebes, will vigorously resent any attempt of a father

to discipline any of his own children. As an illustration, an occurrence of a few years ago, the truth of which was vouched for by a ruling Dutch official, clearly depicts this quality in the native house servant. A Dutch military officer had inflicted corporal punishment on one of his children, because of some overt act. The following night the official was beheaded by one of his native servants who had witnessed the punishment of the child. Making no attempt to escape the consequences of his act, the servant sought to justify the murder by his statement that "no grown-up person has the right to strike any child."

While apparently quiet and reserved, the average Dyak is emotional and very sympathetic, especially in cases that involve his own kith and kin. When any one of a family, or of kinship, is sick, all the relatives remain at home from work to be near the sick one.

The Dyaks are very *unselfish*. The consideration they show for one another may come, in a large measure, from their living in communities under one roof. While each family has its own living quarters, there is always free access, and the long hall and gallery are always a common meeting place. Each kampong is, in reality, merely a big family or household, whose happiness, comfort and safety depends much on the individual members getting on well together. They live in a common cause. They grow padi in a community field. They seek to please the same good spirits. They endeavor to evade the wrath of the same evil spirits. The welfare of one

individual is directly dependent upon the welfare of all members of the kampong. The happiness of each and all depends on harmony. There can be no complete harmony in any community, in any family, large or small, without some degree of self-effacement on the part of the individuals constituting that family.

The old and infirm people of the Dyak village are always venerated and cared for tenderly. They need not work. The respectful consideration these savages bestow upon their aged is most beautiful, and is an outstanding rebuke to what sometimes occurs among groups of people basking in the sunshine of the boasted civilization of our western world.

X

DYAK SPORTS AND PASTIMES

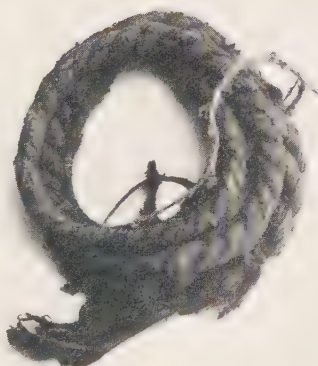
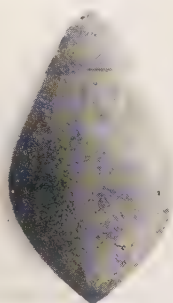
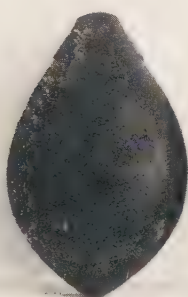
THE wholesomeness of an individual's mind is indicated by the nature of his reactions to periods of stress. It is a principle of mental hygiene that a healthy mind possesses an elastic energy of rebound. The well balanced individual, after a period of hard strenuous work, will relax to such a degree that he engages in various activities for the sheer recreation they afford. As with individuals, so with peoples. That tribe or race that knows not how to play has a congregate mind that is pathological and not normal. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a maxim that is as true as it is trite. Likewise a people that can not at times enter, with wholesome zeal and zest, into amusement of some sort, is already giving evidence of the dry rot of racial decadence.

At certain seasons of the year the industrious Dyaks work extremely hard. At times of padi planting and harvesting, they go to their fields very early in the morning and do not rest from their labors until late at night. In the tropical heat and fearful humidity they toil, without complaint, from dawn until dusk. Their prolonged expeditions into the jungle, collecting wild

rubber, rotan, and other products, entail much physical labor and great endurance. But there are times when work is not pressing and at these slack times the Dyaks have opportunity to engage in games and amusements. This they do with whole-hearted enjoyment.

Football has been played by the Dyaks for centuries. Before any American university was ever founded, there were Dyak tribes justified in boasting of their championship football players. It is played by them in a curious manner. While not the same game as association football or rugby, any player who can make a championship Dyak team would be regarded as a great find and would be heralded as an outstanding star on any varsity eleven in this country. It differs from the American game in that it is played with the foot almost exclusively, and not with the hands or arms amid formations of interference. It is a game of *football* in fact as well as in name. With the Dyaks it is a game of accuracy, alertness and endurance, rather than of muscular strength. Its successful playing requires a quick eye, a nimble brain and fine muscular development, with good coordination of all three factors.

The ball itself is a light hollow one, very resilient, being made of rotan open work. It is round, instead of oval as is our modern pigskin affair, and has a diameter of six or seven inches. Being made by hand, as were the home-made baseballs of my boyhood days, its dimensions are not always of a standard exactness. The regulation number of players is fifteen, but this feature is flexible. They stand in a circle and at about six yards



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

Top—Rattle boxes for Dyak babies. Small pebbles are placed inside to serve as rattles. *Middle*—Dyak football and Dyak tops. *Bottom*—Coconut fiber ropes for spinning heavy ironwood tops.

distance from one another. The game is opened by the ball being tossed from the center of this circle toward its circumference. It must be kicked while in the air by the player nearest to where it is falling.

The kicking is done in a unique manner. It must be done with the sole of the foot, an art acquired only with great difficulty and after much practice. A novice can not do it. I tried it once and in the endeavor nearly turned my anatomy inside out, much to the amusement of the Dyaks. As a result I was physically sore for days. A team of good players will keep the ball in the air for many minutes, each player, with the sole of his foot, kicking it upward into the air as it is about to fall, or on its first bounce from the ground.

Many gymnastic games of contest are indulged in at times of tribal feasts. The foot races always bring forward an abundance of capable talent. Young Dyaks run like the wind. This class of events, on a field day, usually consists of sprints rather than long distance foot-races, chiefly because there is no track in the jungle on which distance events could be run.

Wrestling is a fine art among the Dyaks. It is always on the program of field events on any tribal festal day. It does not possess the ju-jutsu features employed by the Japanese, but is recklessly rough. Broken arms and legs are not an unlikely consequence of these wrestling bouts, so vigorously are they engaged in. There are no prizes for the winner, and no bets wagered on the contestants; consequently there is no "frame-up" as to the outcome.

Dyak wrestling matches are never hippodromed. The sport is engaged in for the sheer love of it. Every wrestler in Dyak land remains in good amateur standing. It is a wholesome and manly sport.

The well-proportioned, nimble athletes in a Dyak wrestling match make a wonderful picture. They wear no clothing, save a skimpy loin cloth, their smooth shining skin gliding over tense muscles as they grapple, catch-as-catch-can, and each struggles to pin his opponent's shoulders to the ground. No famed Greek sculpture presents a better picture of physical activity and bodily development than do these combatants.

There are practically no rules or penalties, and yet no fouls are committed. As engaged in by the Dyaks, wrestling is a clean sport. Sometimes an old mother rushes to the ringside, as the combatants begin to rough it, seeking to have her son withdraw. Such an interruption is always regarded with the greatest patience and the young man concerned exhibits the most profound respect toward his mother, even amid the excitement of the contest, but he dare not desist for fear of the derision with which his red-blooded fellow men of the tribe would afterward taunt him. The situation is much the same as that which obtains when an American mother, on seeing her boy in a fierce scrimmage, seeks to prevent him from playing football—and with an equal degree of success.

Pole-vaulting is on every athletic schedule of a Dyak field day. The Dyaks have developed great skill in this event. History shows that they have been successful at

it for centuries. Their wonderful grip, unusually strong arms and light bodies, enable these athletes to establish almost unbelievable records as pole-vaulters. They seem simply to toss their short bodies over the cross-bar, so gracefully and smoothly is it done.

Broad-jumping, both with and without use of the springboard, is an event occasionally contested in both formal and informal Dyak athletic meets, but it is not nearly so popular as pole-vaulting and is never indulged in by men over twenty-five years of age. It is more frequently undertaken from a standing position, rather than from a running start.

The "hop-step-and-jump" so common in American athletic contests, is entirely unknown to the Dyaks.

The high jump is well executed by them. Every Dyak boy or young man is able, without intensive training, to jump over any obstacle of the same height as his shoulders, and does it seemingly without apparent effort, and with such facile grace as to be the envy of any athlete.

No matter how exhausting the athletic event, the contestants are never seen gasping for breath, or panting with open mouths. Every Dyak always breathes with his mouth closed, regardless of how strenuous the exercise may be. This is all the more remarkable when one recalls the great heat and attendant humidity that is always present in this tropical country.

Cock-fighting is one of the most popular amusements among the Dyaks. This sport is not indigenous to Dyak

culture, but is evidently of Malay origin. The Malays are hopelessly addicted to fighting roosters. It is as ineradicable in these people as fan-tan and other forms of gambling are in the Chinese. The natives throughout the tropics are passionately fond of this sport.

In Manila I observed, on Christmas Day, that for many of the population the one outstanding feature of the day was the long cherished opportunity for entertainment at a cock-fight, of which many were scheduled on this world-recognized day of peace and good will. Late Christmas afternoon I could see thousands of dusky natives returning into the city of Manila from the suburbs, where these contests evidently could take place without police intervention. In Java, Sumatra and other portions of the East Indies, the government has thus far been unable to enforce its prohibition of this sport.

Cock-fighting is a rather modern amusement to the Dyaks, but they have taken to it like ducks to water. It was first known to the Dyaks in those kampongs nearest the coast and most accessible to the Malay influence, and by them passed on up the river courses to the tribes located farther inland. Among some Dyaks it has been known for not more than two generations, so recent is it as compared with some of their games and pastimes that have been indulged in for centuries.

But though a comparatively recent innovation, the Dyaks go in for it most earnestly. Rarely is a festal day complete without a cock-fighting tournament. The contesting birds have been prepared with great care. For

weeks they have been specially fed with rations of unhusked rice and exercised in practice fights, without the artificial steel spurs or gaffs. Sometimes they are equipped with a gaff for the practice encounter, but in such case the steel spur has been blunted for the time being by having its point covered with a button of lead.

Not only are these game roosters specially fed and exercised, but they are massaged daily and also most carefully *bathed* in the river. I could not ascertain how many generations of a game cock's ancestors had to be bathed before the present-day representative of the rooster race would acquiesce in this attention from his master. Not only does the Dyak game cock regard his bath with equanimity, but seems actually to relish it, if one can judge from the proud manner in which he afterward struts and preens his feathers. My own experience with fighting roosters is limited to the barnyard variety, and as a boy I observed that if one drenched a rooster with water his spirits drooped as did his feathers. With us, dampen a rooster's feathers and you dampen his ardor. But not so in Dyak land. These bird athletes evidently believe in clean living and not only enjoy their daily bath but expect it. On their return from the river, each fighting cock is placed in his special rotan basket home, with his feathers wet, the lid securely fastened, and the basket hung up on a peg in one of the pillars of the long hall in close proximity to his owner's dwelling room. There he remains until the next feeding time, exercise hour, massage treatment, or bath.

These aristocrats of the poultry world are never permitted to run with plebeian chickens and are exercised only by their owner. Their combs have usually been trimmed close to the head, not only to prevent the adversary from securing a good hold, but also to prevent excessive shedding of blood, in combats, which might flow into the eyes and obstruct the vision, thus handicapping the fighter.

In an actual combat the contestants are equipped with wicked-looking gaffs. These weapons average about three and one-half inches in length, are very sharp, and are securely fastened by being bound to the underside of the foot with a tapelike band made of palm fibers. Only one of these artificial steel spurs is worn by each rooster. The other leg is unarmored. Some of these gaffs are artistically wrought and are highly polished by means of a specially designed wheel which is turned by a Dyak boy, or by means of a twirling twisted string, which is a very common sort of tool-propelling power throughout the East.

I sought to secure specimens of these gaffs for my collection, but the wary Dyaks would not permit this, evidently thinking that because of my close relations with some of the officials of the Dutch Government I might cause some trouble for them, inasmuch as these cruel devices could be used as evidence in proving that their former owners had participated in a proscribed sport. I did secure, without difficulty, however, one of the specially devised cases in which these sharp steel

spurs are kept when not in use. These little boxes are ingeniously made of bamboo, and with a tight-fitting lid to prevent corrosion in this damp climate, which of course would cause them to lose their bright polish and razor-like sharpness. The Dyak owner of a game rooster is as proud of his spurs as is the American boy of his first watch. But with this empty gaff container I felt like one possessing a fisherman's fly book without any trout flies.

Strange to relate, the fighting fitness of a game cock is judged by the Dyaks as much from the color and arrangement of the bird's feathers as from its physical development and contour. The color of the feathers is of prime importance, red being most highly regarded as betokening the greatest valor.

In a cock fight, the contestant is declared winner that has succeeded in killing his adversary or putting him to flight. Before the actual fight begins the participants are first warmed up to the contest, much as race horses are before the actual race. This is usually done by firmly holding the rooster's head with one hand, while with the other the body is pinched and also stuck lightly with sharp points until it is observed that he is thoroughly aroused, sufficiently enraged, and manifests eagerness for the fray. The two contestants are placed on the ground about ten feet from each other, and held by their owners until, at a given signal, they are simultaneously let loose. As a rule they immediately rush at each other, each seeking to bury his gaff into the flesh of the other

and thereby inflict a disabling or fatal wound. Sometimes the wicked-looking steel spur of one penetrates a bone of his adversary and becomes so firmly imbedded that it can not be withdrawn. A specified time elapses and if the gaff is not then freed the contest is declared a draw.

It was interesting to me to note that slight flesh lacerations in fighting cocks were skilfully repaired by the owners with a needle and thread in a manner that, though somewhat crude, was surgically correct. And this among people who never give any thought to their own wounds. When a Dyak of the hinterland has a severe cut, he employs a witch doctor and consults signs and omens. But if his fighting rooster has the lacerated wound, approved surgical care is applied. This is but another instance of a people giving more serious attention to animal husbandry than to human husbandry.

Another example of Dyak logic is the response one receives when he seeks to impress upon a native the cruelty of cock-fighting with the vicious steel spurs. The gist of the Dyak argument is that it is much more humane to permit the use of the villainous gaff than to do away with it, for when used the end comes sooner and there is, therefore, less suffering. But why indulge in this cruel sport at all? To this question the Dyak makes no reply in words, but answers with a shrug, not unlike that which is employed all over continental Europe, and which is more forceful and final in argument than spoken language. The Dutch Government is seek-

ing to abolish cock-fighting, but this is difficult, especially in the jungle kampongs far from the seat of authority. This is particularly true when the chieftains of a tribe are the most ardent devotees of the sport. The largest "string" of fighting cocks is owned by the Sultan, and nearly all the rajahs seek to emulate him as far as possible. If a ruler has a large stable of thoroughbreds, it is hard to abolish interest in horse-racing on the part of his subjects.

The superstitious Dyak is influenced by signs and omens from the spirits in cock-fighting as he is in other activities. Thus, women are not allowed to touch a fighting rooster, for fear the spirits will take this method of weakening the bird; as though he might absorb some supernatural effeminate effluvia from such contact. Also, for the same reason, if such a bird is taken from one kampong to another, no woman is allowed in the same canoe. She might, by her presence, detract from his masculine valor. It is similar to the prohibition that precludes a Dyak warrior from touching feminine apparel, or a loom, or any other article used exclusively by women, as he sets forth to battle. If he does so, even accidentally, he must forego his expedition, for he has thus become so "effeminized" that any efforts he may make on the field of combat will be without avail. Likewise, such contacts and the incident weakness they supernaturally produce, will cause a man to stay at home instead of engaging in a contemplated hunt, fishing trip, or expedition requiring strength and endurance.

Certain special feast days are not complete in their observance without top-spinning contests. Top-spinning among the Dyaks is no child's play; it is a man's job. This at once becomes apparent when one notes the size and weight of the tops used. They are hand wrought, and are made from the heaviest and hardest wood known—the heart of the ironwood tree. Each top is, generally speaking, egg-shaped, but with somewhat flattened sides. Its longest diameter is seven or eight inches; the point on which it spins is slightly blunted, and its upper end or base is truncated. In making one of these tops, it is first roughly chiseled into its general shape with an ax helve and then smoothed by hand with a knife. It is next thoroughly dried and rubbed with oil. When finished it weighs from three to five pounds and shines with a metallic luster not unlike that of a highly polished arbor vitæ bowling ball.

The husky Dyak who spins such a top usually first mounts a platform elevated about six feet from the ground. The top is wound with a specially prepared "string." This top string is, in itself, an ingenious contrivance. It is woven from coconut fiber and in such a manner that it tapers in diameter from one end to the other. Over an inch thick at one end, its diameter is gradually reduced, until at the other end it has the thickness of ordinary twine.

The top is hurled outward and downward with all the force that the spinner can command. There is a knack in hurling it properly so as best to transmute the strength



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

A Dyak hunting for game in the jungle. His trusty *mandau* is attached to his girdle at his left side and a quiver of poisoned arrows at his right side, while his right hand grasps the *sumpitan* or blow-pipe.

At side—Poisoned arrows for blow-pipe.

of the spinner into the greatest possible rotating force in the top. The stance employed by a skilled Dyak top-spinner is not unlike the one assumed by the expert shot-putter in an American college athletic contest. It is surprising how long these tops spin when properly set going. I timed one as spinning thirty-eight minutes before it finally "ran down." While spinning they emit a loud humming noise, at the outset so loud that the sound is almost a bellow. In a top-spinning tournament between two kampongs, or two tribes, the rivalry for points to be scored is very keen, and as many as thirty or forty men participate as contestants.

To be recognized as the champion top-spinner of a kampong is regarded by the Dyaks as sufficient glory and renown for any man. Such a champion is idolized by his clientele. Dyak boys are ever building top-spinning air-castles, and with light-weight tops seek to emulate the prowess of the professionals in this achievement. As they grow up they use heavier tops, and proud is the Dyak young man who at last has graduated from the "light-weight" class and can now wield the regulation top used by men in official tribal contests. Such a feat proclaims that the youth has reached a man's estate. Henceforth he will put off childish things. Occasionally juvenile top-spinning contests are arranged for boys. To be selected as a participant in such an event causes the chest of any Dyak boy to swell with manly pride.

Sham battles, with blow-pipes as weapons, are sometimes staged. These are gala events and are looked

forward to with much eagerness both by the participants and the spectators. The blow-pipe, or *sumpitan*, is the typical weapon of Dyak land. It is a long wooden tube, usually about eight feet long, with a smooth straight bore at its center, extending throughout its entire length. The diameter of this weapon is about one and one-quarter inches, while the diameter of its "barrel" is from three-sixteenths to one-quarter of an inch. The smoothness and straightness of the bore is marvelous, when one recalls that this weapon is made entirely by hand. Not all Dyaks are sufficiently expert to make a *sumpitan*, though all are skilled in its deadly use. The hole is drilled, by means of an iron rod sharply bitted and well tempered at one end, through a small log of the required length. This log is then pared down, whittled, scraped and smoothed until it attains the shape of a perfect wand, a little over an inch in diameter and eight feet long.

The shaft of the little arrow shot from the blow-pipe is very tough and springy, is about ten inches long and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and is made from seasoned splinters of the nibong palm. One end of the arrow is sharply pointed, while the base or other end is inserted into a piece of very soft, spongy wood, shaped like a truncated cone, similar in form to the ordinary cork we use as a stopper for a bottle. This wooden plug has a gradually increasing diameter, so that it can be inserted and then tightly wedged into the barrel of the blow-pipe, or *sumpitan*, without permitting the escape of

air with which it is operated by "the man behind the gun" blowing into it steadily and forcibly.

The tips of the arrows have been dipped into a poison gum made by boiling the sap of the deadly upas tree, or of a creeper vine like our poison ivy, or both mixed together. Different types of poison are used for different purposes—one kind of poison for killing small animals such as birds, another for dealing death to men and the larger animals. It is confidently claimed by the Dyaks with whom I have talked, that the poison used on the arrows for the smaller animals will not prove fatal to the larger ones, and, vice versa, that employed in slaughtering the larger animals, such as man, will not kill a bird.

Be that as it may, the poison is certainly quick in its action, which is not unlike that of strychnine in its observable effects, such as the spasmodic jerkings and muscular twitchings. A dog afflicted with rabies, shot with one of these poisoned arrows that had lodged in its flank, dropped almost in its tracks and was dead in eighty seconds. The arrows are carried in a bamboo quiver, while the wooden corks are kept in a bottle-shaped calabash, or gourd, its neck tightly stoppered so as to exclude dampness, which would cause these soft, spongy wooden plugs to swell and render them unfit for use.

The technique of shooting with a blow-pipe is very simple. The arrow, by means of the soft wooden cork at its base, is inserted and tightly fixed into the dis-

charging end of the weapon's barrel. The operator puts his mouth over the other end, takes careful aim by sighting along the straight lines of the weapon, and then blows his breath steadily and with all his might into the barrel. Soon the power of the confined air that the marksman has expelled from his lungs into the barrel of the blow-pipe asserts itself. The missile that has been tightly fitted into one end of the weapon and thereby plugged the central tube into which the air was forced at the other end, is suddenly released with a slight popping sound, not unlike that of a schoolboy's pop-gun, and the deadly poisoned dart speeds to its mark. I believe the *sumpitan*, or Dyak blow-pipe, was the first deadly weapon in which compressed air was utilized as an explosive.

The force of the compressed air blown into the *sumpitan* is sufficiently great to send an arrow one hundred and fifty feet, but not with greatest accuracy, because of the parabola described by the missile in its course. I myself witnessed exceedingly great accuracy displayed in the use of this deadly weapon at a distance of seventy-five feet from its victim. Usually a curved, knife-like blade, about six inches long, is affixed at the discharging end of the blow-pipe, for use in fighting at close range.

The sham battles and mark-shooting events with the blow-pipe that are staged as notable occasions among the Dyaks are governed very much as are trap-shooting contests in our country; for example the Great American



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

At top—Calabash container for carrying dry plugs of soft wood used in shooting with the blow-pipe.

Below—Two quivers containing poisoned arrows for use in the blow-pipe.

Handicap. The expert Dyak shots are "scratch" men, while the other entrants are each allowed a handicap in accordance with their reputed skill.

The water sports engaged in by the Dyaks on festal occasions are many and various. They are, however, so similar to sporting events of the same type witnessed in our own country and Canada, that detailed description is here unnecessary. These Dyak water carnivals include swimming and diving contests and, in addition, every possible feat that can be executed with a canoe. The Dyaks are almost as much at home in the water as they are on land. They swim like fish and cavort fearlessly in their canoes. The modern daredevil who does stunt flying with his aeroplane is no more reckless than are these Dyaks in their hair-raising water sports.

One rather unique event is that of wrestling in the water. The combatants stand waist-deep in the river, each trying to submerge the other. It is a rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can affair; sometimes one, sometimes the other, and at times both of the adversaries are under the water, being held in his opponent's vise-like grip. Time is never called by the referee until bubbles are seen rising on the surface of the water, indicating that the danger-point of asphyxiation by drowning has been reached.

As for the Dyak women, there are but few games devised for them exclusively. For the most part they indulge only in such contests and diversions as are similar to those participated in by the masculine mem-

bers of the tribe. However, there is one such game indulged in by women exclusively that is widely popular. One may see it played in almost any of the Dyak kampongs and, unlike many other athletic events, this game has no relation to any of the established feasts or gala days of the tribe. It is always in order for women to indulge in this play at any time they have the leisure and are so inclined, which most frequently occurs at the relatively lax interval between the drying and stamping of the padi.

The game consists in a woman dancing, to the accompaniment of music, in the space between two of the long-handled pestles with which the rice is pounded by them in order to free each kernel of its husk. These pestles, resembling two of our long oars of a rowboat, are placed parallel to each other on the ground and usually about three feet apart. At each end of this pair of parallel bars squats a woman who grasps one end of a pestle in each hand. These two women, to the accompaniment of music, rhythmically slide the two pestles together with the resounding click of wood against wood and then back again to their original position.

The dancer's function is to keep step to the music, but in such clever fashion that neither her feet nor ankles will be caught between the two pestles that are being continually struck together in a rhythmic manner by the two women manipulating them. The dancer is permitted only to touch her feet to the ground that is enclosed between the two ever-sliding pestles. When

they are together, her feet must be in the air. It is much like our game of skipping the rope, except that there are two ropes moving simultaneously along the ground—toward and from each other, the maximum width of the strip of earth between the two at any moment of the game being three feet.

The music becomes faster and faster, thereby gradually accelerating the rhythm of the dance until at the last the pestles are glided back and forth so quickly that it is only with the greatest nimbleness and alertness on her part that the dancer is able to execute her steps between them. In this respect the game again resembles our own rope-skipping contests of childhood, wherein with the cycle of commands—"Salt! Vinegar! Mustard! Pepper!"—the rope was turned with ever increasing rapidity until the skipper tripped and was "out."

Dyak children, in their free play as well as gymnastic games, copy their elders. They have toy size tops, beautifully polished, some of which are wonderfully embellished with designs in wood carving or color. Likewise, they have toy shields and toy blow-pipes. As noise-makers they have hollow sections of bamboo which they strike with wooden clappers. These are so cleverly made that they emit different tones when struck at different planes along their length, thereby less monotonous than our own toy drums but still equally noisy. Infants are also supplied with toys made of beautifully woven basketry, fashioned in the shape of birds or other small animals. Into these, dry rice grains or pebbles may be

placed, which addition makes a wonderful rattlebox of the toy. The dolls for these children are typically Dyak in appearance. They are made of tree bark, and their most essential feature consists of a pair of large earrings dangling from overstretched ear lobes—"just like papa and mama Dyaks."

An interesting toy which the Dyak boy makes for himself out of bamboo is the squirt gun. With this bamboo syringe, properly made, he can squirt water for a great distance and with startling accuracy. They seem to understand the underlying principles of hydraulics and physics that make this mechanical toy so effective in its execution. It is entertaining to see a group of Dyak boys engage in their water-squirting contests, throwing streams like so many diminutive fire engines.

These lads are very skilful in constructing and solving very ingenious home-made puzzles, and are also wonderful marksmen in stone-throwing contests, both in free-hand throwing and with a sling. The sling is usually a carefully selected, long and narrow palm-leaf blade, not unlike the leaf of our fleur-de-lis or garden iris. Such a leaf is about an inch wide and two feet long and is folded at its center, the fold forming a pocket in which the small stone is held for hurling. With a whirling, whole arm movement, the loaded sling is swung about the head and at the proper instant the missile is released, speeding to its mark with great force and accuracy. These Dyak boys are also very adept in skimming flat stones, the "sail-stones" of our boyhood, over the sur-

face of the water. Both motor accuracy and sensory acuteness are remarkably developed in these jungle lads through their various plays and games, thereby fitting them for meeting the many practical demands that are sure to come with the responsibilities of their adult life.

Fishing is engaged in by the Dyaks in both a wholesale and a retail manner—that is, collectively and individually. When pursued by a Dyak as an individual, fishing is not usually so much a sport or pastime as it is an industry or business. He is fishing for *fish* and not as mere amusement. He fishes to secure food. But when an entire kampong—men, women and children—go on a fishing expedition, the picnic feature is added to the intensely practical element. They then fish for the fun of fishing as well as for fish.

The Dyaks are experts with rod and line. Without anything resembling a fisherman's reel, these Isaac Waltons of the Borneo jungle make marvelous records in bait casting, both as to distance and accuracy. Their fish hooks are, of course, home-made, are without barbs, but are very cleverly fashioned from native copper wire. As bait in still fishing, they use worms, grubs, snails and scarlet berries. For trolling they employ a spoon bait. The spoon is usually made from a piece of mussel shell or mother-of-pearl, cut into the shape of an isosceles triangle, and attached at its apex to the fishing line. It does not spin or twirl, and has two or three hooks fastened at its base by means of short bits of line, each piece about three inches long.

To me a novel method of fishing is the Dyak's use of floats. These floats resemble home-made decoy ducks. They are cut out of blocks of light wood and drift downstream with the current. To each of these floating wooden ducks is attached one, two or three baited hooks. As a flock of these wooden ducks are sent floating downstream, the fisherman follows in leisurely manner in his canoe, watching his ducks ahead of him. When one of the wooden ducks begins to wobble, wiggle or cavort around in the water, the owner knows a fish is hooked and he paddles his canoe up to the disturbed duck, takes off the fish, rebaits the hook, and sets the now quiescent duck into the water to float peacefully on down stream. The fisherman again takes up his position with his canoe at the rear of the flock eagerly alert in watching for another of his wooden ducks to become the victim of a "convulsive seizure."

The Dyaks are extremely proficient in the use of the large circular casting net. Such a net may be from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and is weighted with pieces of lead, iron or small stones, at its circumference. The expert Dyak will skilfully heave this net over a school of small fish that he has sighted from his canoe or from a log or river bank, or from wherever he may choose to stand. The trick is to throw this immense net in such a way that it will spread to its full extent, and that its entire outer circular edge will touch the water at the same moment. The weights cause the net to sink at its outer edge, enclosing itself together and thus im-

prisoning a multitude of shining fish much like our smelts, only a trifle larger. A rope is attached to the center of the net, by which it is drawn up and emptied of its catch.

The Dyaks are also ardent users of fish traps. These are many and various and can be seen almost anywhere along a stream. They are usually made of split bamboo. Also, at times of high water, the overflow outside the banks is staked off by means of a crude fence of bamboo pickets. The water in the main channel is rushing so violently at such a time that numbers of fish find relief and food in the quiet pools or bayous made by the overflow. They are here shut off from the stream by the intervening fence of bamboo stakes. As the water recedes when the flood passes, multitudes of fish are left behind to be taken at leisure.

The most spectacular method of fishing is what is known as tuba fishing. This is entered into by large fishing parties, consisting of as many as two or three hundred Dyak men, women and children. It serves as a picnic outing, plus the prospects of profit therein, on account of the great catch of fish often taken. A tuba fishing picnic is never undertaken without much ceremony and careful preparation. Signs and omens are consulted by the older wise men versed in such lore, the spirits are propitiated, and, besides, large quantities of tuba root must be procured. Furthermore, the portion of the stream in which tuba fishing is to take place must be staked off in advance. The stream favored is usually

a small one, from sixty to one hundred feet in width, and the portion selected for staking off is one in which the water does not flow swiftly. A fence is constructed so as to extend across the stream from bank to bank, and is made of bamboo stakes firmly stuck into the river bottom. Midway across the stream there is an opening in the fence. This opening leads into an enclosure or trap made of similar bamboo stakes, and in which the fish are imprisoned as they try to escape into fresh water, away from the portion of the stream laden with the fumes of tuba.

Tuba is a generic or group name for various roots and kinds of tree bark that contain, and when crushed exude, a milky-looking narcotic juice that has the property of stupefying fish by means of its fumes. Some of the shrubs possessing this property are planted and raised by the Dyaks for the sole purpose of tuba fishing, while others are secured in the jungle. This method of fishing is imitated on a small scale in parts of our own country. One summer, years ago, I fished in California with a party of Mexicans who used what they called *yarba piscardia*, or fish weed, in similar manner. The stream, because of the summer drouth, had become a series of pools instead of a flowing river. A bushel or more of the *yarba piscardia* was collected, bruised and crushed with stones, causing it to exude a sap with a very pungent odor, much like that of the tincture of benzoin. This was thrown into one of the pools and in five minutes, stupefied and stifled but beautiful, trout

came to the surface of the water in great numbers, where they were easily snared with loops of horsehair, the raw material for which was secured from the tails of our ponies.

The Dyaks who are to be members of the projected tuba fishing party spend days before the actual event in gathering tuba, cutting it into one-foot lengths, and tying these into bundles about six inches thick. From two hundred to three hundred of such bundles of tuba are required for a successful excursion. The night before the great day the people camp at the chosen fishing-ground, joining the members who had been sent on ahead to erect the bamboo fence-like barrier across the stream. Before daylight they are up and at it, first crushing and bruising the tuba by beating a lively tattoo on it with massive clubs, then carrying it to specified canoes which are partly filled with water so as to make a solution of the stringy, milky, macerated material, that it can be readily dipped and poured into the stream when occasion requires. This solution takes on a white frothy appearance, not unlike that of soapsuds.

The fisher-folk, men, women and children, take their positions either in their canoes at various stations in the river, or standing in the shoal water near the banks. They are provided with either spears, gaff hooks, or dip nets. At a given signal, the tuba mixture is poured into the stream and the members of the party breathlessly await the effect of this pungent stupefying ingredient.

The first sign of success is evidenced as, here and

there, smaller fish stifling for air, begin to jump out of the poisoned water. Then the excitement begins. In a well-inhabited stream, fish are seen coming to the surface and leaping into the air in great numbers. Both the river and the air are full of fish of all sizes, popping hither and thither in every direction like fireworks on a Chinese holiday, and the gleeful Dyaks are full of excitement as they seek to secure the prizes. Two or three may rush for the same large fish, try to impale it on a spear, and, not seeing one another but seeing only the fish, the inevitable collision occurs, which but adds to the excitement of the occasion. All are working against time, wildly rushing here and there to secure the coveted fish, some harpooning with spears, some dipping with nets, some scooping with baskets, and others with bare hands, for soon the fumes of the tuba will have evaporated, when no more suffocating fish will rise to the surface to be taken by their eager captors. The tuba does not in any way affect the flesh of the fish.

These tuba fishing excursions are usually a great success, in the quantity caught, and this large draught of fishes always serves to make the occurrence an equally great success in bringing joy to the hearts of the participants. The psychology of fishing is somewhat the same the world over, regardless of whether just one fisherman is considered, or a party of three hundred is concerned. A goodly string of fish always brings much happiness.

But what a doleful company of Dyaks on the return homeward from tuba fishing, if the catch has been meager

or negligible. Not only has all the arduous labor involved in gathering and crushing tuba, in building the bamboo stake fence, and in paddling through the heat to the distant fishing-grounds been lost, but the failure also demonstrates that they have alienated the good spirits and enraged the evil spirits, and this situation portends additional catastrophes to them until such time as they can successfully placate and propitiate the offended ghosts. In such case the weary Dyaks paddle their way homeward with heavy hearts—and with no fish to compensate.

I discovered that these superstitious Dyaks are very careful in their method of preparing fish for their meal, or for smoking them. For example, if they desire to be successful in their next attempt, whether fishing singly or in groups, they must cut away from each fish they are cleaning, a strip of the belly extending from gill to tail, and they must never cut any of the fins. To cut through a fin, either intentionally or by accident, insures bad luck.

In conclusion, it should be recalled that most of the sports and pastimes of the Dyaks are intimately associated with that mystical element so deeply interwoven into the warp and woof of their racial life, on account of the partly religious, or more properly speaking, supernatural significance. One can not properly comprehend the games and plays of the Dyaks, if they are considered merely on account of the pleasure entailed in their pursuit. Not only such events as dances, and such games as football and top-spinning, but also gymnastic games and

purely musical entertainments, serve a special function at certain definite tribal feasts.

That the mystical influence of worship dominates the entire life of the Dyak race, can be deduced from their games and amusements as specifically associated with certain particular ceremonial feasts. The various sports and pastimes of the Dyaks can only be properly considered in their intimate relation to some specific occasion with which they are closely intertwined, and apart from which their full significance is lost. To special feasts belong particular games. Those that are customary during the feast of padi seeding time are not appropriate during harvest feast days. At the Feast of Sowing, mask dances and top-spinning contests are indulged in; at the first coming up of the new rice stalks in the field, occur the blow-pipe contests; at the New Year Feast the gymnastic games and water sports take place. This relation between ceremonial feasts and sports is not an accidental one, but is firmly established on some deep underlying basis that is part and parcel of their racial being.



A masked dancer in full regalia.

XI

DYAK MUSIC

WITH practically all savage peoples, music is born of the dance and at its earliest is purely rhythmic, since its purpose is merely to mark time for dancing performances. The music of the Dyaks, like that of the American Indian, is distinctly of this character, though with it there is some development of melody.

We are often taught, in our historical treatises on the fine arts, that music, at the beginning, in its mental appeal was something like painting or sculpture, in that it sought to convey some particular train of thought to the mind, and thereby awaken some corresponding emotion. That is, a succession and combination of sounds are arranged to convey to the mind, through the ear, some form of thought, much as architecture, painting or sculpture reach it through the eye. This theory, however, does not seem to obtain in respect to the music one discovers among savage tribes, where its chief function seems to be that of an accompaniment and principally to mark time in the execution of various dances.

To me, it is rather striking that music is essentially an emotional outlet only with very few primitive peoples. To the socially developed individual, the so-called civilized being, song frequently serves as an avenue for the

expression of the profound feelings with which he is surcharged at the time. In fact music is, in a sense, the language of the emotions. Whatever the mood of the singer, whether he be in the valley of despond or on the sunlit mountain peaks, he experiences sweet relief in lyric song, no matter how crudely expressed the song may be. But no song of the aborigine seems to serve as a vehicle for expression of an exuberance of spirit. With the savage, music does not, as a rule, spring from a heart full and running over with happiness. The morning lark in our meadows *must* sing to give vent to his gladness, while the oriole almost splits its throat in giving back to the sun its message of full-orbed brightness and great joy. To me, it seems remarkable that people living so close to nature, as do the Dyaks in the Borneo jungle, would not at times vocalize in some soul-stirring song the emotions of happiness which they must, at times, deeply experience.

It should, perhaps, be recalled in passing that but few tropical birds indulge in song. Birds of the tropics are noted more for brilliancy of plumage than for musical ability. They possess rare capacity to imitate and mock the sounds uttered by other birds and other animals, including man, but they do not sing. The best they can do is to whistle. But these tropical people—Dyak men, women and children—do not even whistle spontaneously. I was much surprised at this, for I had been accustomed to hear the care-free American boy whistle on any and all occasions, in season and out of season, at work or at

play, or when merely idling his time away—"happy as a lark" and whistling the pure notes of the lark's song as proof of his happiness. His rollicking joyful mood finds expression in the tune he whistles.

The Dyak sings a great deal, but an uninitiated observer gains the impression that he sings not so much from the love of music for its own sake but rather as a means to an end. A plaintive beseeching tone pervades all his songs. Practically all of them are in a minor key, and while they are weird almost beyond expression, they are not unpleasant because of the quaint rhythm in which they are rendered. The underlying purpose of the Dyak's singing, however, is not so much to carry out the tenet that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, as it is to induce the good spirits to come near and abide close at hand.

It is believed by the Dyaks that their songs affect the supernatural beings in their midst, both the good and evil spirits, but in an opposite manner. The songs and music, as well as the ceremonial dancing, please the good spirits and constitute an incentive for them to remain near. On the other hand, these selfsame agencies exert a deterrent influence on the evil spirits by frightening them, thereby causing them to vanish into the outer darkness. While the Dyaks know how to whistle a tune, their profound superstitious fear prevents them from doing it, for they believe that the evil spirits can be called back by whistling, and such an act would only serve to invite disease and disaster.

There are Dyak songs for every occasion. The majority of these songs are sung, as already indicated, in the spirit of service rather than from sheer fondness for music. The singing that forms a part of the social rites of the Dyaks is often in the form of long-drawn-out incantations rather than snatches of melody. These song recitations, or incantations, are often in the nature of exceedingly verbose epics, setting forth tribal history of gods and heroes. The context frequently deals with the earliest ancestral times, and much of the language in which the songs are expressed consists of old archaic idioms, the meaning of which has long been forgotten. There being no written language, these incantations were originally learned by rote and handed down from generation to generation in the words and metaphors of the dim and misty past. These ancient legends, as they are sung, remind me of the old minstrel lays of medieval Europe.

Dyak songs abound in allusions to the prowess of ancestral men and the wonderful beauty of the maidens. They also describe the odyssey of the god of farming, who wanders to the heights and depths of the mystical universe to secure seeds of a kind of rice that will grow without the labor of planting, and will fructify without mishap into a bounteous harvest. Or the incantation chanted at a war feast recites the events of a voyage made by the god of war, the Dyak Mars, to his hidden abode by the side of a molten lake in the heart of a volcanic mountain, where he devised weapons for his

faithful subjects, to be employed by them in future wars with absolute certainty of victory.

Naturally, some of these songs are of great length. The whole story can not be sung in all of one night and a portion is kept over for the next night. It is a weird affair to witness, as the members of the kampong are seated on the floor of the long hall, the children dropping to sleep in their mothers' arms, while the leader, seated in a hammock or swing, chants a long, tedious, mythical story of roving ghosts who have taken a most charming maiden and conveyed her on a flying ship to some far-off world, with a sun more fiercely hot than the tropical one of Borneo, where she will be consumed as by fire because of some sin of omission or commission. But at the crucial moment the wondrous maiden is saved by the moon god. By two or three o'clock in the morning, all but a small minority of the audience have fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion, though at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the particular spirits for gaining whose favor the song was sung.

As with other races, so among the Dyaks, love-songs are the most popular ones with the young people. These songs abound in figures of speech in which the love-lorn maiden is compared to a beautiful bird and the young man is likened to a mythical animal of marvelous strength, possessing great alertness and unlimited endurance. Sometimes the verses of these love-songs are sung alternately by a young woman and a young man; the stanzas that serve to describe the prowess of the

man are feelingly sung by the Dyak maid, while those that constitute an apotheosis of the fair sex are sung by her male companion, with much display of emotion and with the entire audience joining in the chorus.

But to my uncultivated ear, the Dyak boat songs are the most pleasing of all their vocal efforts. These boat songs have more of a lilt to them, are more spontaneously sung, and have a more animated rhythm. They are sung with appropriate setting, as one speeds along in the canoe, for the Dyak boatmen keep time to the music with rhythmic use of their paddles.

There is no more beautiful sight than a Dyak boatman. Whether standing at the bow or seated, whether laboriously paddling up-stream, or shooting the rapids, the Dyak is perfectly at home in his canoe, and is seemingly a part of it, always combining perfect poetry of motion with greatest physical efficiency. The boat songs are more spontaneous, therefore more rollicking and less doleful; more expressive of feelings and emotions of happiness actually experienced at the time of singing, and they are shorn of the plaintive appeal that clothes and characterizes those Dyak classics chanted at ceremonial feasts.

The least musical of all the Dyak songs are those sung by the witch doctors who are called in to cure one who is ill. As they walk about the sufferer, or run up and down the long hall to catch the soul bent on fleeing its mortal home, or chase the fleeting spirit about the kampong grounds, or fall into a trance in their struggle with

the evil spirits, these witch doctors incant incessantly a lot of gibberish supposed to be a song appropriate to the occasion, but much of it is simply improvised jargon—a whole sentence sometimes chanted in monotone.

Among many Dyak tribes, the songs of mourning are sung by hired wailers. The professional wailer is usually a woman of mature years, who performs her part with befitting dignity and solemnity, and her function is to guide the departed soul of the dead person through its restless wanderings until a safe haven is reached. These mourning songs consist chiefly of directions, given in alleged musical form, to the journeying soul. The employed wailer begins her song in the early evening, immediately subsequent to the death, and sings all night. The song opens by chiding various parts of the house for permitting the soul to start on its journey. Then, by aid of the spirit of the winds, she travels, in her imagination, to overtake the fleeing soul and deliver to it her inspired message of specific directions as to where to go, what to do, and what to avoid. It is supposed that, by her song, the professional wailer conveys the soul to the proper abode, and that without her assistance it would be forever up in the air without a resting place.

The mourning songs are all of this type. Lacking all the spontaneity prompted by profound personal grief, they sound mechanical, as if hired for the job, and possess a bought-and-paid-for clang rather than musical quality. They are not musical in theme, feeling or execution. They are devoid of musical tone-color, and

any rhythm they may have is purely accidental, while harmony is conspicuous by its absence. Furthermore, these alleged mourning songs are not only unmusical, they are also not mournful, except as to the sadness of the thought that the poor gullible Dyaks who employ the professional wailer are still in the thralldom of tradition and superstition.

The headhunting songs are always valorously sung. With great vigor, the strong-voiced leader chants of the heroic deeds of the past, when the warriors of the tribe won their conquests against all odds and brought home to the kampong many human heads, which were laid at the feet of their beloved maidens and won them as brides. As the song progresses, the listeners become enthralled and break forth with whoops of acclaim. To a well rendered headhunting song, the Dyak reacts much as if it were a fervid national anthem.

The musical instruments of the Dyaks are, for the most part, very primitive in type, but when properly played give forth pleasant music.

Gongs, with or without the accompaniment of drums, are the musical instruments most employed, especially at the headhunters' feast, the sword dance and the war dance. These gongs are made, for the most part, of native copper with which a small amount of tin has been alloyed. Some of these gongs exhibit wonderful artisan-ship, both in design and purity of tone. The deep sounds of the largest specimens travel a great distance, and this type, used singly, is often employed as a warning signal

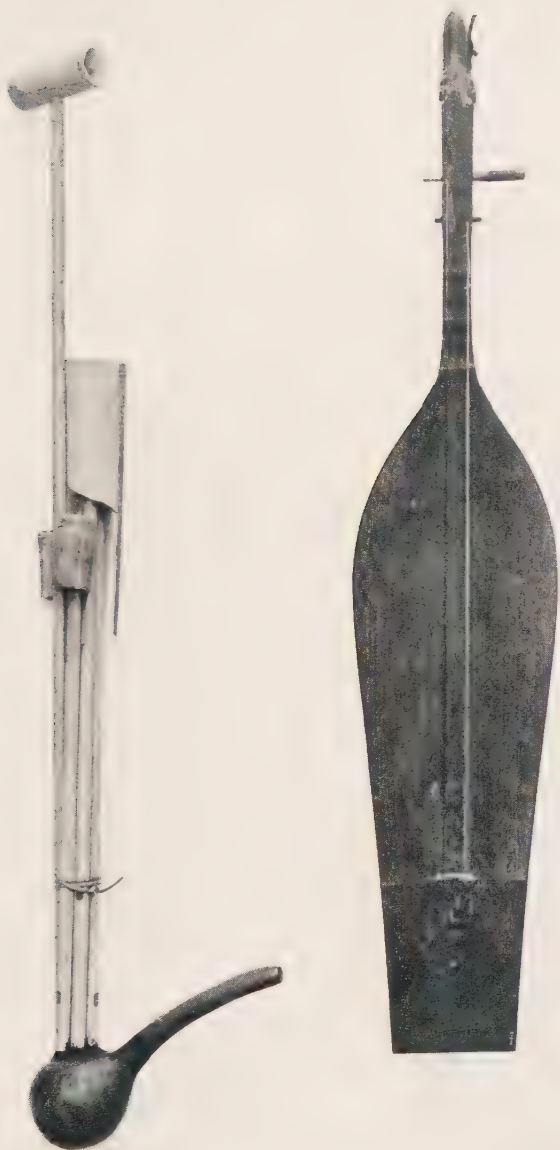
or a call for help in time of war. When used for this purpose they are struck in a peculiar manner, with such intervals between the separate tones as had been definitely agreed upon beforehand. These large gongs may be grouped with smaller ones and, at the hands of an accomplished player, such a combination may be made to render music of beautiful harmony. To this grouping may be added a string of six or eight much smaller ones, hung in a sounding box, usually a half-section of a hollowed-out tree trunk. The Dyaks, however, do not develop such variety of music from their gong combinations as is accomplished by the natives of Java, where they are so skilfully grouped in series and so well played as to remind one of an excellent set of church chimes.

Most frequently these gongs are struck rather indiscriminately, without much regard for musical expression, especially when the awestricken Dyak player is nervously making use of them to frighten away evil spirits, or, in abject terror, is using the gongs to hasten good spirits to his aid. In quality, the clatter made at such a time is very much like the farmyard bedlam that used to be invoked, by means of pounding on dishpans and kettles, to induce a swarm of bees to "settle down." In volume, the noise rivals that made by the heavily booming drums when added to that of the clarion bugles at reveille in some of our army camps to the tune, "You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up in morning," in order to arouse tired soldiers from their profound slumbers.

Some rare old specimens of these gongs are of great value. In fact, among many tribes the wealth of the few Dyak plutocrats is indicated by the number of gongs possessed. They are always on display, hung conspicuously on the wall of the living-room, adjacent to the fireplace, thus certain to attract the attention and evoke the admiration of the visitor. They are used in payment of heavy financial obligations, and a prospective groom, desirous of making a hit with the bride's parents, presents them with a gong or two if he is sufficiently wealthy.

The *kledi*, on account of its unique construction, is the most interesting, and, because of its extensive use is probably the most important Dyak musical instrument. It is a sort of bagpipe made from a specially shaped gourd of suitable size, and a set of bamboo pipes. This calabash, or gourd, is provided by nature with a long stem which serves as a mouthpiece, and it has a large, bulging, round body, into which are inserted a bundle of five bamboo tubes. After their insertion, the bamboos are sealed into place and firmly held by means of gutta-percha, which also makes the joint air-tight.

Each of the five bamboo tubes is really a musical pipe or flute. At the lower end where each of these is cemented into the body of the calabash there is a narrow slit, provided with a long reed tongue which vibrates by means of its own elasticity immediately the air from the gourd passes through the slit. The vibration of this reed tongue sets in motion the air in the bamboo pipe, whereby



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

Dyak Musical Instruments. *Left—Kledi. Right—Sapih, or guitar.*

arises a tone, the pitch of which is determined by the length and caliber of this tube.

Each bamboo flute of this group of five is provided with two small holes which can be closed by the fingertips of the player, or left open, as he renders his musical selection. This arrangement of openings along the course of each of the bamboo pipes, much like similar openings in a fife, permit of great variety of tone combinations.

The first time I heard *kledi* music was on my visit to the Sultan's palace at Tenggarong. The player was an unfortunate Dyak serving a sentence in the Koetai prison. As he squatted on the ground, slave fashion, he sat with his back toward the river and barely raised his eyes as his ruler handed him the instrument and bade him play. The first measures were listlessly executed, but soon the poor Dyak began to feel the sensuous thrill of real music and almost instantly a change was upon him. With face uplifted, he turned his eyes toward the river. His body became tense as he surged with emotion. Into his clear brown eyes there came a far-away look as he gazed up-stream into the distance. He was no longer in our midst but had been transported by the *kledi's* gripping music to his jungle home two hundred miles away.

It requires great skill and much training to become an accomplished *kledi* player. The large majority of those attempting to play this instrument have not practiced sufficiently to master the technique required to produce the wonderful range of tone of which it is

capable. In the hands of a master, the *kledi* gives forth most seductive music, almost as if five individual expert clarinet players were, in unison, rendering exquisite reed music in perfect harmony.

The *kledi* is exclusively a man's musical instrument. Women adore the music it makes, but do not attempt to play it. This instrument is a great favorite and is played at the long house, in the field, at padi harvest, and is used to accompany songs at the weapon dance.

The flute has always been a favorite musical instrument of the Dyaks, and prior to the recent interdiction by the Dutch Government* in 1923, was played by both men and women of the younger set. The older Dyaks did not play it themselves, but always seemed greatly to enjoy its music. It was never used to accompany ordinary dances or gymnastic games.

In its tones the Dyak flute is more like a flageolet than our flute. While somewhat shrill, its sounds are softer than those of our piccolo. The Dyak flute is peculiar in that it possesses no special device in the form of a mouth-piece to govern the vibrations producing the tones. These tones simply result from blowing the air with the mouth held against the edge at one end of the tube of bamboo, of which the instrument is made. The blast of air is directed in a manner similar to that employed in producing a tone by blowing on the rim or edge of the opening of an empty glass vial or bottle.

The bamboo of which the flute is made must be

*For the reasons for prohibiting flute-playing, see pages 278, 279 and 302.

specially selected. It must have long internodes between the nodal joints, since between two such nodes the bamboo tube is of equal diameter throughout and with no unevenness on its inner surface. Four holes are made in this bamboo cylinder along its length at properly gaged distances, on which the player, like our army fifer, manipulates his fingers so as to close or open the holes according to the notes desired.

The nose flute is a most clever musical device and has been very popular, but of late years it has become quite rare. For constructing a nose flute, there is carefully selected the same kind of section of bamboo as is chosen for the mouth flute just described, except that for the nose instrument there must be retained, intact with the internode, the closed joint at one end, instead of having a bamboo tube with both ends open. The middle portion of this disk at the sealed end is ground off until it is a smooth, thin, translucent membrane, but still intact. Then one-half of this circular wooden membrane is still further ground until an opening has been made. This opening has a very sharp side edge formed by the half of the disk that was not ground away.

In playing this instrument, its half-closed end is held almost in contact with the nostrils, so that the exhaled stream of air meets the sharp edge of the semicircular wooden membrane in such a manner as to vibrate it, thus giving rise to soft tones. The nose flute is held before the face in a horizontal position, so that the sharp edge that borders the semicircular opening at the end of the

tube splits the air as it is exhaled from the nostrils. The sound made by the nose flute, on account of the slight force with which the air can be expelled from the nose, is of much less volume than that made by the mouth played variety. It literally exemplifies the words of Pope:

“The breathing flute’s soft notes are heard around.”

In spite of its limitations as to loudness, this musical instrument has been exceedingly popular and especially favored by women players who, whether alone or in large social groups, such as tribal excursions en route to visit other kampongs, oftentimes enliven the stillness of the Borneo tropical night with the soft tones of the nose flute.

The Dyaks have many kinds of drums, varying in shape and size. The principle of construction is the same in all—a shell of wood with the tanned skin of a deer, monkey or water buffalo tightly stretched over one or both ends, according to the type of drum desired.

Another much favored musical instrument is the *tong*. This is based upon the same principle of construction and use as is our “jew’s-harp,” a name undoubtedly corrupted from “jaw’s-harp.” The *tong* has a thin bamboo reed and is so held in the mouth that, when lightly struck or tapped with one of the fingers, it gives forth a humming tone. By varying and regulating the size and shape of the mouth opening in which it is held, one may produce simple melody.

This *tong*, or Dyak jew's-harp, has, as the essential feature of its mechanism, a smooth, flat, thin piece of bamboo, in which a long, narrow, slit-like opening is so cut that a fine, but long, reed tongue remains attached at one end. This may be vibrated by means of its own elasticity if one taps it on its free end while the other end is firmly held. Sometimes a roughly cubical lump of black gutta-percha is fastened at a point along the course of this bamboo tongue for the purpose of regulating the amplitude of its vibrations, much as the metal slides on the prongs of a master tuning-fork are employed, and for the same reason.

In playing the *tong*, it is held firmly at one end with the fingers of the right hand and, at the same time, compressed between the lips. Its vibrating reed is then struck with a finger of the left hand. The sound of this instrument is not very melodious, but in spite of this the young Dyak men and women seem to relish its humming tone variations. Sometimes the women employ the *tong*, instead of the guitar, to maintain rhythm at a dance.

The guitar, or *sapih*, serves very appropriately in furnishing music to accompany various dances of both men and women, such as the different dances of the harvest festival. On some of these occasions the *tong*, just described, is used in conjunction with the *sapih*.

This Dyak guitar is made of one piece of evenly grained wood, much like our black walnut in appearance and density. It is so fashioned that its one-piece sound-

ing box is about two feet long, eight inches wide and three inches deep, hollowed out, with its underside left entirely open. It has two strings fastened over a bridge of wood, located very near the base of the sound box on its closed, or upper side. These strings are made of carefully selected rotan, cleaned and scraped of its bark, and of broom-straw thickness, but tough as cat-gut. Their tension is regulated by means of two wooden pegs.

In playing the *sapih* the strings are pressed at their upper end by the gliding fingers of the left hand to modify tone and pitch, while the fingers of the right hand “twang” the quivering tune. It is played by both men and women, at religious feasts and other dances, to help while away the evenings when the people of the kampong congregated in groups in the long hall. But for some reason, of which I am not aware, the Dyak young couple engaging in a tryst, or gliding on the river in a canoe, never use the *sapih*. On such occasions they have always been inclined to favor either the flute or the *tong*. Both of these possess a common advantage in that they are less cumbersome.

XII

DYAK ARTS AND CRAFTS

I FOUND no organized industries among the Dyaks. Nothing is made primarily for sale. Either an individual need, a family need, or a community need supplies the urge that leads to the manufacture of any article. Generally speaking, no one works with a company of helpers. Aside from the blacksmith, who has a slave or servant to blow the bellows, practically all Dyak craftsmen work alone.

With these jungle people, all industries are, in the most literal sense, *home* industries. There is neither export nor import trade, hence the tariff question never arises. There is no large industry of any kind in all Dyak land, and no machinery is employed. All their work is hand work, with the use of such cheap raw material as is available. The objective in the mind of each workman engaged in any craft is almost wholly a personal one, and there is no mass production. Naturally there can be no organized labor or labor unions. Each man at work is engaged in making some one thing for his own use, or for the use of his family, or, in some few instances, for the use of his immediate neighbors.

Progress in the arts and crafts is also limited by the

conditions that exist, in that there are no methods of instruction and no schools for apprentice workmen. Every beginner at any trade or craft must learn what he can through his own observation and practice. In no land is our old pedagogical precept—"Learn to do by doing"—more clearly exemplified than among the Dyaks. The most any workman can receive in the way of instruction is what he gains from observing a more or less skilled artisan at work, whenever such opportunity is afforded.

The three primary needs of any people are food, shelter and clothing.

Among the Dyaks, in their tropical country, with its luxuriant growth, and no rigors of weather, food and shelter are not matters of such great concern as is the question of clothing. That is, no skilled labor, no artisan ship, no great craftsmanship, is required for meeting the food and shelter needs. Fruits, fish and game abound in quantities ample to sustain life. Simple shelter is always available with a modicum of labor. Naturally the Dyaks wish to vary their diet by cultivating certain food plants, and in order to make the obtaining of food less precarious, so as to avoid living from hand to mouth, they grow a staple crop such as rice. Likewise, for the sake of stability, companionship, protection, they construct an enduring long house, as a community shelter, and may ornament it with beautiful wood carvings.

But of all industries among the Dyaks, the making of clothing is the most important. To devise clothing has required more ingenuity and a greater variety of

industrial effort than the procuring of food in a land in which trees abound with fruit, rivers teem with fish, and game overruns the forest jungles. Mere shelter is likewise easy to acquire in a country where timber for posts, pillars and sills, bamboo for slat flooring, and palms for roofs are always immediately at hand.

From the earliest times, Dyaks have used clothing made from the bark of trees. At first, and in a great measure to-day with the tribes farthest inland, the inner bark itself was used, after much pounding to render it soft and pliable. This inner bark, unmodified, has one disadvantage as material for clothing. Its fibers run parallel and, therefore, it easily splits lengthwise. To overcome this difficulty, two methods have been employed. First, and most commonly, it is reinforced by being stitched crosswise with strong threads of palm fiber. This method of reinforcing prevents the fiber from splitting apart. Second, the bark is shredded into long fibers and these bark threads are woven, by means of a crude home-made loom, into cloth.

On the Lower Mahakam River, accessible from the coast, the Dyak tribes purchase some of the cheap cotton cloths from the peripatetic Chinese traders. This they frequently ravel and weave over again, or use strips of it to bind the edges of the tree-bark clothing. The thread with which the Dyak women sew their bark clothes together, they make from the fiber of plants.

The Dyaks with whom I came in contact employ the following materials for weaving:

1. Two kinds of wild cotton, which may either be found in the jungle or home grown by them; it is very poor in quality and has very short fibers.

2. Fibers of the pineapple. These fibers are the tissue remaining after the long pineapple leaves are scraped with a bamboo splinter, thereby removing the pulp. These tough fibers of the pineapple leaf are washed, then dried and bleached in the sun, after which they are roughly carded or combed into single, straight strands for weaving. At its best this cloth is very different from the beautiful and delicate piña-cloth produced in the Philippines, from which those exquisite table doilies are made that tempt every tourist to open his purse.

3. A kind of fiber of the liana, a tough, woody plant, that grows luxuriously in rope-like vines. This material is somewhat coarse, and is used mostly for making strong cords and nets.

4. Three kinds of tree bark, which, on account of the nature of the cleavage, after being washed, dried and bleached, easily splits and shreds into long white threads. Some of the coarser of these threads are more suitable as warp than as woof for the fabrics.

The Dyaks are skilled in the making and use of excellent vegetable dyes. The colors they thus impart to their clothing are always "fast" and sun-proof. I never saw a faded Dyak garment, no matter how old the fabric from which it had been made.

Weaving, with the Dyaks, is done with the ordinary

simple and crude loom which is extensively used throughout the East Indian archipelago. It is smaller and less complicated, but a type somewhat similar to the old-fashioned looms used in our boyhood days for the making of rag carpet, either "hit-and-miss" or striped pattern. Dyak weaving is a slow process. The woman weaver sits on the floor, and a little flat board, serving as a crude shuttle on which the threads have been wound, is passed between the chain fibers already stretched, and the single thread thus released is then beaten in, by means of a heavy piece of wood, against the portion already woven.

This cloth is very compact and tough and wears well. It reminds me of our old homespun linsey-woolsey, in that it is much stronger and more serviceable than any cloth they could secure by barter from the nomadic trader, and it has the advantage of never losing its color, no matter how much it may be exposed to sun or rain.

In my opinion the Dyak women blend the colors with good harmony, but I observed a great sameness in the patterns, consisting chiefly of diamond-shaped figures, rhomboids and squares, which recur in various color combinations among the different tribes. They do not seem to understand design. At least they do not execute anything so intricate as do the Javanese and other Malays. The loom itself is so crude that it will permit of only the simplest kind of weaving. The elementary basis for pattern-weaving by the Dyaks is to employ chain threads of one color and filling material of one or more other colors.

With these jungle people, spinning and weaving is exclusively within woman's province. Dyak men fear that merely to touch a loom will detract from their virility. On this account they will not even assist in moving the cumbersome loom from one location to another. If a Dyak man should even accidentally stumble against this piece of furniture in the dark, and bark his shins, he feels his masculine powers begin to ooze away forthwith. He must, perforce, immediately go through a series of many rites and ceremonials to offset this calamity of emasculation.

The different materials the Dyak women use in weaving determine the use to which the cloth is to be put as clothing, or vice versa. That made from tree bark and liana fibers is employed for work clothing, a simple jacket, with or without sleeves, for women, and a loin cloth for men. Both the white and colored fabric from cotton and from the pineapple are used for the finer and more beautiful clothing, such as is worn at feasts. This clothing for festal occasions is gaily trimmed in embroidery, beadwork, or with crocheted or knitted edges. Some are quite uniquely trimmed with cut-out cloth figures—patterns of applique which I am sure my women readers would appreciate and admire for their picturesqueness. I observed that Dyak women always embroider from right to left and never from left to right.

Tree bark can be rendered suitable for weaving only by much labor. Men help in securing and preparing this



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

Below—Detail of hand-carved deer horn handle of *mandau*.
Top—Three specimens of Dyak *mandau* used in headhunting forays.

material. Including the three varieties that are shredded into fibers for weaving, there are as many as ten different kinds of tree bark used for clothing, each selected on account of its color and fineness of fiber.

Blacksmithing is another necessary industry that has been known to all Dyak tribes from time immemorial. For centuries they have smelted their own iron from native ore. The tools for farming, as well as those for use in the jungle, are all home made. The high degree of perfection exhibited by the Dyaks in the manufacture of weapons is recognized by the Malays on the coast.

In every Dyak village are to be found one or more smiths, who make new tools and utensils and also repair the old. The simpler forms of smith's work, such as sharpening tools, are understood by all Dyaks, whether they follow the craft or not. Necessity has been their teacher.

The village blacksmith maintains his own smithy in a little shack near the long house.

Instead of Longfellow's

“Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,”

the Dyak version should be

Beneath a graceful coco-palm
The kampong smithy stands.

The tools of the Dyak blacksmith are very primitive, but being a good craftsman, he does not find fault with

them. The anvil is a roughly fashioned, cubical piece of iron, secured to a block of wood on the floor of his blacksmith hut. Other tools are an ungainly-looking pair of tongs and a clumsy-appearing hammer. A trough of water stands near for use in tempering the metal. The fire in his forge is made of charcoal, which the blacksmith himself has burned in the jungle. The indispensable bellows is simply a bamboo pump that expels gusts of air instead of water.

Among other articles made by the Dyak village blacksmith, is the crude hoe with which the women grub the fields free of weeds that grow with such pestiferous luxuriance in this tropical country, with its almost daily rains and constant heat. The spurs for the fighting roosters are as finely tempered as a razor blade. The Dyak ax is a most excellent tool. Its head is about three inches wide at its blade end; at its blunt end it tapers to a one-inch-square shank. It is firmly held to its carved wooden handle by means of a woven rotan pocket. This permits of various adjustments. It can be used as an ax and immediately transformed into an adz. With this small tool the natives fell gigantic trees, hew great timbers, and fashion their boats out of logs. But the acme of the blacksmith's art is exhibited in the wonderful swords, or *mandaus*, they make.

The *mandau* is a short, thick sword. In its heft and general form it may resemble the old-fashioned knife with which we used to cut corn stalks preparatory to putting them in shocks. Another type is somewhat

curved like a Turkish scimitar. In either case the blade is about two feet long. The degree of artistic workmanship displayed by a *mandau*, reveals to a great degree its owner's wealth, as well as the social position he holds among the members of his own tribe. Some of the *mandau* blades are beautifully etched and chased, others show exquisite filigree work, and many are inlaid with copper, silver, and even gold wire, wrought into marvelous patterns.

This tool or weapon, according to whether it is used in peace or war, is indispensable to every Dyak. It is his *sine qua non*. Without it, he is not really a Dyak, and is helpless. He can not penetrate the jungle without a *mandau* with which to hack a pathway. He uses it as a drawing knife in finishing the lines of his boat after it has been roughly chopped out of a log with the *adz*. It is also used to fell trees, to split bamboo and rotan cane vines for mat weaving and basketry. The *mandau* in a Dyak's hands, lends itself to every use of which a knife or chisel is capable, and besides it is a woodman's hatchet as well as a warrior's sword.

The handle of the *mandau* is usually made of deer horn, wondrously carved, and the whiter the horn the more valuable it is. To the handle is usually attached a tuft of hair, ostensibly secured from some victim of a headhunting expedition. Possession of a highly decorated and much ornamented *mandau* is looked upon as a sign of authority and a basis for according precedence.

The Dyak blacksmiths also fashion, from crude

native iron, an ingenious sort of spoon-shaped gouge, with which furrows are quickly and neatly made in the bark of the wild rubber trees, that the milky sap may be exuded and run down the tree trunk into the bamboo and leaf-made vessels in which it is collected as gutta-percha. But since the supply of wild rubber is almost exhausted, there is no longer much use for this cleverly designed tool. They are also adept in making an efficient harpoon for use in taking the larger fish.

The designs for the steel spearheads, for weapons in hunting big game as well as in warfare, are admirably conceived and well executed by the more skilful tribal blacksmiths. There are many types of spears, depending upon the use they are to serve. The blade of the rhinoceros spear (figure 3, opposite page) could not be improved upon, either in design or material. It has a razor edge along both sides of the blade from point to hilt. The blade is fully ten inches long and two and one-half inches wide at its broadest part, and when firmly fastened to a ten-foot ironwood shaft it is one hundred per cent. efficient in hunting this tough-hided beast of the jungle, as the writer can testify. It is the weapon of choice, as compared with any rifle, in seeking to despatch an infuriated rhinoceros in the tangled mass of vegetation in which this animal finds his lair in Central Borneo. It is not adaptable, however, as a war spear.

The Dyak shield, with which he protects himself from poisoned arrows and wards off his enemy's blows with *mandau* and spear, is of one piece, and is made of a



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

Types of Dyak spears. The largest is used in hunting the rhinoceros.

species of gumwood, light in weight and very tough in texture. It is about three and one-half feet long, each end being an obtuse angle, and it is fifteen or sixteen inches broad. It is convex on its outer surface, with a firm handle on its inner side. Some are covered with designs, wrought by means of paint or dye, while others are stained red and ornamented with rotan lacing.

The *mandau* sheath is of soft wood, similar to that used in making a shield. In making such a sheath or scabbard, the two sides are separately cut and polished and then joined together with cords of plaited rotan. To the underside of this sheath is fixed a receptacle of bark, to contain the small knife with its three-inch blade. Such a knife is part and parcel of every *mandau* equipment.

There is quite general agreement among connoisseurs that it is in wood-carving and bone-carving that the Dyaks attain their highest degree of artistic craftsmanship. The wonderful carvings that decorate the exposed timbers of the community long house testify to the Dyaks' artistic sense as well as to their capability of execution. This is all the more remarkable when it is recalled that the only tool used in carving these intricate and wonderful designs is the long-pointed, narrow-bladed knife that is always carried in the bark pocket of the *mandau* scabbard. This knife was originally designed for cutting the superfluous fleshy tissues from a severed head taken in battle, as well as for separating the lower jaw from the skull proper, as the lower jaw is never retained as a part of the prized skull trophy.

Artistic skill is not only exhibited in the great variety of wood carving that adorns the community house, but is also seen in many small objects, such as the handles and scabbards of the *mandaus*. So devoted to their craft are the expert carvers of wood and deer horn, that they firmly believe their hands must be guided by the spirits in order that the most perfect products of workmanship may be achieved. The devout Dyak artist believes himself to be a means utilized by supernatural powers in order that a beautiful conception may find material expression. Before a Dyak attempts to carve beautiful figures in ironwood, he sacrifices a hen to his wood-carving guardian angel spirit, and he will not essay the delicate mission of carving an artistic object out of deer horn without first having observed a sacred feast in which the meat of the wild boar was freely distributed to all tribal partakers. During the seed time of the padi rice, the Dyak may not carve deer horn, for fear that the crop may wither. Neither dare he engage in this pursuit if his wife is pregnant. These strict prescriptions do not apply, however, to carving of wood or bamboo.

Some of the best examples of superb wood-carving are the scroll-like figures used to ornament the gable ends of the community house. These, as well as the carved wooden images used to represent certain spirits or deities, which are conspicuously placed at the entrance to the *lamin*, or long house, exhibit great skill. To these images is attributed great power in warding

off and overcoming the influence of evil spirits that continually hover in the jungle darkness. But it must be remembered that the Dyaks do not worship these beautifully carved wooden images. They are not idolators.

The most masterful technique in wood-carving is shown in the grave houses, or receptacles for the dead. The making of one of these holy resting-places is, seemingly, assigned only to an expert. After the carving is completed the wood is highly polished by means of a species of dried leaves, the under surface of which is like sandpaper. This polishing work is begun by using the larger leaves, in which the under surface resembles the coarser sandpaper, while the smaller leaves, used in finishing the polish, have a surface similar to the finest grained sandpaper.

Another important industry among the Dyaks is their basketry and mat-making. In no line of Dyak activity is there greater variety of products manufactured. Baskets of many sizes, shapes, kinds and texture are made; for their uses are so extensive and various. Mats of many kinds are also required in the daily life of the Dyak—sleeping mats, dining mats, as well as those on which to dry the padi rice, and the triangular, tent-shaped affairs that serve as umbrellas.

The heavier plaiting is mostly done with rotan, which can be split into almost any size strands of cane. Finer and softer work is made from pandanus leaves, especially where lightness of weight is a desideratum. The finest, softest specimens are made from the leaves of the fan

palm, which is as flexible and light as the finest raffia. Sleeping mats that are to be carried on a trip, as well as umbrellas, are made from the fan palm material, for the reason that when so made they are very light to carry and can be rolled into small compass.

The collection and preparation of the rotan is done exclusively by the men, but the making of the mats, hats and baskets is done by women. This rotan cane work and mat-making requires but two crudely made tools—a punch for spreading the woven strands so that a new one may be inserted, and a hook for pulling the strands through the openings made by the punch.

It has been said that if you take away bamboo and ironwood you take away the Dyak's home. It can just as truthfully be said that if you take away rotan you take more than half the articles that are indispensable to a Dyak's existence. Without rotan plaiting there would be no sleeping mats, no seat mats, no sireh boxes, no baskets, no braided rotan for cords and ropes, and no thread for use in dressmaking.

Pottery of good design and practical utility is made by the Dyak women, with much labor and great patience. Suitable clay is found only at very few places along the Mahakam River. It is first thoroughly dried, then powdered on the rice block, after which it is carefully sifted. It is then dampened and thoroughly mixed and kneaded with rice chaff, which is added to increase its cohesiveness, just as hair was formerly used by us in mixing plastering for the interior walls of houses. The next

step is the rolling of this mixture into sheets like dough for pie crust or from which to cut biscuits. These sheets are formed and fashioned into pottery shapes over round stones, and placed in the hot sun to dry and bake. They are glazed by dusting powdered resin over the entire surface, after which they are placed in a crude charcoal oven. This home-made pottery serves well as cooking utensils, but if allowed to stand too long in water they fall apart and crumble.

Lime burning is another industrial activity that occupies the Dyaks quite extensively. The use to which the lime thus produced is put is quite unique. Lime is a necessary adjunct in the composite cud of the betel chewers. As already stated, the Dyaks chew a mixture of nut, lime and gambier rolled in a sireh leaf. It is the indulgence in this filthy habit that blackens the teeth and makes the lips so grotesquely red. A small amount of lime may be used for other purposes, but the bulk of the product is for the sireh chewers.

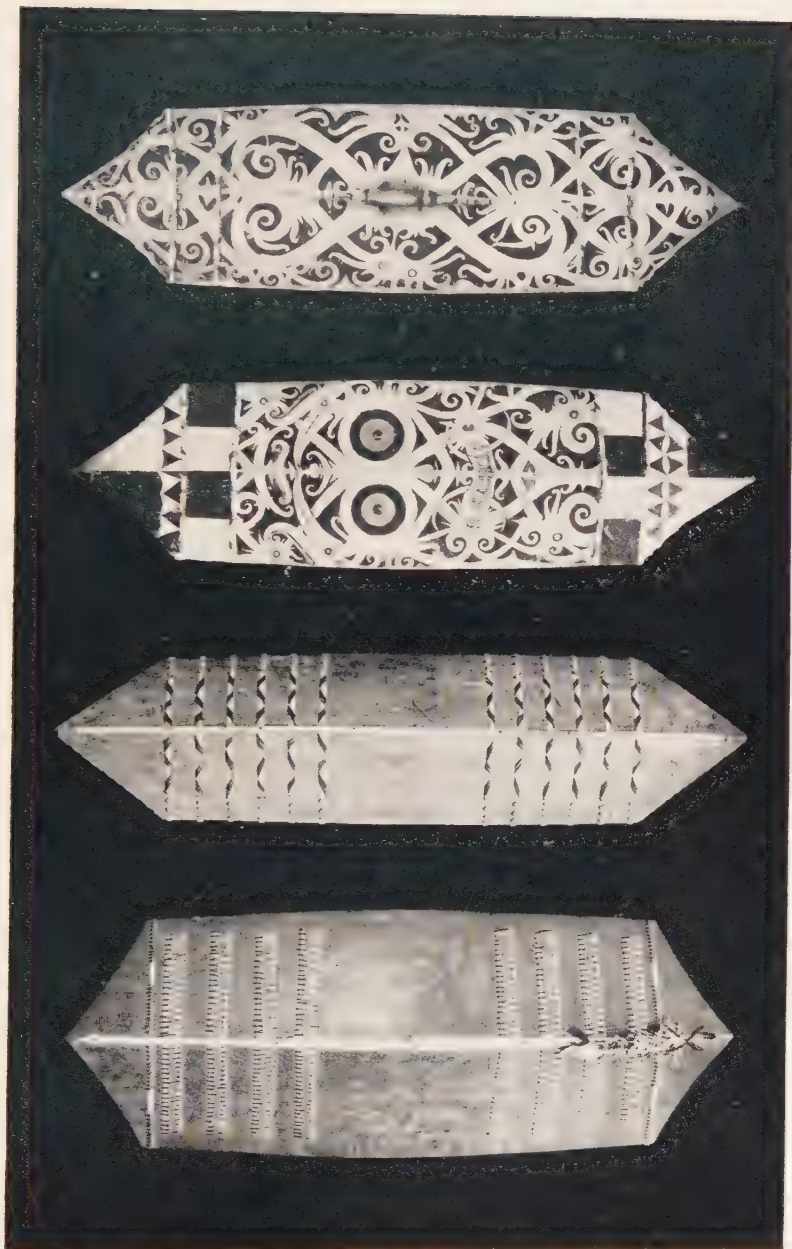
The Malays on the coast secure lime for this purpose by burning mussel and clam shells, but the Dyaks up the river must secure their lime by a more laborious process. They quarry the limestone, transport it to their limekiln stations, and there burn it. The limestone deposits are few and far between in certain parts of Central Borneo. Tribes have warred against each other repeatedly for possession of a little slice of limestone territory, for lime they must have in order to chew sireh.

Boat building is a very necessary industry among the

Dyaks. Next to their concern for food, shelter and clothing, the construction of boats requires a large part of the time and productive labor of these jungle people. Every family desires to have at least one boat of its own. Without a boat they are practically helpless. Not all Dyak men are equally capable of selecting a suitable tree trunk from which to make a canoe. Nor do all the men of the tribe possess the same proficiency in fashioning a boat after the log is selected. There are, in every tribe, some men who are expert canoe builders, and to them is delegated this work. The successful boat builder is a most honored craftsman in any Dyak kampong.

The kind of tree selected depends on the type of canoe desired. For plying between the rice-field and the home only a small light boat is required, but it must be of firm wood, since for daily use it dare not be easily put out of commission, thereby causing great inconvenience. Boats for long journeys must be larger, very sturdy, with staunch bottoms for encountering the rapids and the rocky river beds, whirlpools and waterfalls. War boats must be the longest of all, to afford room for a large complement of warriors, but at the same time they are quite narrow across the beam so as to be rapidly sculled through the water.

For the majority of boats the redoubtable ironwood is used. Aside from its natural durability, ironwood is impervious to insects and other organisms that feed upon wood. In a warm climate this is an important consideration. Certain woods, if used in boat-making,



Dyak shields made of wood.

Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

would be worm eaten and useless in a few weeks. For daily use the boats are from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and twenty-five to thirty inches wide, while the great war boats are from sixty-five to eighty-five feet in length and are also hewn out of one piece of timber, *i. e.* a single log.

It can be readily seen that the manufacture of a boat, especially one of the larger ones, is too great an undertaking for one man. After selecting the tree from which it is to be made and cutting the straight tree trunk to the required length, it must be taken to the water's edge from the place where it has spent its lifetime in growing. It is, therefore, necessary that the man who essays to construct a boat have the help of others among his friends and relatives. The number required to assist depends on the size of the contemplated craft, and other circumstances such as the distance it must be dragged over land in order to reach the river.

Because of the time, as well as the number of men, required for such a project, the building of a boat usually takes place during the interval between rice planting and rice harvest, for then the men can sojourn in the woods for days, engaged in this enterprise, without too great inconvenience. Those rendering assistance regard their labor as loaned, and consider it a debt of a certain number of days' work to be returned in kind when circumstances make it necessary. This is much like the arrangement that used to obtain among farmers in connection with threshing and other kinds of rural labor

requiring a number of "hands," where exchange of days' work with one another was customary.

The Dyaks, in their superstition, consider that the building of a boat must be undertaken at the proper phase of the moon. A favorable or unfavorable condition of the moon determines not only the successful and speedy completion of the boat, but also its future fate. If the work is undertaken when the man in the moon is not favorably disposed, the boat will, soon after completion, be crashed to pieces on a rock, or will be loosed from its moorings at high water and borne away by the rushing current, and possibly broken up when dashed over some waterfall. The different Dyak tribes do not agree as to which particular phase of the moon is unfavorable, just as our own American Indian tribes differ as to what phase constitutes a "wet moon" as an indication of rain.

The process of boat-building is as follows: A suitable tree is selected, after consultation and consideration of signs and omens. It is then felled. If it does not fall completely to the ground, but glides off its stump and remains partly standing by being supported by neighboring trees, it can not be used. Nothing further can be done. The work must begin all over again. If it falls properly, the branches and unusable top are then hacked off with the ax, and the log is cut to the desired length of thirty, fifty, or more feet. By means of levers it is placed in a suitable position and the hewing out of the boat in its crude form is begun and continued until it somewhat

resembles an old-fashioned watering trough for horses and cattle. It is then dragged, slid and rolled through the jungle to the water's edge and towed to the kampong home of the builders, where the finer work of finishing can be more conveniently done.

If there is not great haste for the boat's completion, it is sunk in the water at the kampong landing. For when water-soaked the wood is easier to work, and molding into the desired shape can be accomplished with less risk of cracking, which would render the partly completed boat useless. As yet it is not a boat, but only a round trough which, on account of its shape and blunt ends, would be too unstable for use, and would offer too much resistance to be easily propelled through the water.

The next step was most interesting to me and supplies but another instance of Dyak adeptness in woodcraft. The boat is fashioned into canoe shape by the application of fire. The trough-like log is placed on two supports, one at each end, by means of which it is elevated about eighteen inches from the ground, and in a level position with hollow side up. It is wedged and carefully blocked, so as not to roll or slip. Water is then poured into it until it is about two-thirds full. Two rows of good, brightly blazing wood fires are made immediately under it along its entire length. The heat thus induced from beneath causes the sides of the hewed-out log to spread, and weights are hung from various points along the side to facilitate this process. When sufficiently spread, thwarts are placed crosswise inside,

about three feet from one another, to prevent its resuming its round shape when dried.

Both prow and stern are now fashioned, with ax and *mandau*, into curved points. The spreading process by means of fire, the greater width being at the middle, has elevated each end. This has made the side of the boat too low at the middle, especially if it be a long one, so that it is likely to ship water when loaded and in use. This is overcome by means of gunwales, which are securely laced with rotan to the upper edge of the sides, thus elevating them, and the crack or seam between the gunwales and the boat proper is caulked so as to be water-tight.

These dug-out boats draw but little water and are as easily handled as a racing shell. They are propelled by means of cleverly made canoe paddles, instead of with oars. The average canoe paddle is about three feet long.

One industry in which some tribes of Dyaks are peculiarly expert is the making of articles, especially jewelry, out of precious and semi-precious stones. The kind of stone most used is the so-called royal serpentine, almost black in color, somewhat translucent, and interspersed with oil green spots. It does not take much stretch of the imagination to detect the color resemblance between this stone and a snake's skin, hence the name "serpentine."

The great dexterity with which the jungle lapidaries form and fashion these stones into jewels, is most astonishing. The chief articles made are ear drops, circular fasteners for belts, beautiful beads, and occasionally a

charm for the use of some celebrated witch doctor. Some of the ear drops are pear shaped and so perfectly made that a cross section at any horizontal plane would reveal a perfect circle. The stones used as girdle fasteners have an exactly circular shape. The exactness attained is all the more remarkable when one realizes that the craftsman has no jeweler's lathe or polishing wheel, all work being done by free hand, with the use of wood, quartz sand and water.

The making of beads from semi-precious stones is an art as old as the Dyaks themselves. The beads of most ancient make are highly prized. Some specimens possessed by the Sultan of Koetei are regarded as of priceless value and are treasured as highly as the Kohinoor diamond or certain historical crown jewels by some of the so-called civilized rulers.

Many of these precious beads play an important rôle in Dyak life, because of their religious—or rather spiritual—significance. They can be exhibited only on certain ceremonial occasions and are accredited with definite supernatural influence. The artificer who, in ages past, created such a priceless treasure out of a spotted pebble, is still revered as a saint. But to me the most remarkable thing is the skill and patience with which the unlettered Dyak craftsman, without the use of any specially devised tools or machinery, but by free hand alone, accomplished such wondrous results. The finished product, so beautifully wrought, proclaims its creator none less than an artistic genius.

XIII

DYAK MARRIAGE

I WAS somewhat surprised to discover that, unlike many other savage races, the Dyaks are monogamous. Among the Dyaks no man may have more than one wife. The only exception to this rule that I could discover was in the case of a rajah who, because of his absolutism as a monarch, gained exaggerated notions of his own power, and who, in addition, lived in contact with the coast, and had thus come under Mohammedan influence in behalf of polygamy. But woe be to any rajah, or any Dyak of lesser rank, making such a marital splurge, if perchance any misfortune befell the tribe within one, two or even more years after the event of having taken an additional wife. Such calamity would be regarded as directly chargeable to the apostate defiance of Dyak traditions and teachings, which are, and always have been, against plural marriage.

Polygamy is regarded by the rank and file of the Dyaks as being very displeasing to the spirits, and among many tribes immediate steps are taken to avert such calamity as the avenging supernatural powers might visit upon the kampong, by compelling any Dyak of their *lamin*, who has been rash enough to take an additional wife, to give her up. The whole kampong

joins in a series of tribal sacrifices with which to atone for the offense, thereby averting disaster that would otherwise certainly befall them. If the offending Dyak, who placed his fellow kampong members in such a predicament, is financially able—and he usually is—he must foot the bills for these sacrificial feasts made necessary by his foolhardy act.

Courtship among the Dyaks is a very unconventional affair. There is no opportunity to woo by day or in the early evening hours. There can not be any approach to privacy in a community long house. There are too many observers and too many auditors—enough to dismay even the most intrepid adult on any private mission. What then can the timid, bashful, adolescent lover do, under the circumstances? He does the only thing possible. He waits until the whole kampong is wrapped in slumber. The “night that brings out the stars” also brings to him the necessary courage.

In the stilly tropical darkness, when the entire village is quiet, except for the occasional bark of a dog, the grunt of a pig, the hoot of an owl, or the wash of the river, the Dyak youth steals silently to the side of the sleeping mat on which reposes the object of his affections. He awakens her and, without any preliminary words, offers her a sireh leaf in which are rolled up the ingredients for betel-nut chewing. If the girl, on awakening, accepts the betel-nut, lime, gambier and sireh, and starts to chew it, the prowling lover can regard this as a sure sign that his visit is acceptable.

But should the Dyak maid decline the proffered betel-nut roll and casually make some inadvertent remark, such as a request to "Stir up the ashes on the hearth," the visitor must regard these words as the knell of his dismissal. They are as direct in meaning, and as absolute in their finality as would be the phrase "Beat it!" in the colloquial vernacular of an American flapper. The casual remark of the reclining Dyak girl and her refusal to accept the betel, sireh and lime compound, puts the young lover out of the picture, so far as this particular Dyak young lady is concerned, at least for the time being. There is nothing left for him to do but to creep back to his own sleeping mat in the "door" or apartment from whence he came.

To the credit of the Dyak girl be it said she never relates anything to any one concerning the refusal she may have given the nocturnal suitor, so that no one in the kampong except the two young people concerned has any knowledge of the affair. This does not seem like human nature as it exists elsewhere in the world, but it is related as a fact. If true, the young man escapes much twitting by his fellows and has no handicap to live down, and no other girl will come to know later, when she is made the goal of the next quest of the aforesaid lover, that she is his second or third choice. But, by the same token, the original object of his affection is deprived the sweet satisfaction of letting the Dyak world know that she could have possessed this young man in marriage had she so desired.



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

A hand carved model of a Dyak grave house. Bamboo sticks for holding food for spirits *At left*.

If the young man's visit is acceptable, they both chew betel-nut and sireh from the supply the suitor has brought with him, and discuss their future plans. This nocturnal visit with the betel-nut chewing is regarded as a sincerely plighted troth. When the youth takes his leave, just before dawn, he leaves some token of fealty, such as a bead necklace, a hand-fashioned ring, a gay headkerchief, or a vessel of perfume of native brew. This visit and its pledge gift is regarded as a binding betrothal and should the young man subsequently refuse to marry he is subject to severe penalty for breach of promise. Such desertion of a Dyak maid is considered a very serious matter by the tribe, and the punishment inflicted upon the young man in the case is such as to cause him to be greatly humiliated, without any considerable disparagement to his betrothed. The zealous regard with which the kampong protects the Dyak girl makes breach of promise a very rare occurrence.

Because of the great desire of the Dyak to have children, he is eager to assume the marriage yoke, regardless of the fact that it entails many obligations and duties that do not devolve upon the unmarried. Most Dyak girls are married by the time they are eighteen; it is extremely rare that they reach the age of twenty before marriage. The majority of young men marry by the time they are twenty. A Dyak man who is unmarried at the age of twenty-five is regarded as a confirmed old bachelor. It is usually not his fault, but rather due to the fact that there are not enough eligible girls.

Very soon after the secret betrothal, the young man apprises his parents of the fact, and if they are agreeable to an impending marriage they visit the parents of the girl and discuss the dower, as well as the presents the young man is to bestow upon the bride's parents. If the parents of either are no longer living, then these business arrangements are undertaken by relatives or friends, or maybe by the rajah himself. These gifts are seldom of great value. A *mandau* for the bride's father and a brass gong or a mat for the mother are usually satisfactory to the future parents-in-law. The gift is a matter of formality rather than a financial consideration.

At the time the marriage agreement is discussed between the parents of both parties, the question as to where the young couple are to live after marriage must be decided. If the bride-to-be is an only daughter, or her family is small, it is universally agreed that the young man must take up his abode with the bride's family, and all the fruits of his labor go to them. If, on the other hand, he is an only son and she a member of a large family, it is at once decided that she join the household of her husband's family.

Certain prohibitions as to eligibility for marriage obtain and are strictly enforced among the Dyaks. Thus, marriage between blood relatives is not permitted, neither can persons become wedded who are closely related by marriage. For example, a young man is forbidden to marry the sister of his brother's wife. Marriage between neighboring tribes, when the parties

are not related, is permissible, but seldom occurs. It is a rare thing that a marriage is consummated with a member of another tribe, no matter how friendly the tribal relations might be.

The marriage ceremony itself is a very simple affair, unless it be the wedding of a rajah or one of his children. Then it is a great festal occasion of several days' duration, and to which all members of the tribe are invited. The wedding occurs in the living apartment of the bride's parents, unless the future residence is to be with the parents of the groom. The place of the wedding ceremony is thus determined by the place of their future abode, as decided upon at the time the marriage agreement is made by the parents of the two contracting parties. Since, in the majority of such marriage agreements, it is decided that the young man will reside with the bride's parents, it thus happens that they gain a son-in-law to help in the rice-fields, to join in the hunt and chase, or assist in gathering rotan, while the groom's parents lose a son and his earning power.

It should also be noted that the respect that the newly wedded Dyaks must pay to their parents-in-law is even greater than that which they show their own parents. The young Dyak who lives with his wife's people has little to do with the steering of the household craft. The decisions as to his daily doings are made for him. The behests of the father-in-law and the commands of his mother-in-law are in fact decrees-in-law to him, beyond which there can be no appeal.

The wedding ceremonies differ widely among the various Dyak groups. Each tribe has its own peculiar marriage rites and customs. Likewise, the Dyak youth's public declaration of his love, or his betrothal announcement, is oftentimes unique. One form of such declaration consists in a pile of wood being placed by the groom-to-be so as completely to fill the space under the plank platform directly beneath that portion of the long house that constitutes the particular residence of his chosen one. This wood is nicely split and neatly piled between two pillars that support the apartment directly overhead, which domiciles the bride-elect. Interspersed in this pile of choice firewood are five unsplit pieces of a tree trunk, very noticeable on account of their large size and because they jut out somewhat as if intended to be conspicuous. On the flat surface of the ends of each of these large, round, projecting sticks, are placed gifts for the chosen maiden. These gifts are emblematic of the regardful care he promises to exercise for her after she becomes his wife. The five symbols consist of an ax, as a promise that he will always chop wood for her; a small adz, as a pledge that he will labor assiduously in woodcraft, such as making boats, so necessary in the economy of Dyak life; and three plates, one large and two smaller ones. These plates are symbolic of his eagerness always to provide food—the larger plate signifying rice, the chief food, and the smaller plates indicative of accessories or “side dishes.” At the base of the wood pile the young man places other presents for his betrothed.

When the wedding-day arrives, it is the custom at some of the Dyak kampongs on the Mahakam for the groom to be escorted to the home of the bride by a group of his male friends, amid the clang of cymbals which are beaten in marching time as the procession moves. This group also carries the wedding gifts. Likewise, the bride is attended by a group of her girl friends, who accompany her to the long hall immediately before the opening of her own apartment, where she meets her future liege lord and his retinue.

Directly after this meeting the bride and groom seat themselves close together on the floor of the living-room, the man at the left, and they immediately proceed to eat some cooked rice which has been placed before them on a banana leaf, the groom eating first. This ceremony introduces the preliminary marriage which is finally consummated at the Feast of the New Year. As a rule it is arranged for the preliminary marriage to occur but a few days before the New Year celebration, for there are so many prohibitions in force during the time intervening between the prefatory wedding and its final consummation, and none of these prohibitions can be lifted until the subsequent Feast of the New Year.

At the New Year Feast, the occasion of the final seal upon the marriage, one of the oldest members of the tribe, who may or may not be a priest, steps before the pair and calls upon the spirits in general and the souls of deceased relatives of both bride and groom in particular, and notifies them that the marriage is about to be com-

pleted. Next, he calls the attention of the young married pair to their future obligations to each other. Then the man and wife kill a chicken and examine its liver, the condition of which indicates the opinion of the ancestral spirits, who have already been invoked, with reference to this marriage of their two descendants on earth. The rôle played by the slaughtered hen and its liver is regarded by the Dyaks as the most significant of all signs and omens. When it is favorable it is regarded as complete and positive assurance that every circumstance will redound to the future happiness of the newly wedded pair and their family.

After this consummation of their marriage, the newly wedded couple are not permitted to leave their apartment for three days, and are allowed to eat only such rice as has been cooked in the hollow stem of a green bamboo. The flesh of both wild and domestic pig, as well as fish that have been caught during a tuba fishing party, is absolutely prohibited. After the three days of "wedding quarantine" have elapsed, both husband and wife, attired in their finest apparel, proceed eight times from the house to the river and back again, eight being a sacred number. The man is accoutered with his weapons, and on his trips to the river he stops to grub out some underbrush with his sword, while the wife, with a special shovel, digs a few weeds; both thus indicating that they are willing to support themselves and each other by work in the field. These symbolic trips constitute public notice that the marriage compact has been finally consummated.

Among other tribes the marriage rites are celebrated in an entirely different manner, but all forms involve winning the favor of the spirits and their approval of the union. Thus, in one tribe the chief feature of the wedding ceremony is the splitting of the betel-nut. This consists in a patriarch of the tribe, who has been fortunate in his marriage, having been blessed with children, splitting a betel-nut into eight pieces. He then places these, with sireh leaf, gambier and lime, in a basket around which a cloth is tightly wrapped. The basket is placed on a platform in front of the *lamin*, or long house, and during the time it remains there the old man conducting the ceremonies exhorts the young couple as to the obligations their marriage vows entail upon them; and then beseeches the spirits to manifest some sign of their approval of the conjugal union.

After this combination of exhortation and prayer, the basket is unwrapped and its contents exposed. If the number of pieces of betel-nut has been increased—and it usually is, through some slight of hand, or at least it is declared by the master of ceremonies to have been increased—this is a certain omen that the spirits regard the marriage favorably. The assembled guests then chew the betel-nut and its accompanying ingredients, along with what has been plentifully supplied by the groom. The guests partake of this supply of betel-nut mixture with much the same avidity that characterizes us as we indulge in the bride's wedding cake in America.

One circumstance in connection with the wedding

ceremony that I observed with great interest, was the use of a crude weighing-machine as a part of the rites. The apparatus used is an immense pair of scales made of wood. The scale beam is about ten or twelve feet long, balanced on an upright pillar or post. Dependent from each end of this balanced scale beam is hung a chair, in lieu of scale pans such as apothecaries use. The bride is seated in the chair at the left, as the audience faces the pair of scales, and the groom takes his seat in the other chair. No matter which is the heavier, the bride or the groom, the master of ceremonies declares, with much gusto, that both weigh exactly the same. This is held to indicate that because of their equal weight the man and wife have equal rights and are to have throughout their wedded life. At any rate, each of the contracting parties admits that he has equal rights for this one day—their wedding-day. What the future may unfold in this regard may be another question.

As to wedding presents, much depends upon the financial condition of the bride and groom and their respective families. When financial circumstances permit, beads play an important rôle as bridal gifts. First and foremost, the groom presents his mate with a bead girdle of a type that characterizes her as a married woman, much as a wedding ring would be worn with us. Next, he gives her four rare old beads, and finally, if his purse can withstand the drain upon it, he causes two beautiful beads to be placed in the rice which constitutes their first ceremonial wedding meal, where they are dis-

covered by the bride as she eats, not unlike our custom of concealing a ring in the wedding cake.

The relatives and friends join in giving the bride a string of beads as long as she is tall. While she may not receive her weight in gold, she does receive her length in beads. The value of the string of beads, of course, depends upon the wealth of the givers, but at every wedding there is a great effort made to bestow this gift, no matter how inferior it may be in value, or how poverty-stricken the relatives and friends of the bride may be. It is really pathetic to note, in some instances, how far apart on the string the beads are spaced, but the length of the string is there at any rate.

Among a few Dyak tribes there exist pledges of future marriages, or betrothal of children, though not to the extreme degree that occurs among the Hindus. Thus, a young man may, by arrangement with her parents, become engaged to marry a little, undeveloped girl child, and during the time that intervenes until she grows up to maturity, he takes up his abode in the house of his future parents-in-law. If, later, it is revealed that the maiden is not pleased with the chosen bridegroom and has a mind of her own, as frequently occurs, she overturns the arrangement and after much wrangling over the matter gains her own way and marries the man of her own choosing.

Among the Dyaks, husband and wife do not inherit from each other. In case there are no children, and death of either husband or wife occurs, the possessions

of the deceased revert immediately to his or her family. If, after death of either party, the surviving member desires to marry again, he or she must wait one and one-half years. A violation of this decree surely and swiftly subjects the offender to a severe penalty.

XIV

HEADHUNTING

THE Dutch Government, for years, has assiduously labored to abolish the age-old Dyak custom of headhunting, but in spite of the alertness of the Colonial officials, this brutal practice still prevails, especially among those Dyak tribes living beyond the military outposts. It is difficult to understand how a people so docile and abounding in many characteristics so lovable still cling, thus tenaciously, to the ancient custom of headhunting. Crimes of violence, other than headhunting, are unknown among the Dyaks living in the jungles of Central Borneo. Their indulgence in this ruthless practice can only be understood when one orients himself in their point of view, which is the result of tradition as old as their race.

It is not as illogical as it may at first seem to the reader to follow the discussion of Dyak marriages so closely with an account of this inhuman custom of headhunting. In primitive times, among these jungle people, no young man could expect to win the slightest consideration as to marriage with a Dyak maid unless he had first taken a human head. In fact he was not a man, but only a boy, and was not allowed to wear the habiliments of man's estate until he had secured a head in bloody con-

quest. This deed of prowess was regarded as a sign that he had put off childish things and demonstrated that he had worthily attained his full manhood and was, therefore, eligible for consideration in regard to marriage. No entrance into the state of matrimony was regarded as honorable or possible in early Dyak times, unless the love-lorn pilgrim had traveled the road through the jungle on a successful headhunting expedition. First a head, then a wife, was the old order of things. Very often, without any grievance, the young Dyaks would inaugurate an expedition against a neighboring kampong for the single purpose of bringing home, each one of them, the gruesome trophy of a human head, thereby gaining the admiring regard of the Dyak girls. That on these forays they were in danger of losing their own heads more literally than they had already lost their hearts, served only to add zest to the undertaking.

It was more than a mere love of fighting that served as a basis for these headhunting enterprises. It was more than the mere love of a maiden that caused these ordinarily kindly, well-motivated, docile and just Dyaks to engage in a bloody quest for human heads. The terrible custom was the result of generations upon generations of teaching, tradition and practice. More recently, instead of being the inexorable mandate of racial law that no Dyak could marry without first having taken a human head, it became the practice that this rule applied only when a chief or rajah contemplated marriage.

As already related (see page 79) I was in Borneo less



Photo by Capt. Paul Toussieng.

Native chief of Long Hoebong in war dress, wearing tiger skin coat, hat with feathers of the hornbill; and bearing a shield and spear.

than three days when I received practical demonstration that the brutal custom of headhunting still obtains, despite the ceaseless and painstaking endeavor of the paternal Dutch Government to abolish it. The five prisoners were shackled and chained together and were confined to a section of the open lower deck of the steamer, without any comforts or conveniences. Instead of a sleeping mat on the soft springy earth of their beloved jungle, with a shelter of palm leaves over head to keep off sun and rain, or a mat by the hearthside in a living-room of their long house, they spent four days and nights on the bare oak planks of our steamer. I was permitted to interview them and take their photographs. They were brought to my deck for this purpose, which at least gave them a chance to stretch their cramped legs.

The punishment of three years' imprisonment at hard labor, for these five Dyaks found guilty of murder by headhunting, seems a ridiculously mild penalty, until one recalls that three years' confinement in a town prison means fifteen or twenty years taken off the life of a Dyak who, heretofore, has roamed almost at will, far and wide in the pathless jungle—his native habitat. Confinement in a prison would irk and eventually crush him, much as a wild horse that had freely ranged over our western plains would be broken in body and mettle if haltered and restrained in a stall and rationed on dry provender.

I have previously alluded to the circumstance that one member of the party of five convicts later became quite friendly with me, as I saw him on several occasions dur-

ing my sojourn at Samarinda. I refer to the one standing second from the right on page 80, whose profile shows a stretched ear lobe. I gained his abject devotion by repeated applications of surgical dressings to his badly cut foot which had been severely injured while, as a member of the chain gang under guard, he mowed weeds by the roadside of Samarinda's "Main Street." If he had been using his trusty *mandau*, with which he was so handy, instead of the more civilized grass knife, with which he was so awkward, the accident would not have occurred.

On the occasions of my dressing his wound, he gave me much first-hand information as to Dyak folk-lore, manners and customs. He also repaired some articles of my Dyak collection that had been damaged in transport down the river. He was a fatalist in his views of life, and was stoical as to the hardships of prison. No word of complaint escaped his lips, and none of his longings or heartaches for his jungle home found vocal expression. When asked why he had gone on a headhunting expedition, his answer was characteristic of the man, and clearly shows the Dyak view-point—"Always, always have our ancestors taken heads. The ghosts of our ancestors tell us to take heads. It is more important to satisfy the spirits of our dead ancestors who desire us to take heads than it is to please the government."

It was interesting to hear this Dyak prisoner informant apologize for the absence of his earrings, as well as for the presence of his scraggly mustache. On his

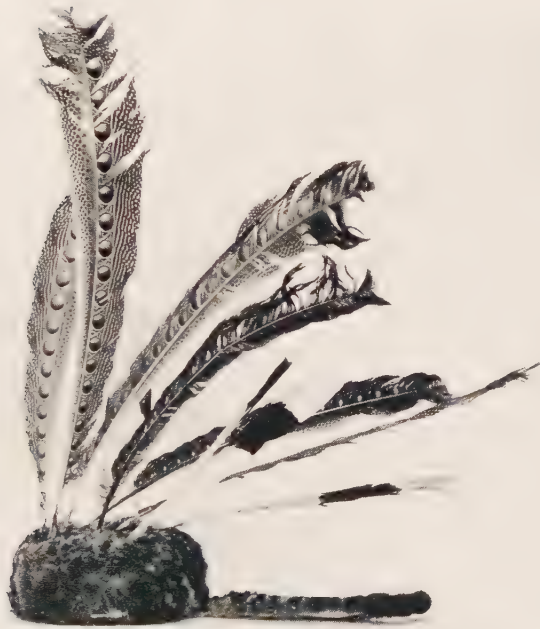
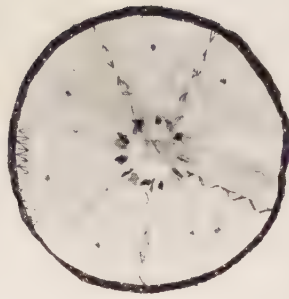
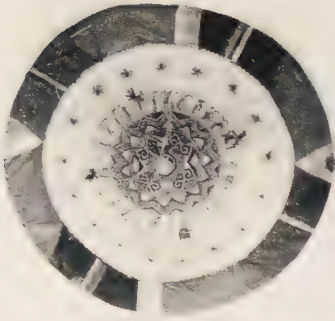
arrest he was immediately deprived of his earrings and his weapons, and shorn of all clothing except his breech-clout and rice-field shirt or jacket. Having been away from the tender and loving care of his wife for many weeks, there was now no one to pluck out the hairs from his upper lip. The absence of earrings and decorative clothing, and the presence of a mustache, caused such a degree of humiliation as to force my otherwise stoical Dyak friend to apologize for his unkempt appearance.

Headhunting among the Dyaks, as the result of age-old tradition and customs, has become part and parcel of the rites and ceremonies of these jungle people. Not only does this tradition date from time immemorial but it has become the cornerstone of their religious and spiritual life. In all great events human heads are required.

When a rajah dies heads must be secured. The victims become the slaves of their deceased ruler and attend to his wants in his Dyak heavenly home after he gets there. Since the Dyak heaven is not a stationary place, the victims must at once be deprived of their heads as soon as the rajah dies, in order that their spirits may be untrammelled and therefore ready to accompany his great spirit on its journey, without becoming lost en route, and be prepared to serve him on arrival at his destination. Loyal and devoted subjects could not permit their beloved rajah to enter upon his eternal life beyond the grave without such a retinue of servants as befits his station as a ruler. To secure these slaves to serve him, it

is necessary that heads be taken, so that the spirits of these victims be separated from their mortal bodies and thus prepared to travel along with the rajah on his meandering trip heavenward, to remain with him always as servants, and journey with him on his restless excursions through space, and to accompany him on his return visits to the kampong of his beloved subjects when they require the assistance of his benevolent spirit to ward off misfortune, disease and disaster.

Another occasion that, for its strict observance, demanded the presence of a human head, was the cessation of the period of mourning that followed the death of a member of a family. At the beginning of the period of mourning the relatives of the deceased laid aside their jewelry and trinkets, as well as their festal apparel, and appeared only in tree bark clothing of the simplest and plainest character. All their finery was tied up in bundles and remained out of commission until the period of mourning had expired. At the close of the "sorrow-period" of a year, a feast of the dead was held in honor of the deceased one, by his relatives and friends. On this festal day the bundles of finery and clothing were all brought out again, the parcels opened, that the "glad rags" and beads and ornaments might again be worn. One of the men of the group cut the thongs with which the various bundles had been securely tied. This could not be done, however, until a human head was brought into the midst of the group. It was customary for the man who had secured the head to be master of ceremonies in cutting the tough fiber strings and opening the bundles.



Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.

Top—Dyak sun hats. *At left* is the type ordinarily worn by women in the rice fields and is made of a thin layer of bark from the djomo tree. *At right* is the sun hat of a prince or rajah, and therefore decorated with beads. It is made from the thin leaf of a pandanus tree.

Middle—Dyak war hat covered with skin of wild goat.

Bottom—War hat covered with skin of goat and black panther.

Furthermore, the birth, especially of a male child, and the ceremonial feast at which this new son and heir was given a name, could not be properly celebrated without the acquisition of one or more heads. Likewise in former times a *mandau* could not be carried as a part of the Dyak's every-day equipment unless it had been bathed in the blood of a victim in the course of taking a head. The feathers of the hornbill, or rhinoceros bird, as well as those of the argus pheasant, could adorn only the clothing of a man who had secured a head in bloody contest. True, the practice of headhunting has been greatly curtailed by the ceaseless activity of the officers of the Dutch Government, but it still exists among those Dyaks in the inaccessible regions of Central Borneo. There are tribes in the jungle interior who can not be visited more than once a year by the Colonial military patrol, and it might not be disclosed on one single visit that an orgy of headhunting had taken place. Sometimes not only months but years elapse before the functionaries of the Dutch Government receive authentic information as to a headhunting expedition.

For the most part, the influence of the Dyak women is on the side of headhunting. They urge their husbands, fathers, sons and lovers, to join a headhunting expedition to prove that they are really men of valor. It is an exceedingly rare exception that a woman seeks to dissuade a man from joining in such an undertaking.

A headhunting foray is not a matter of sudden impulse. It frequently requires many months of prepara-

tion, after the subject of an expedition has been broached at a tribal feast. Sometimes a new war boat that will be of sufficient capacity to transport sixty, or eighty, or a hundred Dyaks, has to be hewed out and seasoned, after the proper tree trunk has been selected for this purpose. Often several of these war boats must be fashioned, as one will not convey all of the eager warriors on their bloody quest for heads. Also, it requires time to develop the proper enthusiasm and eagerness; that is, time is required to influence the warriors and churn their feelings up to the desired degree of frenzy.

A group made up of individuals naturally docile, just and kindly, requires a considerable degree of emotional arousement before the congregate mind acquires sufficient bloodthirsty steam to raise the boiler pressure to the exploding point. Our own Sioux and Apaches never raided the settlements on our frontiers, or made war on other tribes, until they were frenzied by a series of war dances. For this reason, among the Dyaks, such dances as the *kanjar dodo* are absolutely prohibited, because they cause the participants to "see red." Feeling themselves possessed of unwonted strength, independent and eager to fight, they are now ready to rush into trouble, defying all constraint, especially the authority of the government, all because of the emotional intoxication that results as the dancing orgy proceeds.

With characteristic Dutch thoroughness, the authorities have not only strictly forbidden the *kanjar dodo*, but they have also prohibited flute-playing, since this is the

one form of music employed at this dance, which becomes a riotous orgy before it is over. Without flute-playing, no *kanjar dodo*, therefore flute-playing is tabu since 1923. But both are said to be stealthily indulged in by the more remote tribes.

At the tribal feast where, on some pretext or other, a headhunting foray has been suggested, a council of war is appointed to settle upon ways and means, as well as to select the date on which the expedition is to start and decide against whom it is to be made. The date selected is usually that immediately following the planting of the rice, as ten weeks or more usually elapse between planting and harvest, thus giving the men a surcease from field employment, since women usually do most of the work of keeping the padi-fields free from weeds. If the expedition is to be somewhat pretentious, other tribes will be enlisted to join, to insure success. This is done by sending a war spear, decorated with a red rag, from village to village. This war spear is first carried by a member of the tribe sponsoring the expedition, to the next village, he returning to his own kampong leaving the spear with its message, whence it may be conveyed by another Dyak to the next village, and so on, until several kampongs are actually enlisted in the bloody undertaking.

It is interesting to note the analogy between this Dyak method of notifying their cohorts among the various tribes to join in a headhunting project and that so graphically described by Scott in his *Lady of the Lake*,

where the Fiery Cross, borne by swift runners from clan to clan, was the signal for the assemblage of the hardy Scots in battle array. Scott tells us that when a chieftain desired to summon his clan upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and, making a cross of any light wood, seared the extremities in the fire and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross or *Crean Tarigh*, and was carried by relays of swift messengers, and every able-bodied man between the ages sixteen and sixty years, on sight of it was obliged to hasten to the meeting-place. "During the civil war of 1745-46," says Scott, "the Fiery Cross oft made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the district of Breedalbane, a distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours." To quote direct from the poem:

"The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
 He quenched among the bubbling blood,
 And, as again the sign he reared,
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
 'When flits this Cross from man to man,
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
 As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
 So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
 And be the grace to him denied,
 Bought by this sign to all beside!
 He ceased; no echo gave again
 The murmur of the deep Amen.'"

**The Lady of the Lake*, by Walter Scott; Canto III, Section XI.

It is quite astonishing to see how the Dyak encumbers himself with clothing when he goes out to fight. He wears all his finery and a heavy war coat of tiger or leopard skin, a helmet loaded with plumes of the hornbill and argus pheasant, clothing so burdensome in this equatorial climate that it can not be other than a handicap to freedom of action in combat.

Of course these superstitious Dyaks do not start on a headhunting expedition without first thoroughly consulting the omen birds. To do this properly, some of the leading men of the tribe, men revered for their wisdom in interpreting signs and omens, are chosen to live in a detached hut some distance from the long house, and remain on watch day and night to ascertain the first favorable omen, so that the war party may start without unnecessary loss of time. These tribal leaders in their jungle hut are on the alert as they listen for the cries of the omen birds and the direction of their flight.

The first omens may be unfavorable. If so, not a single move is made, but the watchers faithfully keep their vigil until a propitious sign is forthcoming. When this transpires, the entire tribe is at once galvanized into action and the kampong is in seething uproar as the war boats are slid into the river and the headhunting expedition is on its way.

On the return from a successful headhunting foray, word is sent ahead to their kampong so that plans for a gala homecoming of the warriors may be made. All the women, as well as the old men who were left behind, tog

themselves out in their best finery and congregate at the boat landing. As soon as the war boats are sighted dancing begins, and on their nearer approach, when the trophy heads held high by those in the boat become visible, the excitement, especially among the women, becomes intense, as headhunting war songs regaled from memory's storehouse are sung in monotonous chant. The warriors who actually took heads in battle are regarded as heroes and seated in a place of honor where every sort of homage is rendered them as they in turn relate their tales of conquest.

Here again one is struck with the analogy between the homecoming of the Dyak warriors and the return of the boatmen of Roderick Dhu from one of their forays, as portrayed by Scott:

“Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,

* * * * *

Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave.

* * * * *

While loud a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.

* * * * *

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the ever green Pine!”*

**The Lady of the Lake*, by Walter Scott: Canto II, Sections XVI, XVIII and XIX.

Before the present severe measures on the part of the Dutch Government were taken to stamp out headhunting, the ghastly trophies were displayed conspicuously by being hung above the fireplaces in the various living-rooms or on the veranda of the long house. Obviously, such displays are no longer made, for the Dutch officials are sure to act vigorously in behalf of law enforcement when any exigency arises. Only in the most remote Dyak settlements can one now view these gruesome trophies.

Sometimes tribes pursue what they regard as a compromise course, in view of the stringent rules of the government against headhunting, as well as the strenuous manner in which laws are enforced by the sturdy Dutch. On those occasions, such as the death of a rajah or the feast of naming a young son, when a human head is demanded as a necessary part of the ritual, instead of freshly taken specimens, borrowed heads are used. On one occasion, of which I am aware, the Sultan sent two heads taken years before those taking part in headhunting expeditions were so vigorously and so surely punished, in order that his subjects could carry out their deep-seated traditional customs to the last detail.

A headhunting feast, without a human head on display around which to dance and chant, would be an empty affair to the Dyaks; as much so as the rendition of Hamlet on our stage, without an actor in the title rôle, would be to us. The two old dried heads loaned by the Sultan were conveyed to the kampong in great state

in a war boat, attended by men in full war dress, and the same reception was accorded on arrival at the landing stage, as was the custom in ancient times on the return of the warriors with their gruesome trophies of freshly taken heads and *mandaus* dripping with the blood of their victims.

In some respects this custom of taking home the heads of victims slain in hand-to-hand battle is similar to the practice of other savage tribes with which we are all more or less familiar. The American Indians used to scalp their victims and keep the trophies thus taken in battle as great treasures. In the days of Tecumseh, the pride of the Indian in the number of scalps secured was as great as that of the bold, bad man of the western frontier, who kept count of the number of his victims by means of the notches on his trusty gun. The Dyak, in taking heads, did not include the lower jaw; they retained only the skull without the jaw bones. As a matter of fact, in taking a head they cut only a few inches lower than the American Indian who took a scalp.

There is also this further difference. The Indian did not make war on his enemies primarily to secure scalps. His purpose was to kill, and the scalps of his victims were retained as trophies of victory. With the Dyaks, the killing of an enemy is not the chief purpose of head-hunting expeditions. They must have heads for the purpose of carrying out certain rites and ceremonials established by customs and traditions as old as their race. They do not retain heads of their victims simply



A group of Dyak chieftains in war costume.

as tokens of triumph of successful warfare. They make war for the purpose of securing heads, and if the head of an enemy can not be obtained, then the head of an unoffending neutral—a man's head if possible, if not, then a woman's head—for a head they must have as an integral part of the specific ceremonial impending.

And finally, there is always involved in every consideration of headhunting among the Dyaks the deeply spiritual and almost religious urge that arises from their profound reverence for their ancestors, whose spirits return and hover about the earthly tribal home, commanding their living descendants to take heads for the proper observance of certain ceremonials, in accordance with age-old customs. Such a command, because of their simple, childlike faith in the spirits of their ancestors, spirits they believe to be omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent, is more sacred to the Dyak devotees than any possible prohibition of government authority to the contrary.

XV

DYAK FEASTS AND CEREMONIALS

FEASTS and ceremonials occasion the greatest economic waste in Dyak community life. Summing up the days given over to such affairs, it is readily seen that more than half of a Dyak's year is devoted to the observance of various feasts. To this must be added the time required in preparation for these celebrations, as well as the time necessitated for readjustment back to normal after the days of feasting are over, so that the Dyak may again take up the practical affairs of life. For a Dyak to recover his physical, mental and moral equilibrium after a typical festal indulgence is no small matter. Some of these ceremonial occasions develop into orgies, others are seemingly nothing but contests in gluttony, while still others are prolonged periods of emotional frenzy that debauch intellect and judgment. None of these celebrations can be truly regarded as "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

These *quasi* religious feasts of the Dyaks fall into four great groups:

1. Feasts associated with headhunting.
2. Feasts connected with family events, such as naming of a child, death of a relative, or a wedding.

3. Feasts related to farming, for example, seed time and harvest.

4. Feasts occasioned by revelations in dreams.

While all the Dyak feasts are somewhat religious as to form, none of them seem to arise from any true reverential feeling, and they all are devoid of the element of religious worship. True, at all of them food is offered to the spirits and placed where these ghosts may find it easy of access, but this seems to be an observance of an ancient custom or tribal habit, rather than an act of religious devotion.

The patriarchs of the tribe, present at these ceremonial feasts, from memory may chant throughout the night, in monotone, the long drawn-out hymns or Dyak sagas, that from tradition are specifically associated with each feast, but the attitude of those about the festal board is certainly not that of reverence and devotion. The guests laugh, chat and eat during the incantation, manifesting an indecorousness quite similar to that sometimes exhibited by guests at a parlor musicale in our country. Gossip seems to be more important than reverential, or even polite, attention; at least, it is more in evidence.

The ceremonials associated with headhunting, as well as those of the dead, have already been discussed.

The Dyak feasts that are connected with the cultivation of rice differ somewhat among the different tribes. However, with all such observances there is a common ground which essentially consists in propitiat-

ing the spirits in general and the souls of the individual rice grains in particular, by means of some sort of offering or sacrifice. These feasts, with their accompanying rites, therefore, are but an expression of the Dyak's extreme animistic philosophy, for they believe that even inanimate objects, as well as all phenomena of nature, are endowed with personal life, or a living soul.

The feast of planting, or seed time, on the one hand, and the feast of reaping, or harvest, on the other, are distinctly different in significance and method of observance. That of seeding time has, apparently, a more pronouncedly religious element, and its rites are performed chiefly under the auspices of priestesses. It is with this feast that the masked dances are chiefly associated.

In common with other savages, dancing among the Dyaks is essentially a formal religious rite or tribal ceremony, while among civilized people it is a mode of recreation. History tells us that dancing originated among the ancients as a part of their religious ceremonies, as when they danced before their altars. The ancient Egyptians ascribed its invention to their god, Thoth, and so expressive of the feelings and passions were the dances of the Greeks that Aristotle ranks dancing with poetry. Dyak children learn some of the ceremonial dances at a very early age, thus rivaling the Spartans, who were required to train their children in this art from the age of five. This training was given in public, to enable them to participate in the armed dance,

which, as with the Dyaks, was accompanied by songs or chanted hymns.

In point of time, the masked dance among the Dyaks antedates its introduction into Europe, where it first became known in medieval times, flourishing in Italy in the fifteenth century, becoming an innovation at the French court under the patronage of Catherine de Medici, while its advent into England was under the regal sponsorship of Henry VIII. In the latter country it took like wild-fire, reaching its acme during the reign of James I, for with this monarch and his family and courtiers the mask dance was in great favor. These affairs became the amateur theatricals of that period. They were given at Christmas, at weddings, at tilts, in celebration of royal outings at the country seats of the nobles, and were the chief form of entertainment for visiting princes from foreign lands. So great was the furor in their behalf that dramatists like Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, turned aside from their more serious work to write airy trifles for use at these masquerades. The interest of the common people in these histrionic spectacles knew no bounds, and when they were given at Whitehall it is said that the citizenry fought and intrigued to gain entrance, for an opportunity to witness such an entertainment was regarded as the event of a lifetime.

Tradition reveals that there never was a time when these spectacular masquerades, associated with instrumental music, dialogue, declamation and monotonous

chanting of tribal epic, did not exist among the Dyaks as an integral part of their feast of sowing.

While the masks of the Dyak men are extremely different from those worn by the women, yet with both sexes the costumes are supposed to represent their conception of the evil spirits. These demons are presumed to be of frightful appearance, with horrible-looking heads and bodies covered with long hair. Hence, in representing them, the men wear devilish-looking, hand-made wooden masks, while their bodies are covered with finely shredded long strands of the banana leaf. This make-up causes the actor to resemble an animal with a coat of long green hair and of horrible visage. The women prepare their masks from basketry woven into cylindrical shapes out of fine rotan. This skeleton framework of rotan is swathed with white cotton, upon which the outline of a demoniacal face is sewed, and at each side there are attached enormous earrings. This basketry affair is placed upside down on the head of the wearer and worn like a "stove-pipe" hat of exaggerated height, giving the actress a grotesque appearance. To add to the disguise, the woman wears a loosely fitting garment of cloth with fuzzy nap. This garment is not like the domino of our mask balls, but resembles a very much abbreviated "Mother Hubbard" made of fuzzy material. Sometimes it is not even a "gown" of this type, but only a piece of cloth loosely wrapped about the body. To imitate the heavy covering of hair on the bodies of the demons, as they are conceived by the



Hand made wooden masks worn at certain feasts and ceremonials by dancers. *Author's Collection, Field Museum, Chicago.*

Masked dancers in Ghost Dance at Oedjoe Bilang.

Photo by Capt. Paul Toussieng.

Dyaks, the men make ingenious use of banana leaves. Only the largest leaves are selected, some being six to eight feet long, and these are fringed by separating the fibers, commencing at the mid-vein and proceeding to each outer edge of the leaf. Each strand remains attached, at one end, to the mid-vein, so that when finished the banana leaf resembles a large green feather, or a gorgeous, green, gigantic fly brush. When a sufficient number of these banana-leaf plumes has been prepared, they are swathed around the dancer's body and give him the appearance of being covered with long green hairs that wave and flutter with the slightest movement of the actor.

The making of the horrible-looking masks out of light-weight white-wood, requires much labor and care. While very grotesque, some of these head masks are artistically carved, with both sides symmetrically fashioned. Much skill and ingenuity are employed in painting them. The face of the mask consists of one piece, except that the under jaw is separate, but hinged to the rest of the mask, so that during the dance it may be capable of clacking movements associated with the opening and closing of the horrible mouth. Immense pegs are fastened in both the upper and lower jaws to suggest gnashing tusk-like teeth. If possible, the eyes are represented by greatly treasured, round pieces of looking-glass, but usually the highly burnished, shiny brass covers of their sireh boxes serve the purpose of portraying the luminous orbs of the demon.

The enormous but often artistically carved ears of this wooden mask are decorated by being stuck full of panther or tiger teeth, while the inevitable over-stretched ear lobe is imitated with a long loop of a narrow strip of cloth and from each of these are suspended heavy earrings. For beards, they use long goat hair, but if that is not available they employ the finely shredded inner bark of a tree for this purpose.

Sometimes the participants in the mask dance don their disguises and make their preparation for the spectacle at some remote place from the village, and are conveyed by small boys in a long boat to the kampong landing, arriving there while the rest of the tribe are resting in the long hall after eating a heavy festal meal. Such an advent is more theatrical than when the dressing is done in various apartments of the tribal house and makes more realistic the idea that the kampong is being visited by ghosts. The fantastic group, the body of each actor composing it covered with long green hair and surmounted with a grotesque mask, on landing makes advance upon the long house to the accompaniment of the rhythmic beating of gongs, and forms a circle, standing at first statuesque-like as a green mass before the villagers; and then the actors begin the dance with slow swaying movements of their bodies. As the music quickens, more active, sinuous movements take place, with much shaking of arms, turning of heads, and stamping of feet.

At first there appears only a green mass, due to the

coverings of slashed banana leaves. Slowly the mass disintegrates and the various portions are gradually transmuted into grotesque human shapes wearing wooden masks surmounted with war headgear. As these unearthly-looking actors begin their swaying movements, to the rhythm of gongs beaten in unison, other masked figures enter the arena, some of whom essay the war dance. Because of the great weight of the tangled mass of shredded banana leaves, worn to represent the hairy bodies of evil spirits, fatigue soon overcomes the participants, so that their movements are not long characterized by high stepping and forceful stamping, usually so conspicuously featured in the well rendered war dance.

As the darkness of night settles down upon the jungle village, there is released—to use movie film language—an exciting representation of a wild pig hunt. A man, with a mask that represents the head of a wild boar, takes the rôle of His Pigship. He gets down on all fours, much as a man “plays bear” for a group of children. His body enveloped in dark cloth, he emits grunts and squeals and makes movements that are very realistic and, in the darkness, appear very similar to those made by a wild boar when pursued by hunters. Some of the younger Dyak people take the part of dogs that have brought the old boar to bay, and, by means of their barking and yelping attack, cause the “wild animal” to retreat into the jungle. The horrible noises made by the squealing, grunting, tusk-gnashing “wild boar,” as well as those of

the "canines" in pursuit, can scarcely be conceived. Confusion rapidly becomes more confounded in the little arena where the hunt is staged.

The Dyak natives, usually so quiet, take a very active part in the above scene. There is helter-skelter, hurry-scurry and bedlam, as, by occasional side-springs and unexpected jumps, the "wild boar" suddenly advances toward groups in the audience. In spite of the realistic and bloodcurdling wildness of this spectacle, sometimes introduced as a skit following the mask dance, there seems to be no appearance of anxiety or fear on the part of the little folks. If they are startled they do not show it. There are no cries of scared children; from every mouth proceeds loud and hearty laughter, not unlike the tumultuous hilarity observed in our youthful days during the exciting event of catching a greased pig at the old-time county fair.

In the days preceding the masquerade, the young people of the kampong are completely taken up with the preparation for this event. It is said, on good authority, that the original significance of the mask dance was that of a ghost dance conducted by the young men of the tribe. This conforms to the deeply established conviction of the Dyaks that the ghosts or spirits are mightier than men, and that any man who plays the rôle of a spirit in the ghost dance becomes provided with the same superhuman power as is possessed by the character he portrays. Since the spirits are believed to possess the power to bring back the souls of men who die, so they believe that

the men participating in the mask dance, disguised as ghosts, are able to decoy and detain the souls of the rice grains. To this end, the leader of the maskers in the dance is provided with a wooden staff, hooked at one end much like a shepherd's crook, with which he catches and holds the ethereal souls of the rice grains. This accounts for the many passes and pantomime movements made by the leader and his company in executing the mask dance.

The mask dance is uniformly staged on the second day of the eight-day feast of sowing. On the first day of the ceremony, the rajah betakes himself, accompanied by his own family and others of the kampong, to the rice-field to sacrifice to the spirits. Since these ghosts, by means of their marvelously keen scent, are able to detect who has taken part in the sacrifice, even very small children of the family are taken along and are permitted to touch the sacrificial offering, so that the spirits may know that they too were present at the ceremonial. Twice, in the forenoon, during this procedure in the rice-field, a feast is spread. After the preliminary sacrifice on the initial day of the feast of the seed time, the Dyaks must cease from all labor for eight days. On the second day, as already noted, the mask dance occurs, and the six succeeding days are days of idleness.

So great is the Dyak's penchant for ceremonials that frequently the eight-day observance of the sowing feast is preceded by a lesser affair, known as the "stone feast." This occurs from two weeks to a month before the major celebration, or at the time the land is being

prepared to receive the seed. The sacrifices are made to the spirits who are believed to inhabit the bowels of the earth and have the power to make the soil more fruitful or less fertile, according to their ghostly whims. The whetstones and the crude farming tools are collected in a heap, and offerings are sacrificed to them with a special prayer to the whetstone to sharpen their implements, that work in the fields may be most easily and successfully performed. Because of the prominence given to whetstones in the "ritual" used in this observance, it is called the "stone feast."

On the day after the eight days required for the celebration of the seed-time feast, the Dyaks begin to sow the rice, beginning with the large portion of the field that the rajah had previously assigned to himself. In sowing the rajah's field, as many families of the tribe as possible are represented.

Certain days are designated on which each family may sow its own little patch. In the assignment of dates for the various families to sow, much consultation of signs and omens is involved. Some families, therefore, sow on the first, others on the third, and still others on the fifth day of the seeding period, while other families have certain other specified days set apart for the same function. If these assigned days are not religiously followed, the Dyaks believe that death, crop failure, or other misfortune, will inevitably ensue.

While occupied with sowing the rice-field, the Dyaks are not permitted to associate with any stranger. Only

the sowers mingle together. They are not allowed to speak to any one else during this period. If this should occur by accident, the sowing of the rice must be instantly stopped for that day.

During this period of many prohibitions, no stranger may set foot upon the boat landing of the kampong, and no resident of the village is permitted to go outside of his own dwelling at night. He dare not hunt game, pluck fruit, or fish with either a casting net or a dip net until the seeding time has passed

The chief article of food at the meals initiating the eight-day seed-time rites is the beloved rice, cooked to a pasty mass. To this is added various edible leaves and vegetable sprouts that have been collected by the women, either from their little gardens or in the near-by jungle underbrush. As in the case of all ceremonial feasts, the rice, as well as the improvised "spinach," must be cooked by steaming in fresh, green, newly-cut bamboo vessels. Toward evening of the first day, the women gather on the shore opposite the rice-field, and from there paddle across in canoes to the place where the sacrificial offerings are made. On arrival at the rice-field they sprinkle the earth with the water used in cooking the food. After this is done, the new bamboo vessels are broken into splinters by beating them on rocks, and the fragments are placed at the foot of the altar of sacrifice, and the women turn contentedly homeward to await the mask dance of the next day.

The "Harvest Home" ceremonial of the Dyaks is

particularly a feast of eating. It is a *feast* in deed and in truth. It is in no sense a *fast*. In this regard it reminds one of our own autumnal Thanksgiving dinners in the States. On this occasion, not only do the human members of the Dyak tribe gorge themselves, but they also encourage and even force their domestic animals—pigs, dogs and chickens—to gormandize with cooked rice, freshly harvested. Ordinarily, these animals have a rather precarious existence, dependent upon their own ability to forage, plus the scraps and garbage that sift through the cracks in the floor of the family dining-room.

It makes no difference whether the harvest has been one of plenty or the yield has been poor, it is incumbent upon the Dyaks, for one day at least, to feed their animals to the limit with cooked rice. Though starvation may stare them in the face before another harvest is gathered, they must, on this festal occasion, divide their new store with their domestic animals, so as not to offend the spirits that are responsible for the growth of the grain. During the harvest feast the Dyak parts with his rice that has been won by hardest toil in the broiling tropical sun, with the same reckless abandon that is said to characterize the proverbial drunken sailor in separating himself from his money.

Of the ceremonials associated with dreams and alleged revelations, the *kanjar dodo*, already alluded to in the chapter on headhunting, is a good example. Obviously, it occurs at no stated time of year.

One such occasion of a *kanjar dodo* party that came to

my attention was the finding of an extraordinarily large round piece of damar gum, or resin, in the jungle. The owner, after he had been inspired by a dream, made up a large *kanjar dodo*. The mystical vision, as related by the dreamer in the case, led the people to believe that the *kanjar dodo* party would be the means of making the piece of resin become alive and give it the shape of a human being. That they were so gullible was no doubt due, in part, to a tribal tradition that one of their rajahs, in ancient times, had come to earth as a round ball, and after due reverence had been shown, together with much sacrificing to the spirits, a head as well as legs and arms had grown, thus developing the ball into a full-fledged rajah.

On another occasion it was revealed in a dream that outside the long house Mentete a stone was buried, the possession of which would insure great wealth and success in every undertaking. This alleged revelation caused the entire population of this kampong to dig in the ground for weeks, amid dancing and celebrations. Many had tried their luck in vain until somebody found five round, hard pieces of earth, and the finder, together with many others, believed that he could now obtain supernatural gifts and perform miracles, which belief inspired the populace to indulge in the *kanjar dodo* and to offer sacrifices, in order to demonstrate newly acquired qualities and miraculous powers.

These two instances are detailed here because they show, to some extent, a clew to the mystical atmosphere

of the *kanjar dodo*, which is resorted to for the purpose of seeing supernatural things reveal themselves, as well as to serve as an avenue for the receipt of special powers from the ghosts and demons. While it may start as an innocent affair, the *kanjar dodo* can and does degenerate into a disturbance of peace and order, and for that reason has been absolutely prohibited by the government.

The tunes, played on the flute at this mystical ceremonial, are simple and monotonous and are without any end, in a four quarter measure beginning slowly and gradually becoming more and more accelerated. Regardless of the cause or reason, this music has a bewildering and benumbing effect on the nerves of the Dyak dancers at the *kanjar dodo*. When the music is continued for a long time the dancers are seized with a trance-like stupor that makes them oblivious to ordinary decency, becoming victims of "suspended judgment," and leads them to commit excesses.

While the dancing goes on there are sung different spell-producing refrains, which are constantly repeated, and express the longing of the devotees for magic gifts and thaumaturgic powers: for instance, to be able merely by sowing a few grains of rice to reap a monstrous quantity of padi, to obtain wealth without work, to recall dead persons to life, to convert yellow grains of rice into immense wasps, with death-dealing poisonous stings attacking their enemies; or to become invulnerable, invisible, immortal, or young. A *kanjar dodo* party that begins with such an aim usually ends in the killing

of a man, whose head and blood serve as a sacrificial offering to the spirits to whom the appeal for magic power is made.

After the *kanjar dodo* party has continued long enough, and the participants have experienced their trance or paroxysm, they readily believe they have acquired the qualities and powers for which they were pining, and can command nature, and are immune from the laws of the government—are in the fullest sense a law unto themselves. As a result of their emotional spree, they feel themselves possessed of unwonted strength, independent, eager to fight, and ready to rush into trouble by defying anything that means constraint, even governmental authority. However, up to the present, the Colonial Government has been able to show its iron hand in time, by surprising the rebels before they were able to undertake anything of serious proportions. An expedition of brief duration, which ends with the burning of the tribal long house, where the resistance has concentrated, and arrest of the leaders, has always been sufficient to stamp out the incipient rebellion.

Aside from fomenting insurrection, the prolonged period and mystical character of a *kanjar dodo* party causes it to endanger the social order and economic life of the participating Dyak tribes. When once started, there is no stopping; it goes on and on, sometimes at several places simultaneously, and little by little hundreds of Dyaks are gripped by the passion. They drop everything else just to join this elementary outburst, and

since the dance persists through the night they are compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to sleep in the daytime, and no work is done. Furthermore, *kanjar dodo* celebrations soon develop into veritable orgies of immorality, because all lights are put out and emotionally drunk males and females, in one dense seething crowd, mingle in hysterical dancing night after night. To make still more certain the enforcement of the prohibition against the *kanjar dodo*, all flute-playing has been absolutely forbidden, thus removing even the semblance of temptation to engage in the vicious dance. This is characteristic of the thoroughness of the Dutch Government when once aroused to action. The Dyaks can not conceive of a *kanjar dodo* without flute-playing—therefore, no flute-playing.

The last time a *kanjar dodo* celebration was held in Central Borneo was in February, 1923, not far from the *lamin* Embojoeng, district of Kotabangoen, in West Koetai. An old widow of that place—she was a sort of priestess—had succeeded in persuading a large number of the people of this particular group of Dyaks to engage in a *kanjar dodo*, predicting that any one who joined therein and complied with certain conditions, would, when the celebration was over, possess the supernatural gift of making himself invisible at will. In order to fulfill these conditions, it was necessary to procure and offer the following as sacrifices to the ghosts or demons invoked: a white and a black hen, a white and a black cat, a white and a black pig, and a white and a black man.

All went well until an attempt was made to secure the last consignment. The nearest approach to a white man was a lemon-colored Chinaman who, perhaps, became paler on being captured. For the rôle of the black man, they took a visiting Malay trader. Both of these intended victims, though severely wounded, escaped by jumping into the river, then at flood, the swift current carrying them rapidly away and at the same time undoubtedly saving them from being devoured by crocodiles, since these vicious saurians can not lurk for a victim where the current runs like a mill race. On being fished out of the river, they were able to inform the district government of what had taken place, so that the *kanjar dodo* party was discovered. Quick action followed and swift and sure punishment was meted out, so that in less than two weeks, this last *kanjar dodo* party was but a sorrowful memory to all of its participants and, more especially, to its ring-leaders.

By far the most brilliant of all celebrations occurring in the Dyak calendar is the New Year Feast. It reveals, better than any other festal occasion, the really childlike nature of these primitive people in the Borneo jungle. The crop has been garnered, the grain has been stored, and practically every family, for the time being at least, has an abundance of padi. Harvest cheer reigns everywhere. The gayest clothing, which because of solicitude, worry or family grief, may have been laid aside for the entire year, is now brought out, and the whole Dyak populace lives only for pleasure during the eight-day holiday period.

During the Feast of the New Year nothing is forbidden. The most utter strangers are accorded hearty welcome throughout the entire observance of this feast. Every important family event that may, by any possibility, serve as a pretext for festal extravagance, is celebrated at this time of universal good cheer. For instance, all the children born during the year receive names during this period. In the celebration of the naming of a child, reckless disregard of expense characterizes the preparation of the Dyak banquet that commemorates such a notable event. Likewise, the deferred weddings, that have heretofore been only trial marriages, are now consummated and each one is celebrated with a showy spread of viands calculated to tempt beyond reason any orthodox Dyak palate. The slogan of the entire eight days is unquestionably:

“On with the dance,
Let joy be unconfined.”

During the remainder of the year, there are so many rules and prohibitions prescribed by custom and tradition, with reference to what a newly married couple may do or may not do, that the young Dyak betrothed usually postpone their weddings until a few days immediately prior to the New Year festivities, that they may escape many of the hardships and much of the discomfort incident to a honeymoon following a marriage at any other time during the year.

For days and weeks before the actual observance of the Feast of the New Year, nothing else is discussed in

the long house except the coming event. It is the one subject of conversation where two or three or more members of the kampong are gathered together. Many a mental joy-ride is taken in anticipation of the pleasures of this festal occasion. Some of the less frugal and more reckless part with a goodly portion of their store of rice, in bartering with a Chinese or Malay trader for some tinseled bauble with which to supplement the paraphernalia to be worn during the eight-day feast, an extravagance they rue later, when the pangs of hunger seize them, long before the next harvest.

For days before this New Year Feast, the people are busy collecting material with which to make it a great success. The men secure boatloads of firewood with which to barbecue the meats; gather quantities of large, fresh, green bamboo cylinders in which to steam the rice; while the women are bowed down with the weight of the baskets they carry, laden with banana leaves which are to be used as dinner plates at the feast meals. A banana leaf upon which food is heaped is placed before each guest squatted at the banquet dining mat, and serves as both dinner plate and doily. There are no dishes to break and none to wash. When the repast is over, the banana leaves, soiled and smeared with particles of food, are slid through the crevices between the slats that form the floor of the "banquet hall" to the ground beneath, where the "plates" and garbage are devoured by the domestic animals—pigs, chickens and dogs—harbored under the *lamin* or long house.

SPLINTERS

from a

BORNEO JUNGLE-LOG

There are no bald-headed Dyaks.

—o—

There is no common Dyak language. Each tribe has its own language, which is practically unintelligible to natives of other tribes. The lack of a general Dyak language is probably due to topographical and geographical conditions that, perforce, sharply isolate the various settlements from one another. It may be that they remain isolated because there is no common speech.

—o—

One strange phenomenon is that, with several tribes, there is no sound equivalent to that of our letter *R*. The childish but earnest efforts of these people to utter this sound often affords a ludicrous spectacle, with a result much like a Chinaman's "Flesh flish evelly Fliday." The contortions and facial grimaces as they try the test phrases, "Third artillery brigade," and "Round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran," sometimes employed by the psychiatrist in examining a patient for general paresis, soon evidences such distress that, out of mere

charity, one causes them to desist from their painful efforts.

—o—

Dyak women and children, as a rule, bathe three times a day. When they have no soap, they use lemon instead. Lemon juice, accidentally getting into the eyes of these little fellows, provokes the same kind of tears, squirmings, splashings, and like reactions that one sees on the part of children in this country, when soap is too recklessly used in the baby's bath.

—o—

The Dyaks reckon time by the full moon, half moon and new moon, instead of by weeks and months. Hence their year is comprised of thirteen periods of twenty-eight days each, instead of twelve months, as with us. Therefore, their year has thirteen times twenty-eight, or three hundred sixty-four days, instead of our three hundred sixty-five; but one single day more or less means little to a jungle Dyak—no more than it does to the proverbial and much maligned native of Arkansas.

—o—

The shallow depth of Dyak graves, among those tribes who bury their dead, is very striking. This lack of depth is due to the superstitious belief that any person, even a grave-digger, who steps into an open grave—accidentally or otherwise—is doomed to early and painful death, and that his after-life in the spirit world will be one of eternal torment. With the crude tools of the Dyak it is physically impossible to dig very deep

without getting into the grave, especially when it is recalled that much of the dirt to be handled is loose alluvial soil or fragile humus, that rolls readily off the tilted spade of the scared grave-digger.

—o—

These graves are never more than three feet deep. The outline is cut in the top soil with a *mandau* and the loosened mold is then scooped up with the hands. The Dyak digs only as far as his arms will extend, as he lies prone on the ground at the very edge of the grave, reaching over into it until the last possible handful of dirt is thrown out.

—o—

Dyak cemeteries are wild and uncared for, and soon become covered with a mass of tangled growth, because they are looked upon with superstition and terror, and are never visited except by those attending a burial service. The mourners do not tarry at an interment but rush away as soon as possible, so as not to meet unfriendly spirits from the other world who love to linger and loiter in a burying-ground.

—o—

Various articles of clothing, personal ornaments, war weapons and farming implements, together with valuable gongs and vases, are left at the grave of the deceased for his use in the spirit world. These articles are not buried with the corpse, but are placed on the grave. The valuable gongs and priceless vases are securely held in place on top of the grave by having a

stake driven through them, and are thus rendered worthless to an intrepid collector, or to any one but a ghost. Surviving Dyaks can not possibly be persuaded to touch them, firmly believing as they do that the slightest contact with any of these articles from "a dead man's grave" would immediately transform them from surviving into non-surviving Dyaks.

—o—

The Dyak lacks the sentiment of self-appreciation, or the feeling of the value of his own self, by which the Mohammedan Malay is animated. The latter, owing to his religion, is quite self-assertive and very aggressive, especially against the heathen, to which must be added his greater shrewdness as well as the wily trickiness that forms a part of his practical philosophy of life—all of which imparts to him greater individual and commercial ascendancy, as compared with the humble Dyak.

—o—

Intellectually and educationally, the Dyak, when compared to the Islamic Malays down the river and on the coast, is in a position similar to that of our unsophisticated rustic when pitted against a city sharper devoid of conscientious scruples.

—o—

The Dyak race is worthy of every effort made by the government in aiding them to "carry on," for in ability to work and in application, as a class they far surpass the Malays. As tillers of the soil, despite the time lost in the observance of feasts and ceremonials, the Dyaks

produce much more than the others and are far more inclined to be peaceful and order loving.

—o—

Typhoid fever, so far as is known, occurs but rarely among these jungle people, and the same is true of smallpox, diphtheria and cholera. There are many goiters and much elephantiasis, called *huntut* or *kaki-gajah* by the Dyaks. Frambæsia is being mastered at the hands of the Dutch army doctors by means of a single intravenous injection of neo-salvarsan, against which disease it acts as a specific remedy. So remarkable, almost miraculous, are these cures, that the natives call the medical men of Holland who live and labor among them, the “wonder doctors.” In the epidemic of influenza, raging from November, 1918, to March, 1919, terrible havoc was wrought among these people, *one-fifteenth* of the entire population dying of this disease during this short period.

—o—

The disease of malnutrition, commonly known as rickets, is not found among the Dyaks. This is very striking, since it is so much in evidence among other savage tribes, and how frequently in our own country do we find the consequences of the disease manifested among “pickaninnies,” with their bow legs, large heads, sweaty noses, and the “rachitic rosary” of beaded ribs!

—o—

Pre-natal influences, foolish as they may seem, are regarded as of great moment by the Dyaks. Many of the

usual activities and customary privileges are denied the pregnant woman. Every day she encounters an almost endless number of prohibitions. For fear of "marking" the child, she may not kill a chicken, or eat of a fish that has an arched or humped back, a type so common in tropical waters; nor may she partake of the flesh of any animal with scales, such as the pangolin, or scaly anteater, here regarded as a toothsome morsel. She is likewise forbidden to eat of certain fruits or vegetables, and worst of all, she is not allowed to sleep while it is raining. If it begins to rain after the pregnant woman has fallen asleep, she must be awakened. Poor Zaney! It rained every night but *three* during the entire time I was in Borneo.

—o—

The husband, likewise, is out of luck. For a period, before and after the child is born, he dare not go on a hunt, drive a stake into the ground, eat of small-sized fish, secure new material with which to make clothes for himself, or be occupied with carving either bone or wood. It is certainly a hardship for the expectant father not to be allowed to whittle while tediously awaiting news of the arrival of a son and heir.

—o—

By means of extension courses, farmers' institutes, lectures on agriculture and published bulletins, the state universities of the Middle West have, of late years, greatly stressed the necessity of skilful selection of grain seeds for planting, and have so well taught the principles

and methods of such selection to American farmers that now they and all their boys know how to test seeds and select only such grains as are sure to germinate when planted. In Borneo, they also have a scheme of seed selection, but it is vastly different from ours. Among the Dyaks, no man may have a part in choosing the rice grains for "sowing unto the harvest." And for that matter, not all the women are permitted to touch the precious grains on the germination and growth of which so much depends—even life itself. Only those women who have borne children are permitted to handle and select the rice grains that are to be used as seed, as their contact is believed to transmit germinating and fructifying power, thus insuring a bountiful yield of padi. This is an inviolable agricultural tenet of Dyak land.



Wonders never cease in Central Borneo. There is always something new to catch the eye of the jungleer. Have you ever seen islands in captivity? They have them here in the land of the Dyaks, and "Emerald Isles" at that, tied with a rotan rope to the river bank. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call them islets, for none of them is apparently over ten feet long nor more than four or five feet wide, with no likelihood of ever becoming any larger. Close inspection reveals that these brilliant green floating islets, bobbing up and down with the rippling of the water, but held in leash like so many

restless puppies, are in fact rafts made of small logs, on which a layer of soil has been spread and rice then sowed. Floating in the water, moisture is continually absorbed from beneath, so that the daintily speared rice plants grow in these little "hot-beds" as if by magic and are soon ready to be transplanted into the field that has been prepared for them.



However, the majority of Dyak farmers do not first sow the rice in seed beds and then transplant, as is the rule in Java, but plant the dry selected grains direct in the field, something like our method with "upland rice" in the United States, only on a much smaller scale and done with the crudest implements possible.

But to me these little captive green isles, nestling on the bosom of the river, were as interesting as the hanging gardens of Babylon.



I have never been able to refrain from laughter when I see a dog chasing a cat, nor do I cease from such laughter when the cat, to the great surprise of the dog, suddenly stops, arches her back, and claws and spits at her pursuer. But laughing at animals is tabu among the Dyaks. Here in Borneo, under such circumstances, the emotions must be controlled, whether it be while witnessing a dog-fight, or watching a hundred or more prankish monkeys playing tricks on one another. It is a Dyak belief that laughing at animals brings misfor-

tune, because such conduct is very displeasing to the spirits.

—o—

There is one species of commercial transaction in which the Dyak has the edge on the Chinese trader. Usually the Chinaman takes advantage of the superstition of the humble Dyak, but here is one instance in which the tables are turned and the Dyak has full opportunity to take the Chinaman into camp because of the latter's superstitious belief in the magical medicinal properties of bezoar stones. The Chinese have their emissaries gather these "stones" from all over the world. Bezoar stones belong to the "aristocracy" of a Chinese doctor's heterogeneous collection of remedies. Medicinally, a bezoar stone is as "ultra" to the Chinaman as birds'-nest soup is gastronomically.

—o—

Speaking generally, bezoar stones are concretions sometimes found in the stomach or intestines of ruminants and some other animals, and consist of mineral salts, such as lime and magnesium, formed about a nucleus of some foreign substance. Some contain hair or vegetable fiber. They are divided into three groups: the Oriental, from the wild goat of Persia and various antelopes; the Occidental, from the llamas of Peru; and the German, from the chamois. Of these three, the Oriental is regarded as having the highest medicinal

value, but in no wise comparable to that attributed to those found in Borneo.

The bezoar stones secured in Borneo are of two kinds:

1. Those that are simply gallstones of a monkey. These are greenish brown in color and are accredited with the greatest medicinal properties by the Chinese.

2. Concretions that gather in an external wound of the porcupine. These, like the gallstones of the monkey, are of very light weight. They are of a brown color and taste like quinine.



When a Dyak has a bezoar to dispose of, he assumes a kingly attitude like unto that of an exclusive dealer in diamonds or pearls. He allows it to be noised about that he has one or more such "priceless jewels" in his possession and leaves it to his fellow Dyaks to convey this information to the first Chinese trader that visits the kampong. It is beneath his new dignity to approach the Chinaman. The Chinaman must come to him, as he sits in kingly state before his apartment of the tribal *lamin*. In the transaction that is sure to follow, the Dyak does not, like the Chinese or other Orientals, haggle and dicker, but sets his one price, which he will not reduce in the slightest, regardless of all discussion and argument. The Chinaman simply must come to his terms. It is gratifying thus to see the Dyak, in selling bezoar stones, score one on the slant-eyed trader. But eventually the

Chinaman gets even when, with a stock of tinseled ornaments and other baubles, he revisits the Dyak settlement just before a celebration of the Feast of the New Year.

—o—

Edible birds' nests constitute another article of export which is a source of revenue to the Dyaks. There are many caves along the Mahakam River, evidently due to the erosion of the porous limestone that abounds in this region. Gorgeous and massive stalactites and stalagmites abound in these caves, which afford a home and nesting-place for enormous flocks of swallows, to say nothing of the monster bats, probably the largest in the world, whose wings have a spread of at least four feet.

—o—

Conversions to Islamism are extremely few and far between among the Dyaks; the local government has forbidden all Mohammedan propaganda.

—o—

To my mind, the greatest need of these lovable Dyaks is religion, in the broad sense of the term—a religion that they can feel as a real force, supplying purpose to life, rather than a non-vital formal regard for threadbare traditions. On the whole, the Dyaks have an excellent code of ethics, but they are in need of a vital religion to activate these ethics. We can not help but recognize that morality gives to religion its form, while religion gives to morality its life. We are all of us psychologists to a degree, and as such we are aware that emotional experiences constitute our most real experiences. To all

of us, what we *feel* is more real than what we *know*. The more primitive the people, the more does this truth apply. The Dyak, as a race, deserves to continue, but is now in serious need of a mainspring that will supply a *relish* to life.



Thus endeth the little story of my journey to Central Borneo, the jungle home of the Dyaks. Headhunters, because of age-old tradition kept alive by the ever smoldering fires of superstition, they are, nevertheless, a winsome people—truthful, honest, hospitable, kindly, generous to a fault, and each and every one a Greatheart that loveth a little child. Despite the hardships encountered, the traveler is well repaid, for no other land and no other people could possibly prove more replete with interest, more enriching in experience, more satisfying in memories, than Central Borneo and its Dyak headhunters.

Success on this little journey would have been impossible without the never-failing assistance of the Dutch Colonial Government, uniformly rendered with the utmost courtesy by the gentlemen administering its affairs, whether stationed at governmental seat or at distant outpost in the jungle. With most profound gratitude to all of these representatives, I can not refrain from making special mention of Assistant Resident Stap, of Samarinda, Captain Lamkamp, Commandant at Long Iram, and Captain Toussieng, the capable and

self-sacrificing medical officer at the same military post on the Mahakam River. With the honest and pardonable pride of an American, I must also add the names of two United States Consuls—Hoover at Weltevreden, and Winslow at Soerabaya.

Right royal gentlemen that you all are—*Luck to you!* Like Dickens' Tiny Tim, I can only say, "God bless us, every one."

THE END

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